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THE ORATIONS OF *CICERO*,

Tranſlated into ENGLISH.

By WILLIAM GUTHRIE, Eſq;

6

VOL. II.

Containing the

Following ORATIONS,

VIZ.

First, Second, Third, Fourth, } against CATILINE.

For CÆLIUS.

The firſt, The ſecond, } *Philippic.*

The FOURTH EDITION,

In which the TEXT has been carefully REVISED and CORRECTED with ADDITIONAL NOTES.

LONDON

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THE
ARGUMENT.

NO Conspiracy was ever enter'd into with a more bloody View, or if successful, must have been attended with more dismal Consequences, than that of Catiline *against* Rome. *The Ends which the Conspirators proposed, were not merely Political, such as those of creating an Alteration in the fundamental Constitution of the Government, or removing Persons in Power, but tended to an utter Extinction of all who were not immediately concerned in the Conspiracy. The very City of* Rome *was to have been fired, and the Senators and Citizens cut off; but as the Particulars of it have been fully described by* Sallust, *and many other Authors, we shall say nothing more, either of the Persons, or the History of the Conspirators.*

The following was probably not the first Oration which Cicero *had pronounced against* Catiline *and his Accomplices. But, as this contains the Substance of all he had formerly said on this Occasion, it appears, that he had been at no Pains to preserve the others. The Occasion on which it was pronounced, was as follows:*

ARGUMENT.

Catiline, *and the other Conspiraters, had met together in the House of one* Marcus Lecca; *where it was proposed, that* Catiline *should leave the City, while the others remained to execute the bloody Purposes of their Conspiracy. Upon* Catiline's *making a small kind of a Difficulty in leaving the City before* Cicero *was murdered, two* Roman *Knights who were present, whose Names were* Caius Cornelius, *and* Lucius Vargunteius, *undertook to murder him before break of Day. But* Cicero *having Advice of this, by one* Fulvia, *a noted Courtezan, took such Measures as entirely disappointed them, and next Day summoned the Senate into the Temple of* Jupiter Stator, *with a Design to lay before them the whole of the Conspiracy.* Catiline *appearing at the Place appointed, with the other Conspirators, his Audacity seems to have provoked our Orator so much, that he rushes into an abrupt Invective against him, and his Associates, whom he pathetically exhorts to be gone out of* Rome.

It was pronounced in the Senate, convened in the Temple of Jupiter Stator, *in the Year of the City* 609, *and of* Cicero's *Age* 44.

M.

M. T.

CICERO's

FIRST

ORATION

AGAINST

CATILINE.

HOW far [a] wilt thou, O *Catiline!* abuse our Patience? How long shall thy Madness [b] outbrave our Justice? To what Extremities art thou resolved to push thy bridled Insolence of Guilt? Canst thou be-

 hold

[a] The Reader, no doubt, perceives how finely *Cicero* rushes into this Invective, as if the Danger had been too immediate to give him Leisure for the Formality of Address and Introduction.

[b] Orig. *Eludet*; For the Meaning of this Word, see the Oration for *Milo*.

behold the nocturnal [c] Arms that watch the PA-
LATIUM, the Guards of the City, the Conſter-
nation of the Citizens; all the Wiſe and Wor-
thy [d] cluſtering into Conſultation; this im-
pregnable Situation of the Seat of the Senate,
and the reproachful Looks of the Fathers of
Rome? Canſt thou, Nay, behold all this, a
yet remain undaunted and unabaſhed?
thou inſenſible thy Meaſures are detected! A
thou inſenſible that this Senate, now th
roughly informed, comprehend the wh
Extent of thy Guilt? Point me out the S
nator ignorant of thy Practices during the l
and the preceding Night; of the Pl
where you met, the Company you ſummo
and the Crime you concerted. The S
is conſcious, the Conſul is witneſs to
Yet, mean and degenerate! the Traitor li
Lives! did I ſay? He mixes with the Sena
he ſhares in our Counſels; with a ſteady E
he ſurveys us; he anticipates his Guilt;
enjoys the murderous Thought, and cool
mar

[c] The *Romans* had no ſtanding Army at this Time, nor any regular Guards within the City; but on the Diſcovery of this Conſpiracy, they had placed a ſtrong Garriſon in the *Palatium*, which was the higheſt Hill in *Rome*, and ſerved as a Citadel; at the ſame Time, they ordered ſeveral Parties to patrole through the Streets, under the Command of the *Ædiles*, and other inferior Magiſtrates, to prevent the Conſpirators ſetting Fire to the City in the Night.

[d] Orig. *Concurſus*: But *Quintilian* ſeems to have read *Conſenſus*.

marks us out to bleed. Yet we, [e] boldly passive in our Country's Cause, think we act like *Romans*, if we can escape his frantic Rage.

Long since, O *Catiline!* ought the Consul to have doomed thy Life a Forfeit to thy Country; and to have directed upon thy own H[illegible]d the Plagues and Pains thou hast been [illegible]g meditating for ours. Could the noble [f] [illegible]*ipio*, when Sovereign *Pontiff*, as a pri- [illegible] *Roman*, kill [g] *Tiberius Gracchus* for a [illegible]t Encroachment upon the Rights of his [illegible]ntry; and shall we, her Consuls, with [illegible]vering Patience bear with *Catiline*, whose [illegible]n is to desolate a devoted World with [illegible]d Sword? Not to mention that anti- [illegible] Instance, [h] when *Servilius Ahala* with

 his

[illegible]Reader of any Taste, requires in a Translation, that the [illegible]r's Manner as well as Sense, should be preserved. *Cæsar's* [illegible]dity has hurried him into the frequent Use of Dactyles and [illegible]s: Which *Aristotle*, and *Cicero* himself, in his Conferences [illegible] an Orator, have highly commended. There is, in this [illegible]nce, a strong Instance of this.——Furorem ac Tela [illegible]mus.

[illegible]e Priests, and even the *Pontifex Maximus*, had no Power [illegible]il Affairs, though they might be chosen *Prætors* or *Con*-[illegible]as this *Scipio*, *Cæsar*, and several Pontiffs were.

[illegible] See Notes on the Oration for *Milo*.

[illegible] When the City of *Rome* was afflicted with a great Famine, *Sp. Melius*, a *Roman* Knight, the richest Man in the City, bought up great Quantities of Corn throughout all *Tuscany*, and freely distributed it among the poorer Citizens: This gained their

his own Hand punished with Death *Spurius Melius*, who meditated an Alteration in the Constitution. There was, there was a Time when such was the Spirit of *Rome*, that the Resentment of her gallant Sons more severely crushed the *Roman* Traitor, than the most inveterate Enemy. Strong and weighty, O *Catiline!* [i] is the Decree of the Senate we can now produce against you; neither W dom is wanting in this State, nor Authority this Assembly; but we, let me here t Shame to myself, we, the Consuls, are wa ing in our Duty.

W

their Affections, and encouraged *Melius* to aspire to reign Power. *T. Quintius Cincinnatus*, being named *Di* the Senate, to crush *Melius*, sent his General of th *Q. Servilius Ahala*, to summon him to appear at his Tr to answer the Accusations brought against him. *Melius* re to come, and calling the Mob to his Assistance, *Servi* him through the Body, and thus stopped his ambitious I This happened in the Year of *Rome* 314, which wa hundred and seventy-six Years before *Cicero*'s Consulship.

[i] The *Roman* Consuls had a very small Share of the execu Authority in their Hands; they were obliged on every O sion, to lay the Affair before the Senate, whose Orders were obliged to execute. But on extraordinary Cases, the S made an Act, that the *Consuls* should take Care *That the mon-wealth might receive no Injury*: By which Words the absolute Power to the *Consuls* to raise Armies, and do ever they thought proper for the public Interest, without ha Resource to the Senate's Advice. By this, they were in E created *Dictators*; so that *Cicero* had at this Time sufficient Power to seize *Catiline* and his Accomplices, and try them, without calling a Senate; but he chose not to exert his Authority, to avoid the Odium which might be cast upon him, and for other Reasons, laid down in the Sequel of this Oration.

When the Senate once decreed, *the Consul*, [k] Opimius, *should take Care that the Commonwealth might receive no Detriment*, not a Night passed before his jealous Justice put to Death *Caius Gracchus* suspected of Sedition, though descended of a Father, a Grandfather, and a Family all eminent for their Services to *Rome*; and [l] *Marcus Fulvius*, a Consular, with his Children, underwent the same Fate. When by a like Decree the Government was put into the Hands of the Consuls, *Caius Marius* and *Lucius Valerius*, did one Day intervene before [m] *Lucius Saturninus*, the Tribune

[k] This was the *Consul*, who, when *C. Gracchus Tiberius* following the Plan laid down by his Brother *T. Gracchus*, endeavoured to put in Execution the famous *Agrarian* Law, for an equal Division of the Lands, put him to Death.

[l] This Man, though formerly a Consul, joined with *C. Gracchus* in his Attempt to divide the Lands, and was named one of the three Commissioners for that Purpose. They went on for some Time, carrying every thing before them in the Assemblies of the People, in spite of the Senate, and all the Nobility. But one of the Consul's Lictors being killed by some of the Attendants of *Gracchus*, the Senate gave *Opimius* full Power to do as he thought best, for the good of the State. The Consul commanded all the Nobility, with their Clients, to appear in Arms next Morning in the Forum, from whence he marched at their Head to attack *Gracchus* and *Fulvius*, who had assembled several Thousands of the lower Rank on the *Aventine* Mount: The Affair came to Blows, and *Gracchus*, *Fulvius*, and his Sons were slain, with three thousand of their Followers, in the Year of the City 631.

[m] These two having killed a Senator in a Tumult, were declared Enemies by the Senate, who commanded *Marius* to bring them to Justice. The Consul, armed with dictatorial Power, attacked

bune of the People, and *Caius Servilius*, the Prætor, [n] satisfied by their Blood the Justice of their Country? [o] Yet for these twenty Days have we suffered [p] the Edge of this Assembly's Decision, keen as it is, to remain unactive in our Hands. For we have a like Decree, but it rests upon our Records, like a Sword in its Scabbard; yet this, O *Catiline!* is a Decree that ought in Course to have given you up to immediate Death. Yet you live; you live, not [q] to lay aside, but to swell, your audacious Guilt.

MERCY, Fathers Conscript, is my Delight; but never, in the Hour of Danger to my Country, may that Mercy degenerate into Weakness. Yet even now my Conscience tells me that I have been remiss and negligent.

tacked them in the Capitol, and obliged them to surrender, with all their Followers; after which they were stoned to Death by the Mob, before they were brought to a Trial, in the Year 634.

[n] Orig. Mors ac Reipublicæ pæna remorata. Though nothing can be more plain, than the Meaning of *Cicero*, by those Words, yet the Variations of Manuscripts, have given rise to numberless Impertinencies of Commentators upon this Passage.

[o] Histories tell us, this Speech was made on the 18th Day after the Decree here mentioned; but the Orator calls it twenty Days in a round Number.

[p] Orig. Aciem Hebescere. This is a fine Metaphor, taken from a Sword. He immediately after speaks of a Vagina.

[q] Orig. Deponendam.

gent. [r] Within *Italy*, upon the very Borders of *Tuſcany*, a Camp is pitched againſt the Republic. The Numbers of the Enemy daily increaſe; but the Captain of that Camp, the Leader of thoſe Enemies, we behold within our Walls, nay, amidſt this Aſſembly, daily working up ſome home-bred Calamity for *Rome*. Should [s] I now at this Inſtant, *Catiline*, command thee to be ſeized, to be dragged to Death, the Cenſure, which I am afraid I have to dread from every good Man, would be, not that I acted with too much Severity, but with too much Slowneſs. Yet this neceſſary Piece of Juſtice, though long required, a certain Reaſon prevails upon me ſtill to delay. Thou ſhalt ſuffer Death, truſt me thou ſhalt; but at a Time when there cannot be found a Man on Earth ſo much a Traitor, ſo much a Villain, ſo much a *Catiline*, as not to applaud the Juſtice of the Stroke. Thou ſhalt live, while there breathes a Man, who dares to defend thee; but thou ſhalt

[r] *Catiline* had ſent *C. Manlius* to raiſe an Army in *Tuſcany*, while he minded their other Deſigns in *Rome*; ſuch as murdering *Cicero*, and firing the City.

[s] *Cicero* might have done this by the *Valerian* Law, made by *Valerius Poplicola*, immediately after the Expulſion of the Kings. For by this Law, it was declared, that any Man might ſafely kill a Traitor without a Trial; provided he could afterwards make good his Accuſation, and prove the Perſon ſlain to have been an Enemy to the Commonwealth.

ſhalt live, as thou liveſt now, beſet by my numerous, my truſty Guards, ſo that thou ſhalt not have the Power ſo much as to wag againſt the State; for many ſhall be the Eyes, and many the Ears, who, unperceived by thee, as they have hitherto been, ſhall watch thy Motions, and obſerve thy Actions.

But, *Catiline*, what haſt thou now to truſt to? If neither the Gloom of Night can conceal your lawleſs Aſſemblies, nor the Walls of a private Dwelling prevent thy Treaſon from lifting up its Voice; if every Word is heard, if every Circumſtance burſts into Diſcovery. Put off, put off, that hardened Senſe; for once wipe from thy Mind the Thoughts of Fire and Murder. You are on all Hands beſet; your Practices are clear as the Sun at Noon, as you ſhall own from the Detail I am now to make. You may remember, that on the twenty-firſt of *October* laſt, [t] I foretold in the Senate, that on a certain Day, before the twenty-fifth, *Caius Manlius*, the Confederate and Creature of your Guilt, would appear in Arms. Was I deceived, *Catiline*, in my Conjectures upon this enormous, this deteſtable, this

[t] *Cicero* had certain Intelligence of all *Catiline*'s private Deliberations, by *Curius*, one of the Conſpirators, whom *Fulvia*, a noted Courtezan, had perſuaded to betray their Secrets.

this unparallelled Attempt? But what is more remarkable, did I not point out the preciſe Day? I likewiſe foretold in the Senate, that you had fixed the Maſſacre of our Nobles for the twenty-eighth; a Time when many of our greateſt Men left *Rome*, not prevailed on by a ſelfiſh Senſe of their own Safety, but the Patriot Reſolution to live that they might cruſh your Treaſons. Can you deny that on that very Day you was ſo beſet by my Vigilance, by my Guards, that to attempt ought againſt the State, was out of your Power; though you boaſted that the Blood of us who remained in *Rome* would be ſufficient Atonement for the Eſcape of the others. But how! when favoured by Darkneſs, [u] you attempted to ſurprize *Preneſte* upon the 1ſt of *November*, didſt thou not perceive that Colony to be fortified by my Orders, by my Officers, my Guards, and my Garriſon? The Words of your Mouth, the Actions of your Hands, and the Meditations of your Heart, are familiar to my Ears, preſent to my Eye, and plain to my Underſtanding.

RECOLLECT

[u] None of the Hiſtorians, who have left us the Account of *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, make any Mention of this Attempt; ſo that we know nothing of the Circumſtances of it, more than *Cicero* here informs us.

RECOLLECT now the Tranſactions of laſt Night, while I recount them, and force you to acknowledge, that I am more vigilant in my Cares to preſerve, than you in your Plots to deſtroy, this Republic. I affirm, that laſt Night, you met your Confederate *Aſſaſſins*, (let me ſpeak it aloud and plain) at the Houſe of *Marcus Lecca*, [w] in the Street of the Armorers: I affirm that then, and there, Numbers of your Aſſociates, in Madneſs and Guilt, were aſſembled. You don't dare to deny this! You own it by your Silence. Did you not, I could prove it. For I have now in my Eye, ſome in this very Aſſembly, who were preſent at your Conſultation [x].

IMMORTAL Gods! in what Air do we breathe; in what a City do we live; of what a State are we Members! Here, here, Fathers Conſcript, within theſe Walls, and in this Aſſembly, this Aſſembly, the moſt awful, the moſt

[w] Orig. *Inter falcarios:* We are told by the Author of the Declamation againſt *Cicero*, that this Houſe of *Læca*, as his Name is ſpelt on Medals, ſtood in a very retired Place of *Rome*, and very proper for being a Magazine of Arms. *Inter falcarios*, therefore, may ſignify the Street of the Armorers, more properly than the Reapers, from Falx a *Scymiter*, hence the Word *Faulchion*.

[x] *Salluſt* reckons up ten Senators beſides *Catiline*, who were concerned in this Conſpiracy; of which Number is *Marcus Portius Lecca*.

most venerable the Sun beholds, are Men who meditate my Death, and your Destruction; who meditate the Ruin of this City, and consequently of this World. Their Persons I can now point out; their Opinions I am now to ask; and instead of shedding their Blood, I spare their Reputation. That Night, therefore, *Catiline*, you was at the House of *Lecca*; you cantoned all *Italy* out, you appointed the Station to which every one was to repair; you singled out those whom you in Person was to head; and those who were to stay in *Rome*; you pointed out the Parts of the City, which the Flames were first to catch, and declared, that you yourself would go forth, but that you would tarry a little, because I was still alive. Two *Roman* Knights, then, to ease you of this Disquiet, undertook with their own Hands, before they slept, and e're the Day should dawn, to dispatch me upon my humble Couch.

Scarce was your Assembly dissolved, before I learnt all this. The Guards of my House I doubled; the Retinue of my Person I increased; to those whom you sent to compliment me in the Morning I refused Admittance; having before-hand to many great, to many worthy Men, declared by whom, and at what Hour these Compliments were to be paid.

Since

Since ſuch, O *Catiline!* is the Situation of yours Affairs, finiſh what you have planned; for once march out of the City; her Gates are open; they invite you to be gone; too long has the Camp of *Manlius* mourned the Abſence of their Leader. Carry along all your Accomplices; at leaſt as many as poſſible: Let *Rome* diſgorge her Impurities. From mighty Fears will you deliver me ſhould a Wall divide us. No longer ſhall you tarry with us. I will not ſuffer, I will not endure, I will not allow you.

Great are the Thanks we owe to the Eternal Gods! and chief to thee, [y] O Jove, the Stayer! thou moſt antient Guardian of *Rome*; that they have enabled us ſo often to eſcape this dreadful, this dangerous, this deteſtable Scourge of his Country; and ſurely for one Man the ſupreme Safety of the Republic ſhould not be expoſed to repeated Dangers.

Before,

[y] The *Romans* being put to Flight in an Engagement with the *Sabines*, *Romulus* vowed a Temple to *Jupiter*, if he would ſtop their Flight, and ſave the *Roman* State; which happening, *Romulus* erected a Temple to *Jupiter*, with the Appellation of Stator, or Stayer.

Before [z], *Catiline*, I entered upon the executive Part of my Consulate, I sheltered me from thy treacherous Attempts, not by a public Guard, but my private Vigilance. During [a] the last Election of Consuls, when you endeavoured to murder, in the Field, me the Consul, with the Candidates who opposed you, supported by the Affections and Swords of my Friends, without Violation of the public Peace, I baffled your impious Attack. Afterwards, as often as you attempted my Life, I singly opposed your Fury, though well I knew that my Death was linked with mighty Calamities to *Rome*; but on this Occasion, you avowedly attempt to destroy the very Existence of this Government; you doom to Destruction and Desolation the Temples of the Immortal Gods; the Mansions of *Rome*, the Lives of her Citizens, and the Inhabitants of all *Italy*. Therefore, as I dare not now pursue the Maxims which distinguished our Government, which characterised

[z] The Consuls were usually chosen six Months before they entered on their Office, during which Time they were called *Consules Designati*, *Consuls Elect*.

[a] *Catiline* had not only stood Candidate when *Cicero* was elected, but also offered himself a Candidate at the next Election, where *Cicero* presided. Being disappointed in both by the Vigilance and Interest of *Cicero*, he laid a Plot to murder him in the Field of Election.

rised our Fathers, I will pursue a Measure, in its Execution less severe to the Criminal, but in its Consequences more useful to the Public; for should I pronounce your Death, the Dregs of your Conspiracy must still lurk in the Body of the Republic. But would you, as I have often advised you, leave the City, she will then at once disgorge the baneful the contagious Impurity of your whole Faction. How, *Catiline!* do you hesitate at doing by my Commands, what a little before you was doing of your own Accord. The Consul orders an Enemy to withdraw from the City. Is this then, say you, a formal Banishment? No, Sir, [b] this is not your *Doom*; but, might I advise you, it ought to be your *Choice*.

WHAT

[b] Had *Cicero*, by the Sovereign Authority with which he was then armed, absolutely pronounced a Sentence of Banishment upon *Catiline*, the Conspirators might justly have reproached him for banishing a Man on bare Suspicions, before any certain Proofs were brought of his Guilt. But the Consul advises *Catiline* to a voluntary Banishment, by this means to avoid a severer Punishment, which would certainly be inflicted on him, when the Consul pleased to bring the Affair to a Trial; since, by the former Part of this Oration, *Catiline* might plainly see that all his Plot, with the most minute Circumstances, was discovered. Though, at the same Time we must here observe, that a Sentence of Banishment was seldom or never pronounced against any *Roman*; there being no Law which punished any Crime with Exile. The usual Punishment was a pecuniary Mulct; they were condemned to pay a Sum of Money, in Proportion to the Greatness of their Crime. If they refused to pay this, or were not able to pay it, they went into a voluntary Exile.

WHAT is there, *Catiline*, that can give thee Joy within this City; wherein, if I except the execrable Cabal of your own Ruffians, there is not a Man to whom you are not the Object of Fear, the Object of Deteſtation; [c] Is theres a domeſtic Stain, with which thy Character has not been branded? Is there an Infamy in private Life unattached to thy Perſon? Where is the Luſt that has not allured thine Eye, the Guilt that has not defiled thy Hands, or the Pollution that has not ſtained thy Body? Among all the heedleſs Youths inveigled by thy wanton Dalliances, is there one whoſe Inſolence has been unſupported by thy Sword, and whoſe [d] Luſts unſupplied by thy Incentives.

BUT what do I talk? Even lately, [e] after your former Wife died, when by taking another, you diſpatched out of your Houſe all that you thought might check your Enormities,

[c] He is ſaid to have murdered his Brother; debauched his own Daughter; and was ſuſpected to have murdered his Wife and Son, to make Way for *Aurelia Oreſtilla*, whom he then loved. Beſides his Intrigues with ſeveral Ladies of Quality, he debauched a *Veſtal Virgin*, a Prieſteſs of the moſt ſacred Order among the *Romans*. In a Word, his whole Life was one continued Scene of Villainy and Debauchery.

[d] He furniſhed young Men with Money to carry on their wicked Deſigns, that by rendering them odious to their Parents, and all good Men, he might attach them to his own Party, and make them proper Inſtruments for whatever Villainy he ſhould undertake.

[e] See the laſt Note but one.

didſt thou not heighten even that Crime with a new and unparallelled Meaſure of Guilt? But over this will I draw a Veil; for me it ſhall reſt in Silence. Never through me ſhall it be known, that there lived in *Rome* a Man ſo exquiſitely, ſo monſtrouſly wicked, yet lived with an Impunity of Guilt. I ſhall not mention [f] that impending Ruin of all your Fortunes, that by the next Ides you are ſenſible muſt cruſh you. Let me now proceed to what has no Relation to your perſonal Infamy in Vice, to your domeſtic Shame, or your reduced Circumſtances; but to what immediately concerns the moſt important Intereſt of our Country, to all that is dear to us, and to every true *Roman*.

CAN you, O *Catiline!* enjoy the Light of Life? Can you with Pleaſure breathe this vital Air, when you are conſcious there is not a Man preſent who is ignorant that on [g] the laſt Day of

[f] *Catiline* had borrowed Money from Time to Time to ſupport his vaſt Expences; and without doubt his Creditors had advanced him freſh Sums to enable him to ſtand for the Conſulſhip, which might put him in a Condition to pay them with Uſury: But being now twice diſappointed, and his Deſigns diſcovered, he had no longer any Reaſon to expect more Money, or any Mercy from them. The Term was the 13th of *November*, and this Oration was delivered on the 7th or 8th, ſo that he had but very few Days Reſpite.

[g] This relates to a former Conſpiracy, in which *Catiline* was concerned. In the Year of *Rome* 687, when *Lepidus* and *Tullus* were Conſuls, *P. Antronius* and *Publius Sylla*, were elected Conſuls

of *December*, under the Consulate of *Lepidus* and *Tullus*, you stood with a Weapon in the Comitium[h]; that you got together a Ruffian Band, which was to assassinate the Consuls, and the greatest Men of this City; that this execrable, this frantic Attempt was disappointed, not by any Reverence, not by any Remorse that struck you, but by the Guardian Genius of *Rome*? these I omit, they are already but too well known; others are of a later Date. How often did you attempt to murder me when I was elected? How often, when I was raised to the Consulate? How often, how artfully, how narrowly, if I may say it, did I parry the Thrusts, which you knew so well to throw in, hat each appeared Mortal? There is nothing you do, there is nothing you design, there is nothing you contrive, that I am not informed of, before it is too late. Yet, still are you restless, still enterprising anew. How often has that Poinard

suls for the Year ensuing; but being convicted of Bribery, they were deposed, and two others elected in their Stead. To revenge this Affront, *Antronius* conspired with *Piso*, *Catiline*, and several others, to murder the Consuls on the last Day of *December*, in the public Assembly of the People, to whom they usually made a Speech on the laying down their Office. The Plot not being sufficiently ripe, was that Day put off to the 5th of *February*; when it was again disappointed by the Eagerness of *Catiline*, who gave the Signal before all the Conspirators were assembled. This was well known to the Senate; but there being no positive Proof, *Cicero* only mentions *Catiline*'s having a Sword in the *Comitium*, which was contrary to Law.

[h] Any Place where the Assembly of the People was held.

been wrested out of thy Hands? How often by some Accident has it dropt ineffectual to the Ground? Yet, can you not lay it for any time aside! By what infernal, what unhallowed Rites has it been devoted and destined, that you are thus religiously resolved to lodge it in the Bosom of a Consul?

In what a Situation must you now be? I speak to you now, not in the Spirit of deserved Detestation, but of unmerited Compassion. Sometime ago you came into the Senate; but of all this full, this frequent Assembly, of all your numerous Friends and Relations, shew me the Man who saluted you. If this is a Case unprecedented in the Memory of Man; with the Keenness of Reproach, need I to embitter this dreadful Doom of silent Detestation? What! at your Reproach, when these Benches were left empty? What! when every Man of Consular Dignity, whom you so often marked out to bleed, as soon as you took your Place, left the Quarter where you sat, bare and solitary! Will not all this chase you into Despair? By Heavens, [i] if my Slaves should have an Horror for

[i] The President *Bouhiers*, has a Remark truly *French* upon this Passage. He says, "He doubts very much whether it deserves "the Praises that have been bestowed upon it by *Quintillian*. "*Is*

for me, for the ſame Reaſons as every Countryman you have, has for you; I ſhould think it proper to abandon my own Houſe: Shall you then preſume to remain in this City? Were my Perſon equally obnoxious, equally odious to my Countrymen; I would chuſe rather to fly from their Looks, than ſtand the reproachful Glances of every Man I meet: And ſhall you, whoſe Conciouſneſs of Guilt convicts you of the Juſtice of univerſal and long merited Deteſtation, a Moment heſitate in unavoiding the Looks and Company of a People, to whoſe Souls, and whoſe Senſes, your Perſon is execrable? Should your natural Parents dread and hate you; ſhould you find that Dread, that Hatred invincible, I ſuppoſe you would retire from their Preſence: But now your Country, the common Parent of us all, hates and dreads you; and long has ſhe been ſenſible, that all your Thoughts have been employed on the Means of deſtroying her; ſhall you then neither be abaſhed by her Authority, ſubmiſſive to her Will, nor daunted by her Power?

"*Is it probable*, ſays he, *that a Man would quit his houſe be-"cauſe his Slaves hate him?*" Yes, to be ſure; if a Man knew that his Slaves were perſuaded he deſigned to murder them all ſuddenly in the Night, as was the Caſe between *Catiline* and the *Romans*, he would be a Madman to truſt himſelf under the ſame Roof with them. This is the Caſe *Cicero* puts; ISTO PACTO *metuerent*.

Hear, O *Catiline!* the Manner in which we may interpret the expreſſive Silence of this Parent; hear the Words in which we may ſuppoſe her to accoſt you.

" From *thee*, for theſe many Years, have " all Offences ſprung; *without thee*, has no " Crime had a Being. Through thee, and " through thee alone, the Murder of many " *Romans* [k] has been unavenged; and by thee, " has the oppreſſive Hand that plundered my " Allies [l], been free and unpuniſhed. Thou " has found the Means that Juſtice and Law " ſhould not only be neglected, but abuſed " and aboliſhed. All this, though they ought " not to have been borne, yet did I bear as I " could: But now, that thy conduct alone " ſtrikes Terrors through my Soul, that in " every Alarm, the dreaded Name of *Catiline* " firſt ſtrikes my Thought, now that thy

" Guil

[k] *Catiline*, with his own Hands, killed ſeveral Noblem[en] who were proſcribed by *Sylla*, and ſecretly murdered many, w[ho] oppoſed his wicked Deſigns; and had falſe Witneſſes ready [on] all Occaſions, to ſwear whatever he deſired. This made hin[a] common Refuge for all Murderers, whom he protected to the utmoſt of his Power. He was accuſed, and tried for the Murders he committed in the Time of *Sylla*'s Reign; but was acquitted by the Intereſt of the Nobility.

[l] After his Prætorſhip, he was made Governor of *Africa*, which he miſerably oppreſſed and plundered. He was impeached for this on his Return by *Clodius*, and, as was thought, got off by bribing his Accuſer.

" Guilt makes it evident, that you embrace " every Scheme that is laid for my Ruin, *now*, " indeed, art thou become intolerable. There- " fore be gone; rid me of my Apprehenſions; " if they are juſt, I may then avoid Ruin; if " groundleſs, at length ſhall I ceaſe to fear."

Should, as I have ſuppoſed, your Country thus accoſt you, ought ſhe not to prevail,[m] even though ſhe could not apply Force? But how? Didſt thou not ſurrender thyſelf a Priſoner? Didſt thou not give out, that to avoid Suſpicion thou wouldſt live in the Houſe of *Lepidus*? When he refuſed to receive you, you had the Impudence to come even to me; entreating that I would take you into Cuſtody within my Houſe. I alſo made anſwer, that it was utterly inconſiſtent with my Safety, for me to live in the ſame Houſe with a Man, with whom I could not, without the greateſt Danger, live in the ſame City[n]. You then ap-

 plied

[m] Orig. *Etiamſi vim adhibere non poſſit*. But ſhe is now in a Condition to apply Force.

[n] Why, in the Name of Heaven, did not *Cicero* accept of *Catiline*'s Offer? Why was ſo fair, ſo frank a Propoſal rejected by the Government? The Reaſon he gives here, is an Affront upon the Common Senſe of Mankind. Was there not a Place in *Rome* cloſe or ſecure enough to confine this dangerous, deteſtable Rebel, in whoſe ſingle Perſon all the Hopes of the Conſpirators centered? Was it ſafe for the Commonwealth that this walking Peſtilence ſhould breathe and pollute *Roman* Air, free and

plied to *Q. Metellus*, the Prætor, where you met with a new Repulſe. Then you marched off to the excellent *Marcus Marcellus* [o], your Companion; a Man, whom [p] belike you imagined would be very watchful in confining you, very ſhrewd in obſerving you, and very brave in bringing you to Juſtice [q]. But the Man who owns himſelf worthy of Reſtraint, how near may we preſume him to be to Bolts and Chains? If ſo, O *Catiline!* if [r] the Proſpect of Death *here* is ſhocking to a Soul like thine; canſt thou heſitate in retiring to ſome other Land,

and unqueſtioned? Were the Writings for *Catiline*, publiſhed as fairly as thoſe againſt him, what a ſtrong Argument might we expect to be formed from this Circumſtance of refuſing a Man a fair Trial, and even, the Security of his Perſon, that he would ſtand it? If *Catiline* did enter upon dangerous Schemes after ſo plain an Indication that a Conſpiracy was formed, by the moſt degenerated Government that ever exiſted againſt his Perſon, was it any Wonder? If, as unqueſtionably was the Caſe, the Government of *Rome* at this Time were worſe than Banditti, and had ſtripped the People, not only of their Natural and Conſtitutional Rights, were the People to blame if they treated them as Banditti?

o This is not the *Marcellus* whom *Cicero* commends a little lower: This *Marcellus* was an intimate Friend of *Catiline*, and probably a Conſpirator; the Praiſes *Cicero* here gives him, are ſpoke in *Irony*. The *Marcellus* mentioned juſt below, is he whom *Cicero* defended in that excellent Oration, *For* Marcellus. *See* Vol. I.

p Orig. *Videlicet*. Without tranſlating this Word, the Irony would have been loſt.

q It is certain, *Cicero* often retouched his Orations, and there are a great many Paſſages in them, as we now have, that were not then pronounced. This Paſſage I take to be one. *Cicero* could never venture to affront the Judgment of the *Roman* Senate with ſuch an Argument.

r There is ſome Reaſon for a Doubt as to the Original here, whether it ought not to be read, *Si hic morari*.

Land, and in hiding in Exile and Solitude thy Head, that repeated, that juſt, that merited Forfeit to thy Country's Juſtice.

Move for the Queſtion, ſay you, to the Senate. For thus you talk, as if you were ready to obey their Deciſion, if it ſhall fix Baniſhment as yoor Doom. I will move for no ſuch Queſtion; it is contrary to my Inclination. Yet I will order it ſo, that you may be fully apprized of their Sentiments with regard to you. "*Catiline*, leave this City; "rid thy Country of her Fears; go, if all you "wait for, is that Word, into Baniſhment." Ha! *Catiline*; haſt thou the Uſe of thy Senſes; do you mark their Silence? They are paſſive, they are mute. Need they to ſtrengthen by their Voice what is ſufficiently implied by their Silence?

Yet ſhould I ſpeak thus to that excellent Youth *Publius Sextius*, or the brave *Marcellus*; before this Inſtant, upon this very Spot, without regard to the Sanctity of the Place, without regard to my Conſular Authority, I had with Juſtice been chaſtiſed by the Hands of the Senate. But, *Catiline*, in thy Caſe, while they ſit unmoved, they approve thy Doom; while they ſit in Silence, they pronounce thy

Sen-

Sentence; and while they ſtifle their Reſentment, they proclaim thy Guilt. Nor is it thus with the Senate alone, whoſe Authority you affect to prize, but whoſe Lives you ſlight; but with theſe *Roman* Knights[s], theſe brave honeſt Men, and every gallant *Roman*, who ſurrounds our Aſſembly; whoſe Numbers you might have ſeen; whoſe Inclination you might have learned; whoſe Voices a little while ago you might have heard; and whoſe Swords and Hands I have long with Difficulty reſtrained from thy Perſon; yet with them will I eaſily prevail, ſhould thou leave theſe Walls which thou haſt long devoted to Ruin, to attend you even to their Gates.

But wherefore do I talk? As if thy Purpoſe were to be ſhaken, or thy Guilt reclaimed? That *thou* ſhouldſt meditate any Flight; that *thou* ſhouldſt think of any Exile! I wiſh the Immortal Gods did inſpire thee with ſuch a Reſolution; yet if, daunted by my Words, thou ſhouldſt reſolve to go into Baniſhment, I foreſee what a Storm of Unpopularity muſt lower over my Reputation; not ſo much in

theſe

[s] It had been once propoſed to the Conſpirators, to murder the Senate at once in the Senate Houſe; to prevent this, the *Roman* Knights were ordered to Arms, and kept Guard round the Temple, where the Senate aſſembled. Theſe Knights would have diſpatched *Catiline*, upon the leaſt Sign from *Cicero*.

these Times, while thy Guilt is flagrant, as in the future. Yet with me ſhall this Conſideration have no Weight, provided the Calamity is confined to me, and extends not to my Country. But it is unreaſonable to ſuppoſe, that thou canſt be ſtartled at the Greatneſs of thy Guilt; be daunted by the Severity of the Laws; or moved by the Dangers of thy Country. Thou, O *Catiline!* art none of thoſe, whom the Senſe of Shame reclaims from Diſhonour; Fear, from Danger; or Reaſon, from Rage.

THEREFORE, as I have often ſaid, be gone: And, if you want to ſwell the Meaſure of my Unpopularity, for being, as you expreſs it, thy Enemy, depart directly into Baniſhment [t]; Do this; then ſhall I with Difficulty bear up againſt the Reflections of Mankind: Scarce ſhall I be equal to that Weight of publick Hatred, ſhouldſt thou at the Command of a Conſul retire into Exile. But, if you conſult the Glory of my Name, march off with your outrageous Band of Ruffians: Be gone to *Manlius*; alarm every deſperate *Roman*; divide thee from the Virtuous; make war on thy country;

[t] Had *Catiline* retired into ſome diſtant Country, without joining *Manlius*, and the other Conſpirators; this would have convinced the Vulgar, that he had been innocent, and accuſed by *Cicero* from a perſonal Quarrel.

Country; plume thee in thy unnatural Robberies: Thus ſhalt thou ſeem, not as caſt our by me to Foreigners, but invited thither by the Voice of thy Friends.

But why do I ſollicite thee, when I know that you have already detached a Body of armed Men, who are to wait thee at the *Aurelium Forum?* When I know that thou haſt concerted, that thou haſt fixed, a Day with *Manlius? When I know that thou haſt already ſent off that Silver Eagle* [u], *the domeſtic Shrine of all thy Impieties* [w], *and which, truſt me, will bring Calamity and Ruin upon thee and thine.* How could you ſo long be deprived of this Object of your Worſhip? For to it, as often as you went out to murder, you paid your Vows; and thy polluted Hands were by Turns reared to the Altars of thy Idol, and to the Murder of thy Countrymen.

Yet at length ſhalt thou retire to where thou haſt long been hurrying through frantic Rage,

[u] The *Eagle,* from about the Time of *C. Marius,* was the great *Standard* of the *Roman* Armies; each Legion had one. This *Eagle* is ſaid to have been the ſame which *Marius* had in the War with the *Cimbri.*

[w] The *Roman Standards,* and eſpecially the *Eagle,* were in a Manner worſhipped by the Soldiers: They ſwore by them. This *Eagle* therefore had been religiouſly kept by *Catiline,* and had been ſent down to *Manlius,* as the principal Banner of the Conſpiracy.

Rage, and unbridled Ambition! A Circumſtance ſo far from affecting thee with Anguiſh, that it elevates thee into unutterable Extaſy. To ſuch a Pitch of Frenzy art thou formed by Nature, trained by Appetite, and reſerved by Fate: You never delighted in Repoſe: You never even delighted in War, but when both were flagitious. You have levied a confederate Band of Ruffians; from Wretches, not only completely deſtitute, but deſperate. Here what Tranſports ſhalt thou indulge, with what Extaſy ſhalt thou triumph, in what Riot ſhalt thou revel, when of all thy numerous Crew, thine Ears ſhall not be ſhocked with the Voice, nor thine Eyes with the Sight of one honeſt Man? To the Enjoyment of ſuch a Life are all theſe Toils, particularly called *Catiline*'s, directed; your lying out on the Ground, not only to compaſs a Rape, but to commit a Villainy; thy treacherous Vigilance to improve to thy own Purpoſes, not only the Slumber of the married Man, but the Property of the unguarded, the unſuſpecting Citizen. Now haſt thou a Scene to diſplay thy boaſted Patience under Hunger and Cold, and the want of every Neceſſary of Life; with all which thou muſt ſoon be pinched. So much did I gain, when I diſappointed thee of the Conſulate, that thy Country ſhould feel thy

Attempts

Attempts as an Exile, and not thy Tyranny as a Conſul; and that every Step of thy Ruffian Treaſon might be termed the Efforts, not of an Enemy but of a Robber.

Now, O Fathers Conſcript! that I may remove, that I may deprecate from myſelf the Conſequences of a too well grounded Charge urged by my Country; attentively, I beſeech you, hear, and treaſure up in the innermoſt Receſſes of your Minds and Memories, what I am now to deliver; for ſhould my *Country*, that *Country* which to me is far dearer than Life; ſhould all *Italy*, ſhould all the Frame of this Conſtitution thus accoſt me: " *Marcus Tullius*, what are you about? Will you " ſuffer my approved Enemy, him whom " you ſee, who you are ſenſible is to be put " at the Head of this impending War, whoſe " Preſence in their Camp my Enemies ex" pect; that Spring, that firſt Principle of " Guilt and Treaſon, the Man who [x] enrolls " my Slaves, [y] who ruins my Citizens; will " you ſuffer *him*, I ſay, to eſcape, that he " may ſeem not as driven *from*, but *into* this " City?

[x] Orig. *Evocatorum Servorum.* The Evocator was a military Term, an Office, ſomewhat of the Nature of a Muſter-Maſter. But we learn from *Saluſt*, that *Catiline* never conſented to enroll Slaves.

[y] I read with the Edition of 1474, *Civium perditorem.*

"City? Will you not command him to be "thrown into Fetters, to be dragged to Exe-"cution, and [z] to atone for his Guilt by his "Blood:

"What reſtrains thee? The Practice of "our Anceſtors! When it has been known, "that in this State Perſons [a] uninveſted with "public Authority, have often put to Death "their wicked Countrymen. Are you bound "up by the Statutes relating to the Puniſh-"ment of *Romans?* In *Rome*, never can the "Man who withdraws his Allegiance from "his Country, plead the Privileges of a *Ro-"man*. Doſt thou dread the Reproaches of "Poſterity? A glorious Proof of Gratitude "indeed to thy Country, which *knowing thee "only through thyſelf*, without the Merits of "Anceſtors to ſpeak in thy Favour, ſo early "raiſed thee through every Gradation of ſub-"ordinate Truſt, to her ſupreme Seat of "Power. Should Reproach however keen, "ſhould Danger however dreadful, render "thee remiſs, when all that is dear to her "Sons is threatned? But if thou art to

"dread

[z] *Summo ſupplicio Mactari. Mactari* is a Term uſed in Sacrifices. Great Care ought to be taken in a Tranſlation, to preſerve Alluſions, where it is poſſible, with any Propriety, to do it.

[a] See Note on p. 9. l. 8.

" dread Reproach, art thou to dread it more
" on account of thy not being destitute of
" Honesty and Courage, than for Sloth and
" Pusillanimity? When *Italy* shall be deso-
" lated with War, her Towns given up to her
" Foes, and her Dwellings wrapt in the Flames,
" [b] think, think, in what a Conflagration of
" Reproach thyself must then be consumed!"

To these awful Words of my complaining Country, and of every Man who entertains the same Sentiments, I thus briefly answer: Had I, Fathers Conscript, judged it most expedient that *Catiline* should die; I had not indulged, to this Trader in Murder, the Respite of a single Hour from Death. For if the greatest of Men, and the noblest of *Romans* appeared, not only unpolluted, but even looked lovely in the Blood of *Saturninus*, the *Gracchi*, and *Flaccus*, and many other Traitors of Antiquity; I, sure, had no Reason to dread the Indignation of Posterity at my destroying this Parricide of his Country. Yet did I now perceive the Storm of future Reproach impending over my Head; I have ever thought, that *Re-proach*

[b] It is surprising our Author should close so noble and spirited an Epopoiia with a Quibble, *Tum te non existimas invidiæ incendio conflagraturum.* But notwithstanding his great Judgment and Art, it is certain, that when a Quibble lay fairly in his Way, *Cicero* was never Proof against using it.

proach on account of PUBLIC SPIRIT, in attempting to blacken the MAN, diſtinguiſhes the PATRIOT.

BUT ſome there are in this Aſſembly [c], who either do not perceive, or are unwilling to own their Senſe of our approaching Ruin; whoſe lenient Meaſures cheriſhed the Hopes of *Catiline*; and whoſe Incredulity nurſed the Infancy of his Treaſon. Many, deſtitute either of Wiſdom or Virtue, following their Authority would have ſaid, that in putting him to Death, I had acted in a *Cruel* and a *Regal* Manner [d]. Now do I perceive, that ſhould he retire to where he intends, the Camp of *Manlius*, there is not a *Roman* ſo ſtupid as not to ſee, nor ſo wicked as not to own, that a Conſpiracy is formed. His ſingle Death, I can perceive, may for a while abate, but never can

[c] *Cæſar*, *Craſſus*, and others of the firſt Rank, were ſuſpected of being concerned in *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, and of wiſhing that it might ſucceed. Theſe were cunning enough not to be preſent at the Meetings of the Body of the Conſpirators, leſt they ſhould be diſcovered; but they ſerved *Catiline*, by maintaining that the whole Conſpiracy was a *Chimæra* of the Conſul's Brain, or at moſt a Deſign to be revenged on *Cicero*, for diſappointing *Catiline* ſo often in his ſtanding for the Conſulſhip.

[d] The *Romans* had ſuch an Averſion to the *Kingly* Government, that *King* and *cruel Tyrant*; were Expreſſions of the ſame Signification in their Language. To avoid this Odium, *Sylla*, *Cæſar*, *Auguſtus*, &c. reigned abſolutely under the Titles of *perpetual Dictator*, *Imperator*, or any *Title*, except that of *King*.

it extinguiſh, this Peſtilence of my Country. But ſhould he eject himſelf; ſhould he carry his Accomplices along with him; ſhould he make that Camp the common Center of his deſperate, his now ſhipwreck'd Faction; not only this Peſtilence of the State, now ripened into Maturity, but the very Roots, the very Seeds of all Treaſon, ſhall be cut up and deſtroyed.

True it is, Fathers Conſcript, that long have we trod amidſt the dangerous, the doubtful Arts of Treaſon: But by what Means has it happened, that in my Conſulate, the Tumour, pregnant with every Guilt, with long gathering Rage and Inſolence, has ripened into Breaking? But if from ſuch a Confederacy in Treaſon, this one Traitor only ſhall be removed, we may indulge perhaps a ſhort temporary Relaxation from Care and Concern; but ſtill ſhall the Danger remain lurking in the Veins and Vitals of our Country. As Patients, in the Anguiſh of a Diſeaſe, and parched with feveriſh Heat, are at firſt ſeemingly relieved by a Draught of cold Water; but ſoon the Diſeaſe returns with redoubled Force and Pain; ſo our Country gaining a ſhort Interval of Eaſe, by the Puniſhment of this Traitor, will, from

his

his ſurviving Confederates, languiſh with more mortal Symptoms.

Wherefore, Fathers Conſcript, let the Wicked retire; let them ſever themſelves from the Virtuous; let them herd together in one Place. In ſhort, as I have often ſaid, let a Wall divide us; no longer let them beſet the Conſul in his own Houſe; environ the Tribunal of the City Prætor; beſiege the Court with their Swords, or lay up Magazines of combuſtible Balls and Brands for firing the City: In ſhort, let the Sentiments of every Man, with regard to the Public, be inſcribed on his Forehead. This, Fathers Conſcript, now I promiſe, that ſuch ſhall be the Diligence of your Conſuls; ſuch the Weight of your Body; ſuch the Courage of the *Roman* Knights, and ſuch the Unanimity of all the Wiſe and Worthy, that upon *Catiline*'s Retreat, you ſhall perceive him and all his Treaſons diſcovered, expoſed, confounded, and puniſhed.

Be gone, O *Catiline!* Be gone, with Omens [e] ſuch as theſe, into an impious, an execrable

[e] The Heathens ſuperſtitiouſly obſerved whatever was ſaid on their undertaking a Journey, or any Enterpriſe. Some of the greateſt Men have laid aſide an Undertaking, or been encouraged

ecrable War, and may its Issue prove Salvation to this Country; Desolation, Destruction, and Death to thee, and all the Associates of thy boundless Guilt and Treason. Then Thou, O Jove! whose Name *Romulus* consecrated by the same Rites with which he founded this City; Thou, whom we rightly call the *Stay of this City and Empire* [f]; Thou shalt repel Him and his Accomplices from thy Altars; from the Temples of the other Gods; from the Roofs and the Walls of *Rome*; from the Lives and Properties of our Citizens: Then shall thy eternal Vengeance, in Life as in Death, overtake all the Foes of the Virtuous; all the Enemies of their Country; all the Robbers of *Italy*, and all who are linked in the mutual Bands of Treason and execrable Conspiracy.

THE

couraged in the Pursuit of it, by a Word dropped by Chance. All the *Roman* Historians, particularly *Livy*, are full of this ridiculous Conceit. This solemn Imprecation therefore, pronounced by the Consul, in the Temple of *Jupiter Stator*, was like the highest Excommunication, and would be constructed a bad Omen to *Catiline* by all those of his Audience, who had any Regard for the Religion of their Country.

[f] See the Note on p. 14. l. 15.

THE

ARGUMENT.

CATILINE, struck with the last Oration, rose in his Place, and after a plausible submissive Apology, was beginning to rail upon Cicero. *The Senate calling him to Order, and expressing the utmost Detestation of his Guilt, he thought fit to rush out of* Rome, *and fly to the Camp of* Manlius.

Next Day, Cicero *assembled the People, and delivered the following Oration, in which he had two Views; first, to vindicate his Conduct in forcing* Catiline *from* Rome; *secondly, to put them upon their Guard, as the Accomplices of* Catiline *were still within the City.*

M. T.

CICERO's

SECOND

ORATION

AGAINST

CATILINE.

AT length, at length, O *Romans!* have we driven, or dispatched, or convoyed into a voluntary Retreat from this City, *Lucius Catiline*, intoxicated with Insolence, breathing out Guilt, impiously meditating the Destruction of his Country, and threatening you, and this City, with all the Calamities of Fire and Sword. He is gone, he is vanished, he is escaped, he is sallyed out. No longer now shall that Prodigy,

digy, that Monſter of Men, ſcheme the Ruin of this City, while ſhe harbours him in her Boſom. This Ringleader of Rebellion we have doubtleſs quelled. His Dagger is not now pointed to our Breaſts. Nor ſhall we now tremble in the *Field* of Election, in the Forum, in the Courts of public Juſtice, or within the Walls of Domeſtic Retirement. When he was driven from the City, he [a] abandoned his Poſt; and now without Reſerve, as we have no Obſtacle, may we treat him as an open Enemy: Great ſurely muſt be his Perdition, and glorious our Conqueſt, ſince we have forced him out of the Character of a Boſom Traitor, into that of an Avowed Rebel.

How mortifying, how afflicting, how ſenſibly afflicting may you imagine it to be to *Catiline*, that he carried away the Point of his Dagger unbathed in the Blood he deſigned to ſpill; that [b] we lived to ſee him retreat; that

[a] Orig. *Loco motus eſt*: This is a military Term; the Omen of Victory was taken from an Enemy being obliged to yield his Ground. *Saluſt* takes Notice, that every one of *Catiline*'s Soldiers covered, when dead, the Ground on which he ſtood when alive. *Nam fere quem quis vivus pugnandi locum ceperat, cum, amiſſa anima, corpore tegebat. Neque recedat loco*, ſays *Plautus*.

[b] I ſee no Reaſon why the Commentators ſhould apply the Plural here to *Cicero* alone, ſince *Catiline*'s Intention was to murder all the Citizens.

we wreſted the Sword from his Hands; that he left our Citizens undeſtroyed, and our City undemoliſhed. Now, O *Romans!* he lies in the Duſt; now he perceives himſelf buffetted and ſpurned, and often, with Eyes a-ſcance, he ſurveys our City, and mourns her Deliverance from his deſtructive Jaws. While, to me, ſhe ſeems to aſſume a gayer Air, for having diſgorged, for having flung out that Peſtilence. But if there is a man, who, as every Man ought to do, *feels* for his Country, yet bitterly accuſes me on that very head, on which I now ſpeak with Pride, with Triumph, I mean that I did not rather apprehend, than ſend away that moſt formidable Enemy. That, O *Romans!* is not my Fault, but that of the Juncture. Death, and the ſevereſt Judgment of his Country, ought long ago to have overtaken *Catiline*: the Practice of our Anceſtors [c], the Juſtice of our Government, and the Intereſts of our Country, required me to put him to Death. But how many

[c] The *Romans* were ſo jealous of their Liberties, that a Suſpicion of attempting a Change, was often fatal to the Party ſuſpected. The *Gracchi*, *Sempronius*, *Fulvius*, &c. were ſlain for attempting an equal Diviſion of the conquered Lands. *Manlius Capitolinus*, *Sp. Melius*, and others, were put to Death, upon circumſtantial, and even ſlight Proofs. *Scipio* was driven to Baniſhment after all his glorious Services. In a Word, Popularity, and Ability to diſturb the State, was often puniſhed with as great Rigour by the *Romans*, as a real Attempt on their Liberties could have been.

many do you imagine were they, who would not believe what I advanced? How many, who from Stupidity, *could not have thought it?* How many would even have taken his Part, and how many would have loved him for his Wickedneſs?

BUT could I have thought that your Dangers were to ceaſe in his Deſtruction, I had long ſince deſtroyed *Lucius Catiline*, though I had done it at the Hazard, not of my Reputation only, but my Life. But when I plainly ſaw that, without convincing you, (as all of you at [d] leaſt, were not even then convinced, of the Fact) if I had given him up to merited Death; yet the Load of Enmity, which I muſt have borne, would have diſabled me from proſecuting his Accomplices; I brought the Matter to this Iſſue, that as I placed the Enemy full in your View, you might without Doubt, and without Diffidence, enter upon vigorous

[d] Orig. *Ne vobis, quidem omnibus re etiamtum probata:* I have ſeen no Tranſlation or Commentator yet, which has underſtood the Meaning of the Particle *quidem* in *Cicero*. It implies the ſame, but in a greater Diminution, as *ſaltem*; as ſuch I have tranſlated, and it is the only Way by which this Sentence can be made Senſe. *Græviu*s has groſly miſunderſtood it, by not attending to the Import of this Adverb, which is perpetually occurring in *Cicero*, and perpetually leading Tranſlators, and Commentators, and other Interpreters, into Blunders. At the ſame Time I am far from aſſerting, that it has not another Meaning; but that muſt be directed by the Senſe.

vigorous Action. How formidable, how very formidable this Enemy is Abroad, learn, my Countrymen, from this; it gives me Pain and Disquiet to think that he left this City with so thin a Retinue. I wish he had carried off with him his whole Force; he has carried off *Tongillus*, who is reported to have been the Object of his criminal Passion when a Youth; he has carried off *Publicius* and *Munatius*, whose Tavern Scores never could have affected the Government; but of those he has left behind, how important are the Persons [e], how deep the Debts, how powerful the Interests, and how noble the Birth!

THEREFORE, I hold in utter Contempt, in respect of our *Gallic* Legions, and the Levies which *Quintus Metellus* has made in the Countries of *Ancona* and *Lombardy*, with the Forces we are daily raising, his Army composed of aged Despair, of clownish Debauchery, and rustic Intemperance, of Men, who rather chose to fly from their Bail, than from their Army; Fellows so unfit to stand the Look of an Enemy, that they would tremble should one shew them the Writ of a Prætor.

Those

[e] This seems to have an Eye to *Cæsar* and *Crassus*, at that Time two of the principal Noblemen of *Rome*; who certainly favoured *Catiline*.

Thoſe whom I perceive fluttering in the *Forum*, ſauntering about the Courts, and even ſtepping into the Senate-Houſe, ſleek with Perfumes, and ſhining in Purple: Thoſe I had rather he had carried out as the Companions of his Arms; if theſe ſhould remain here, [f] mind me when I ſay, that the Deſerters are more formidable than the main Body of their Army; and ſtill more ſo in that, though they are conſcious of my knowing all their Plots and Schemes, yet they remain cool and unconcerned. I can here point out the Man to whom *Apulia* [g] is allotted, to whom *Tuſcany*, to whom *Ancona*, to whom *Lombardy*: I can here point you out the Man, who claimed the Taſk of betraying our Citizens to the Sword [h], and our City to the Flames.

[f] Orig. *Mementote*: When *Cicero* uſes this reduplicated Termination, it is with a ſolemn Air, and calculated to beget the greateſt Attention; as afterwards *celebratote*.

[g] *Saluſt* tells us, that *Catiline*, ſome time before, had ſent *Manlius* to *Fæſulæ*, and the adjoining Parts of *Tuſcany*; *Septimius Camers* to *Ancona*, and *C. Julius* into *Apulia*, to make Levies. But *Cicero* ſeems here to mean ſome Perſons of greater Note, yet in *Rome*, who were to command in chief in thoſe Countries, whoſe names are not left us by any Hiſtorians, except that *Marcus Cæparius* is ſaid, in the third Oration againſt *Catiline*, to have been named to raiſe the Shepherds in *Apulia*.

[h] *Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, *Statilius*, and *Caſſius*, undertook to fire the City, and murder their fierceſt Enemies; particularly *Cethegus* promiſed to diſpatch *Cicero*; and even offered, with a ſmall Force, to attack the Senate Houſe, and cut off all the Senate at once.

Flames. They are ſenſible that to me were all the Secrets of their laſt nocturnal Conſultation divulged: Yeſterday I laid them before the Senate; *Catiline* himſelf trembled, he fled; then why do thoſe tarry? Fatally are they miſtaken, if they hope for the Continuance, the Perpetuity of my former Forbearance.

The Point I had in View I have now gained, which was to give you ocular Proof of a Conſpiracy being formed againſt your Country; unleſs ſome may imagine that a Man may ſhare in the Vices, yet not enter into the Sentiments of *Catiline*. Away with Gentleneſs, the Juncture calls for Severity: One Point I will even now yield; let them depart, let them be gone, nor ſuffer their Leader to languiſh in their Abſence. I'll chalk out the Road, he went by the *Aurelian* Way; if they make Diſpatch, before Night they may reach him.

Happy Country, could it be[i] drained of the Impurities of this City! To me the Abſence of *Catiline* alone, ſeems to have given it freſh

[i] The Expreſſion in the Original, alludes to a Pump, which draws up the putrid Water in a Ship: Hence he ſays immediately after, *Uno Catiline exhauſts*, *Catiline* alone being pumpt up.

fresh Bloom and Beauty. Where is the Villainy, where is the Guilt that can enter into the Heart and Thoughts of Man, that did not enter into his? In all *Italy* what Poisoner, what Gladiator, what Robber, what Cut-throat, what Parricide, what Forger, what Rascal, what Ruffian, what Debauchee, what Adulterer, what Strumpet, is there found among the Corrupted or Corruptors of our Youth, among the Abandoned of our Country, that did not own an intimate Familiarity with *Catiline*? For these many Years, where has been the Murder, to which he has not been accessary, where an infamous Rape, and he not an Accomplice? Had ever any Man such Talents for debauching Youth as he possesses, who indulged himself in a criminal Flame for others, and others in an infamous Passion for himself. To some he promised the Object of their Lust, to some the Death of their Parents, and not only prompted Desire, but forwarded Enjoyment. At this Instant, what a prodigious Number of abandoned Wretches has he got together, not only from the City but the Country! There is not a Bankrupt, I will not say in *Rome*, but in the remotest Corner of *Italy*, who is not an Associate in this detestable Combination of Guilt.

AND

AND that you may be ſenſible how he unites in his Perſon oppoſing Qualities and differing Characters, there is not in any Fencing-School a Bully more than commonly ventureſome, who does not confeſs an Intimacy with *Catiline.* The Strumpet, and the Stager, ingenious and induſtrious in every Art of Infamy, dwell on the Remembrance of the [k] jovial Hours they have paſſed together. Yet this Hero practiſed in Robberies and in Rapes, while he was diſſipating in lawleſs Luſts, the Supplies of Induſtry, and the Means of Virtue, was by his Aſſociates celebrated for his Fortitude, for his Patience under Cold, Hunger, Thirſt, and Watchings.

WOULD his Companions but follow him, would his deſperate, his profligate Band depart from *Rome*; well might I pronounce ourſelves happy, our Country fortunate, and my Conſulate glorious! For Mankind has now attained to an Extravagance of Guilt; their Crimes appear not now the Crimes of Men:

As

[k] The Word *Sodalis*, which is uſed in the Original here, ſignifies a Pot-Companion; *Cicero* uſes this Word to give the Senate the meaner Idea of *Catiline*; and by that Ridicule, raiſes at once their Contempt and Averſion. I have endeavoured to expreſs his Manner with his Meaning.

As they are inhuman, ſo are they intolerable. Murders, Burnings, and Rapines, now engroſs their Thoughts. Their Patrimonies they have ſquandered; their Fortunes they have gormandized away; long have they been without Money, and now begin they to be without Credit, while they retain the Rage of Deſire, without the Means of Enjoyment. Did they in their Revels, and their Gaming, aim only at the Enjoyment of the Bowl, and the Strumpet, their Caſe were indeed deſperate, but ſtill might it be borne with; but who can ſuffer that the Coward ſhould betray the Brave, the Witleſs the Wiſe, the Sottiſh the Sober, the Indolent the Induſtrious! That lolling at their Revels, careſſed by Strumpets, crowned with Garlands, beſmeared with Ointments, weakened with Whoring; they ſhould [1] belch in what Manner the Virtuous are to fall under their Swords, and this City to ſink under Flames.

OVER ſuch I hope ſome Fatality is now hanging, and that the Pains long due to their Villainy, their Crimes, their Guilt, their Luſts, are

[1] Orig. *Eructant:* This is a fine Expreſſion, after the Picture which has been drawn, and therefore it would have been unpardonable, had it not been literally preſerved.

are now ready, are now either impending or approaching. Theſe, if *my* Conſulate cannot cure, it ſhall remove, and thus inſure to this State, not a ſhort, but an extenſive Duration. For there is no Nation whom we dread: There is no Prince in a Condition to attack the People of *Rome*. Abroad, through the Courage of one Man, by Land, by Sea, all is Peace. At Home, we are at War; within our Walls, Treaſon reſides; within them, Danger is ſhut up; within them, an Enemy lurks. With Luxury, with Frenzy, with Guilt, muſt we ſtruggle. In ſuch a War, O *Romans!* I put myſelf at your Head; be it mine to ſtand the Shock of deſperate Malice; to whatever can be cured, will I apply every Means of Cure; but what muſt be cut off, will I not ſuffer to feſter, and to infect the Sound, till the whole State is deſtroyed. Let them therefore be gone, or be at reſt; but if they are reſolved to keep at once the City, and their own ſentiments, let them look for what they deſerve.

SOME, O *Romans!* there are, who affirm, that by me *Catiline* was driven into Exile. Thoſe who ſay ſo, could a Word effect it, my Word ſhould drive into Exile likewiſe. To

be

be ſure ſo ſhamefaced, ſo exceſſively modeſt, was the[m] Gentleman, that he was not able to ſtand the Words of the Conſul; no ſooner was he commanded into Baniſhment than he ſubmitted, he obeyed. Yeſterday, after I had narrowly eſcaped being murdered in my own Houſe, I ſummoned together the Senate in the Temple of JOVE *the Stayer*, I laid the whole Affair before the Conſcript Fathers; when *Catiline* came thither, did a Senator accoſt him? Salute him? Or look on him as a deſperate Citizen, and not rather as a moſt outragious Enemy? Nay, the Chiefs of that Order left that Part of the Benches, to which he approached, bare and empty.

HERE, I, that furious Conſul, whoſe Word can drive Citizens into Exile, demanded of *Catiline*, *Whether he had, or had not been at the Houſe of* Marcus Lecca, *in a nocturnal Cabal:* Exceſſively bold as he was, when Self-conviction had ſtruck him dumb, I firſt laid open the whole; the Tranſactions of that Night, where he had been, what was to be the Buſineſs of the next, and inſtructed the Aſſembly in all the Diſpoſitions of his future

 War:

[m] This is Irony, and therefore admits of a more modern Turn.

War: While he appeared diſconcerted and abaſhed, I demanded why he doubted to be gone on an Expedition he had ſo long prepared for; when I knew that he had already diſpatched before him, Arms, the Axes, the Badges of Authority [n], and Trumpets, Military Enſigns, and that Silver Eagle, to which within his own Houſe he had reared a *Shrine* of Iniquity. Did I drive into Exile, the Man, who I already ſaw has entered upon Hoſtilities? For it is likely, that [o] *Manlius*, a petty Centurion, who had pitched his Camp in the Fields of *Fæſulæ*, declared War againſt the *Romans* on his own Account; that his Camp does not now expect *Catiline*, to become its General, and that he will make *Marſeilles*, and not that Camp, the Abode of his Exile.

Wretched is the Situation attending not only the Government, but the Preſervation of a State. Now ſhould *Catiline*, watched, entangled, and weakened by my Cares, my Counſels,

[n] When the Conſuls, on the Expiration of their Office, went to the Governments, they were allowed to carry before them the Bundles of Rods and Axes, as Enſigns of their Power and Authority, as well as the Conſuls for the Time being. And ſometimes when private Perſons were ſent Governors into Provinces, they were likewiſe allowed to carry theſe Badges of Authority. Theſe *Catiline* uſurped, and entered the Camp of *Manlius* with all the State of a Conſul.

[o] Orig. *Manlius iſte Centurio.*

Counſels, and at my Peril, be ſuddenly alarmed, change his Reſolution, abandon his Party, give up his hoſtile Deſigns, and alter his Career of Guilt and War, into that of Flight and Baniſhment: Then it will be ſaid, that he was not ſtript by me of every Weapon of Inſolence; aſtoniſhed and confounded by my Diligence, or driven from all his Hopes into Deſpair; but an uncondemned, and unoffending Exile, baniſhed by the Power and the Threats of a Conſul: Should the Conduct of *Catiline* be ſuch as I deſcribe, ſome would repreſent him, not as miſchievous, but miſerable, and me not as a careful Conſul, but an unrelenting Tyrant. Little, O *Romans!* does it affect me, that all the Storm of this groundleſs and bitter Malice, ſhould break on my Head, provided that I can ſhelter you from the Tempeſt of this dreadful, this unnatural War. Be it ſaid, that he was driven out by me, ſo he but goes into Baniſhment; but believe me, *Romans*, he will not go; though I never ſhall pray to the immortal Gods, that, to take ſome Part of the Blame from me, you may hear that *Catiline* is at the Head of a hoſtile Army, and ſpreading Deſolation with his Sword: Yet this muſt you hear in three Days; and then my greateſt Fear is, that the

 Time

Time may come when I ſhould be reproached, not for forcing him to fly, but for ſuffering him to depart. But if ſome affirmed that he was forced away, when indeed he went voluntarily, what would they not have ſaid, had he been put to Death.

BUT they who give out that *Catiline* is retiring to *Marſeilles*, ſpeak it not ſo much by Way of Complaint, as of Dread. There is not a Man among them ſo tender-hearted, as not to wiſh him rather with *Manlius*, than at *Marſeilles*. But indeed, had he never thought on what he is now executing; yet would he choſe to fall as a Rebel, rather than live as an Exile: But now as nothing has happened, but what he courted and expected, except that I was alive when he left *Rome*, let us rather wiſh than complain, that he may go into Baniſhment?

BUT why do I dwell ſo long upon one Enemy, and an Enemy, who avows himſelf as ſuch; an Enemy, whom, as a Wall divides us, as I have often wiſhed it ſhould, I no longer dread: And ſhall I ſpeak nothing of thoſe diſguiſed Traitors, who remain at *Rome*, and mingle in our Aſſemblies; whoſe Puniſhment

ment I don't ſo much aim at, as, if it were poſſible to be effected, their Cure, and Reconciliation to their Country? Nor, would they liſten to me, do I ſee any Impoſſibility in this. For to you, O *Romans!* will I explain of what Kind of Men their Forces conſiſts; then ſhall I, in the beſt manner I am able, apply to each every Remedy of Advice and Eloquence.

The firſt Sett conſiſts of thoſe who having great Debts, but ſtill greater Eſtates, are ſo much in love with the laſt, that they don't care to get rid of the firſt. Theſe, as they are Men of Subſtance, are ſpecious in Shew and Appearance, but ſhameleſs in their Ends and Intentions. Doſt thou poſſeſs, art thou gay, in a Land-Eſtate, fine Houſes, rich Plate, a numerous Retinue? In ſhort, doſt thou wallow in all the Comforts, all the Superfluities of Life, yet grudge to take from thy Wealth that thou mayſt add to thy Credit? What doſt thou look for? For War? And doſt thou imagine that thy Eſtate ſhall be unviolated amidſt univerſal Deſolation. A Bill of Inſolvency [p]? They are

[p] The *Romans* were often obliged to paſs a general Bill, by which all the Debts were aboliſhed; ſometimes Creditors were obliged to accept of a third, or a fourth Part, in full of all Demands

are miſtaken who look for that from *Catiline*. I ſhall give my Aſſiſtance to bring in a Bill; but it ſhall be limited [q]; and this is the only Meaſure by which ſome of them as poſſeſs Property can poſſibly be preſerved from Ruin; and had they ſooner agreed to it, nor fooliſhly run out their Eſtates in Mortgages, we ſhould at this Day have ſeen them both richer Men, and better Citizens. But I am far from thinking this Claſs formidable; becauſe it is poſſible to perſuade them into right; or if they continue obſtinate to me their Country appears to be in more Danger from their Prayers, than their Arms [r].

THE next Sett conſiſts of thoſe, who though deep in Debt, yet aſpire at Power; they want to be at the Helm, and think in the Storm of Government to acquire thoſe Honours they deſpair of in its Calm. To theſe I ſhall give the ſame Advice as to the reſt, which is to give over Thoughts of obtaining what they aim at. In the firſt Place, I myſelf am watchful, active, and

mands. The Expectation of this from *Cataline* drew over Multitudes of the lower Sort to his Party; or at leaſt, made them wiſh him Succeſs.

[q] By which the Eſtates of the Debtors were put to Sale to ſatiſfy their Creditors.

[r] That is, they wiſh for a Change in the Conſtitution; they wiſh for a Bill of Inſolvency; but will not give themſelves any Trouble to bring it about.

and provident for the public Intereſt; then there is on the Side of the Virtuous amongſt us, great Courage, great Unanimity, large Numbers, and a fine Army. In ſhort, I truſt that the Immortal Gods will immediately interpoſe againſt ſuch Ruffian Guilt, in Favour of this unconquered People; this glorious Empire, and lovely City. Had they attained to the End of all their frantic, their eager Wiſhes, did they hope to ſpring up Conſuls, Dictators, or Kings, from the Aſhes of this City, from the Blood of her Citizens, which they wickedly, which they treacherouſly, conſpired to ſpill? Don't they foreſee, that even though they ſhould ſucceed in their Confederacy of Guilt, yet that they muſt be overtopped by ſome Scoundrel, or Gladiator in the Objects of their Ambition.

A third Kind is of advanced Age, but hardened Vigour: Such is *Manlius* himſelf, who now reſigns his Command to *Catiline*. Theſe are of the Colonies, which *Sylla* planted at *Fæſulæ*[s]; which I am ſenſible in the main conſiſt of the braveſt of Men, and the beſt of Ci-

[s] The *Romans* uſually rewarded the veteran Soldiers with Houſes and Lands in the conquered Countries. *Sylla* divided the Lands round *Fæſulæ* among his Soldiers, and advanced ſome of them to the Equeſtrian and even to the Senatorian Rank.

Citizens. But theſe are Planters, who getting more Money than they either expected or knew how to manage, run out their Fortunes in Riot and Exceſs. Theſe, while they build like LORDS, while they indulge upon the Eſtates, in their Sedans, amidſt their great Retinue and ſumptuous Entertainments, have plunged themſelves ſo deep in Debt, that in order to retrieve their Affairs, they muſt have ſome *Sylla* conjured up from the Shades of Death. And theſe have perſuaded into their once ſucceſsful Scheme of Rapine, ſome poor needy Clowns among themſelves. Both theſe, O *Romans!* I place under the ſame Head of Robbers and Plunderers. But my Advice to them is, that they would awaken from their frantic Dreams of Dictatorſhips and Proſcriptions. For the Calamities of the Times when theſe prevailed, have ſo galled the State, that not Men only, but even Beaſts, would refuſe again to ſubmit to the Yoke.

THE fourth is a motly, mixt, and mutinous Kind. Long have they been depreſt, never will they riſe; through Indolence, Miſmanagement, and Extravagance, they now droop beneath a Load of ancient Debt; they are quite teazed

teazed out of their Lives by [t] Arreſts, Judgments, and Executions; and I hear that in great Numbers they reſort both from City and Country to the Enemy's Camp. Such I don't ſo much take to be keen Fighters, as indolent Shufflers; if they can't ſtand on their own Legs let them drop down; but ſo gently, that the Shock may be unperceived, not by the Public only, but by their neareſt Neighbour. For I cannot comprehend why, if they cannot live with Honour, they ſhould deſire to die with Infamy; or why they ſhould imagine it leſs Pain to die in Company, than to fall by themſelves.

THE fifth Kind is a Collection of Parricides, Cut-throats, and thorough-paced Villains under all Denominations. Theſe I ſhall not envy to *Catiline*; he and they are inſeparable; and even let them periſh in their own Robberies, ſince their Number is too great to be confined within a Priſon.

I come now to thoſe who are not only the laſt in my Liſt, but the laſt of Mankind in their Life

[t] Though I have applied Law-Terms to this paſſage, yet it will be found, that they anſwer as literally to the Original, as any other can. Therefore they are proper, and no other would.

Life and Morals: Theſe are the Life-Guard, the Partners of the Bed and the Boſom of *Catiline*, and appropriated to him; theſe beardleſs or bearded, you ſee with curled Locks and blooming Complexions; in full Dreſs, in flowing Robes, and wearing Mantles inſtead of Gowns[u]. The Labours of whoſe Life, and the Toils of whoſe Vigilance are only ſeen in the Midnight-Revel.

Under this Claſs are ranked Gameſters, Whoremaſters, the Lewd, and the Luſtful of every Kind. The ſoft inſinuating Youths, practiſed in the amorous Arts of either Sex, know to ſing, to dance, nay, on occaſion, they can aim the murdering Dagger, and ſpice the envenomed Bowl. 'Tis not enough that *Catiline* ſhall fall; for unleſs theſe depart, unleſs they die, believe me, that in this State we ſhall have a Nurſery of riſing *Catilines*. But what doth theſe Wretches mean? Can they carry their Wenches along with them into the Camp? Yet can they be without them theſe cold dreary Nights? How can they bear the *Apennine*, its biting Froſts and Snow? Unleſs they imagine that

[u] It was a Mark of Effeminacy among the *Romans* to wear their Gowns looſe and flowing. To have them made narrow, and girt tight, was reckoned the diſtinguiſhing Mark of an active Man, ready for Buſineſs.

that their dancing naked at Revels has hardened them to endure the Severities of the Seaſon. A formidable War, I muſt needs ſay, ſince the Houſhold-Troops of our capital Enemy conſiſt of ſhameleſs Strumpets!

Against theſe gallant Forces of *Catiline*, put now, O *Romans! your* Guards, *youa* Garriſons, and your Troops in *Array:* And firſt, to that bruiſed and battered Gladiator oppoſe your Conſuls and Generals; next againſt that expelled, extenuated Crew, whoſe Fortunes are ſhipwrecked, draw out the Flower, the Strength of all *Italy*.

And now ſhall the Ramparts of your Colonies, and your freed Cities, be oppoſed to the woodland, and the ruſtic Works of *Catiline*. But here I ought to run the Parallel no further, nor compare your other Troops, your Trophies, and your Towers, to the Nakedneſs and Neceſſity of that Robber. Waving all Conſiderations ariſing from Things of which we are provided, and he deſtitute; ſuch as the Senate, the Knights, the People, the Treaſury, and the Revenues of *Rome*, all *Italy*, whole Provinces, *foreign* Nations; if, I ſay, waving all theſe, we ſhall balance the very

Circumſtances

Circumſtances of the oppoſing Parties; from that we can form a true Notion, how very low our Enemies are reduced. Here Regard to Virtue oppoſes Inſenſibility of Shame, Purity Pollution, Integrity Injuſtice, Virtue Villainy, Reſolution Rage, Dignity Defilement, Regularity Riot; on one Side are ranged Equity, Temperance, Courage, Prudence, and every Virtue; on the other, Iniquity, Luxury, Cowardice, Raſhneſs, with every Vice; laſtly, the Struggle lies between Wealth and Want, the Dignity and the Degeneracy of Reaſon; the Force and the Frenzy of the Soul; between well-grounded Hope and widely extended Deſpair. In ſuch a Strife, in ſuch a Struggle as this, even though the Zeal of Men were wanting, muſt not the Immortal Gods give ſuch ſhining Virtues the Superiority over ſo great, and ſuch complicated Vices?

SINCE ſuch, O *Romans!* is our Situation, do you, as I have already adviſed, each of you, provide for your domeſtic Security by Ward and Watching. I have taken Care, I have provided effectually, that the Peace of the City ſhall be kept without alarming you, and without Riot within the Walls: Your Planters and the Inhabitants of your municipal Cities, adviſed

vised by me of *Catiline*'s nocturnal Excursion, will easily defend their own Possessions and Cities. The Gladiators, his strongest, and, as he thought, his most trusty Band, and indeed much honester Men than some Patricians I could name, shall be curbed by our Power. *Quintus Metellus*, whom, upon my foreseeing this Event, I had sent into *Ancona* and *Lombardy*, shall either destroy the Traitor, or baffle all his Motions, and all his Measures. As to other Matters, in what Manner these are to be regulated, to be conducted and executed, we are now to consult the Senate, whom you see assembling.

As for those who are left within this City, and left by *Catiline* for its Destruction, and your Confusion, though they are Enemies, yet still are they our natural Fellow-Citizens, and as such, will I give them my repeated Admonitions. If my Lenity has hitherto seemed inclinable to Weakness, it was with a View that this latent Corruption might be discharged. But now can I no longer forget that this is my native Soil, that to these I am Consul, THAT I MUST SPEND MY LIFE AMONG MY COUNTRYMEN, OR LAY IT DOWN FOR MY COUNTRY; the Gate is without a

Guard

Guard[w] and upon the Road lies no Ambush, they who decline to depart, may do as they think fit; but among those who remain in the City, should any one create, should he attempt, should he so much as seem to aim at the least Disturbance, and be discovered by me, he shall be sensible, that within those Walls are vigilant Consuls, active Magistrates, keen Swords, a brave Senate, and a Dungeon; that Scene in which our Ancestors thought proper to punish unnatural Guilt and avowed Rebellion.

ROMANS, all this shall be so transacted, that the greatest Events shall be brought about without Disturbance; the most imminent Dangers averted without Alarm; and an intestine, a domestic War, more extensive, and more cruel, than the oldest now alive can remamber, without my laying aside these peaceful Robes[x], shall by me be conducted and quelled. All this,

[w] That is, though I have placed Guards to prevent the Attempts of the Conspirators, I have given no Orders to stop any single Person from going out.

[x] The Consuls, before their setting out on any military Expedition, used to put off their Gowns, and put on their military Dress, with great Ceremony and publick sacrifices. *Cicero* tells them, his Scheme for the suppressing the Conspiracy, was so well laid, that without changing his Gown, the Dress of Peace, he would quell all the Disturbance.

this, O *Romans!* will I manage ſo, that, if there is a Poſſibility of avoiding it, not a ſingle Rebel ſhall, within the Walls of this City, be puniſhed for his Guilt. But if the Hand of avowed Inſolence, if the Dangers of my ſuffering Country ſhall tear me from this Gentleneſs of Diſpoſition; yet ſhall I ſo order it beyond what is even to be hoped for in a Rebellion, ſo far ſpread, and ſo artfully covered, that no worthy Man ſhall fall, and the Puniſhment of a few ſhall place you above all Dread or Danger.

THESE Things, O *Romans!* I promiſe you, not relying on my own Prudence, or human Policy, but repeated, infallible Intimations of the Immortal Gods. Their Protection gives me this Hope, and their Preſence inſpires me with this Reſolution. Theſe Gods, I ſay, no longer at a diſtance, as when attacked by a *foreign* and a remote Enemy, but here in their own Perſons, by their immeditate Power and Providence, defend their own Temples, and the Habitations of *Rome*; and you, my Countrymen, ought to put up your Prayers, your Vows and Supplications, that they will defend this City, which they have endued with

with ſupreme Power, Majeſty, and Strength, from the unnatural Guilt of her degenerate Sons, after having ſubdued all her Enemies by Sea and Land.

THE

THE

ARGUMENT.

THE Conspiracy having been detected, Cicero *summoned an Assembly of the* Roman *People, and in the following Oration laid before them the Particulars of the Discovery; and exhorts them to celebrate a Thanksgiving to the Gods, which had been decreed by the Senate, in his Honour, for the Preservation of* Rome *and her Citizens.*

M. T.

CICERO's

THIRD

ORATION

AGAINST

CATILINE.

TO Day you behold, O *Romans!* your Country, your Lives, your Liberties, your Properties, your Wives and Children, this august Seat of Empire, this fair, this flourishing City, preserved and restored to you, by the distinguishing Love of the Immortal Gods, ever watchful for your Welfare; and by Means of my Toils, my Counsels, my Dangers, rescued from

from Fire and Sword; nay, let me add, out of the Jaws of impending Fate.

AND if the Days of our Preſervation are equally joyous, equally diſtinguiſhed, as thoſe of our Birth; becauſe the Pleaſure of Deliverance is certain, but the Condition of Life precarious; on our Deliverance we reflect with Delight; in our Birth we exiſt without Conſciouſneſs; believe me, ſince our Gratitude and Veneration has made the Name of the Founder of *Rome* immortal as the Gods; the Man who ſaved the ſame City, with all its Acceſſions of Strength and Wealth, ought by you and your Poſterity to be revered: For by me were thoſe Flames, that were ready to inwrap the Temples, the Domes, the Dwellings, and the Walls of this City, extinguiſhed; by me, was the Dagger, when pointed at the Boſom of your Country, blunted; and the Weapons aimed at your Throats, were by me averted. All theſe Circumſtances, as they have already been explained, laid open, and proved by me before the Senate, I will now, *Romans*, in a few Words, expreſs to you, that you may be no longer, as hitherto, at a Loſs to comprehend how important, and how evident they are, by what Means traced out, and in what Manner diſcovered.

In the firſt Place, ever ſince *Catiline*, a few Days ago, broke out of the City, and had left the Accomplices of his Treaſon, with the boldeſt Ringleaders of this Rebellion at *Rome*; the End of all my Vigilance, of all my Care, has been, how we might be beſt ſecured from ſuch Variety of Danger, from ſuch a Mine of Miſchief; for when I threw *Catiline* out of *Rome*, (for I now dread no Reproach from that Word; all I have now to fear is, from his being ſuffered to depart alive,) as I aimed at pulling his Conſpiracy up by the Roots, I was in Hopes, that he would either be followed by the reſt of his Aſſociate Crew; or that they who remained, muſt be diſabled and diſconcerted through his Abſence. And as I perceived, that the moſt bold and bloody of all the Conſpiracy remained here with us and within *Rome*; my painful Endeavours by Day and Night were, that I might come at the Knowledge, the Proof of their Intentions and Actions: That ſince you could not reconcile the Enormity of their Guilt to your Belief, and therefore were inclined to diſtruſt what I ſaid, I might diſpoſe Matters in ſuch a Manner, as to unite you all in the Means of your Safety, by proving to your ſtrongeſt Conviction, the Imminence

minence of your Danger. As ſoon, therefore, as I found that *Publius Lentulus* [a] had been tampering with the Commiſſioners of the *Allobroges* [b] in order to kindle a War beyond the *Alps*, and create Commotions in *Gaul*, and that they had been ſent to their Countrymen with a Commiſſion to communicate on the Road their Credentials and Inſtructions to *Catiline*; that *Vulturcius* was ſent to attend them, and that they had likewiſe entruſted him with

 Letters

[a] This *Lentulus* had been *Prætor* and *Conſul* before this Time, but was expelled the Senate by the *Cenſors*. To recover the Senatorian Dignity, he was obliged to put in for being *Prætor* a ſecond Time, during which *Prætorſhip*, he was put to Death for this Conſpiracy.

[b] Theſe were *Gauls*, who paſſing the *Alps*, ſettled on the *Italian Side*, in thoſe Parts now called *Savoy* and *Piedmont*. They were a brave People, and maintained a War with the *Romans* for a long Time; but before this had been totally ſubdued, and governed by the *Roman Prætor*, who had the Care of *Gallia Narbonenſis*. About the Time of the breaking out of this Conſpiracy, they had ſent Embaſſadors to *Rome*, to complain of the Oppreſſion and Extortion of their Governor. *Lentulus* took this Opportunity of increaſing the Strength of the Conſpiracy, by promiſing the *Allobroges* an Abatement of their Taxes, if they would riſe in Favour of *Catiline*, and aſſiſt him with their Forces. The Embaſſador after ſome Deliberation, reſolved to diſcover the Affair to *Q. Fabius Sanga*, their Patron at *Rome*, who immediately diſcloſed it to *Cicero*. The Conſul adviſed them to agree with the Conſpirators, and get a Covenant from them ſigned by the principal Men, to carry home to their Conſtituents. This the Conſpirators conſent to, and at the ſame Time deſire to take *Catiline*'s Camp in their Way; for which Purpoſe they ſend one of their Party *Vulturcius*, along with them, with Letters to their General. *Cicero* getting Notice of this from the Embaſſadors, took the whole Party Priſoners upon the Road, and by this Means had full Proof againſt *Lentulus*, and the other Heads of the Plot, whom he immediately ſeized.

Letters for *Catiline*, I thought I had now a fair Opportunity of giving the moſt entire Satisfaction to myſelf, to the Senate, and to you, with regard to this Conſpiracy, a Matter of the utmoſt Difficulty, and the frequent Subject of my fervent Prayers to the Immortal Gods.

YESTERDAY, therefore, I ſent for the Prætors, *Lucius Flaccus* [c] and *Caius Pomtinus*, Men of great Courage, and true Patriotiſm. To them I diſcovered the Affair, and ſignified my Commands. They, as all their Sentiments for their Country are all noble and generous, without Doubt or Delay undertook the Buſineſs; and about the Evening, privately repaired towards the *Milvan* Bridge [d]; where they ſo diſpoſed of themſelves in the neighbouring Farms, that the *Tyber* and the Bridge lay betwixt them. Theſe likewiſe drew together to the ſame Ground a great many brave Men, unſuſpected by any; and I diſpatched from the Prefecture [e] of *Reate*, a Number of choſen

[c] This *Flaccus* is the ſame, in whoſe Defence *Cicero*, ſome Years after, made the Oration for *Flaccus*; in which he mentions this Piece of Service to the *Roman* State. We know nothing of the other, but what is here mentioned.

[d] This was a Bridge over the *Tyber* about two Miles from *Rome*, on the Road to *Tuſcany*.

[e] The *Prefecturs* were ſuch Towns as had Markets every ninth Day, and *Aſſizes* held there by *Prefects* ſent annually from *Rome*.

chosen Youths armed with Swords, whose Assistance I never fail to make use of in the public Service. In the mean Time, the third Watch being almost spent [f], the Commissioners of the *Allobroges*, with *Vulturcius* began to enter upon the Bridge, with a great Retinue, where our Band attacked them; both Parties drew their Swords; the Prætors alone were in the Secret, the others were not. Then upon the coming up of *Pomtinus* and *Flaccus*, the Skirmish ended; and all the Letters they had among them were delivered up, sealed as they were, to the Prætors; and their own Persons being seized, they were all of them brought before me, towards the Dawn of Day. I summoned before me *Cimber Gabinius*, that Arch-Plotter in all their wicked Conspiracies, without his suspecting how Matters went. *Lucius Statilius* was then brought in; then *Cethegus*; and then came *Lentulus*, but a long Time after, because I suppose, the Night before, he had sat up unusually late in making out the Dispatches.

[f] The *Romans* divided the Night into four Watches, beginning at Sun-setting, and ending at Sun-rising, so that the third Watch began exactly at Midnight, and ended about three in the Morning, supposing the Sun to rise at six.

When many of the greateſt and moſt conſiderable Men in *Rome*, upon hearing the News, came to me in the Morning, they were of Opinion, that I ſhould open the Letters, before I communicated them to the Senate, leſt, if nothing was found in them, I ſhould be blamed for too raſhly giving ſo great an Alarm to the City. This I refuſed to comply with; becauſe as the Danger was public, ſo the Deliberation upon the Affair, untouched as it was, ought to be public likewiſe. For I conſidered, that even though it ſhould appear, I was miſinformed, I had no Reaſon to dread any Reflections for my Over-diligence in Matters that bore ſo dangerous an Aſpect to the State. I then ſpeedily ſummoned, as you ſaw, a full Houſe of the Senate: In the mean Time, by a Hint from the *Allobroges*, I diſpatched that brave Prætor, *Caius Sulpitius*, to remove any Arms, that might be in the Houſe of *Cethegus*, from whence he accordingly carried a very great Number of Swords and Daggers.

I brought in *Vulturcius*, without the *Gauls*, before the Senate, and by their Commands, to him I plighted the public Faith, exhorting him, without Fear or Reſerve, to ſpeak out all

all he knew. Scarce was he recovered from his Fright, when he declared, that he had Instructions and Letters from *Lentulus* to *Catiline*, advising him to arm the Slaves, and march directly up to the City with his Army, with this View, that when they had set Fire to every Quarter of the City, in their several Stations and Posts, as they had been assigned and planned, and entered upon the general Massacre, he might be upon the Spot, to cut off those who should endeavour to fly, and to act in Conjunction with these City-Commanders.

AND then the *Gauls* being brought in, declared, that an Oath had been plighted to themselves, and Letters given them to be communicated to their Constituents, by *Publius Lentulus*, *Cethegus*, and *Statilius*, and that they had it in Commission from them, and *Lucius Cassius*, instantly to dispatch their Cavalry into *Italy*, they being in no want of Foot; that *Lentulus* had assured them from the *Sibylline* Predictions, and the Answers of the Sooth-sayers, of his being infallibly the Third of the Name of *Cornelius*, who was destined to be the Sovereign and Commander of this City; that the Prediction was already so far fulfilled

fulfilled in the Perſons of *Sylla* and *Cinna*, both of that Name; that he farther declared, this Year being the Tenth from the Acquittal of the Veſtal Virgins, and the Twentieth from the Burning of the Capitol, was to be the critical Period for the Deſtruction of this City and Empire. They added to this Evidence, that there was a Diſpute betwixt *Cethegus*, and the other Conſpirators; becauſe ſome, with *Lentulus*, were of Opinion, that the Maſſacre, and the Burning of the City, ſhould be fixed on the *Saturnalia* [g], which, in *Cethegus*'s Opinion, was too late.

At laſt, *Romans*, to be as ſhort as poſſible, I ordered the Letters, which each of them were ſaid to write, to be produced. In the firſt Place, I ſhewed to *Cethegus*, his own Seal; he owned it to be his; I cut the Thread [h]; I read. There was it wrote with his own Hand, "That he would act by the Senate and the "People of the *Allobroges*, as he had pro-"miſed to their Commiſſioners; intreating "them

[g] Before the Regulation of the *Roman* Calendar, the *Feaſt in Honour of* Saturn was celebrated about the 16th of *December*.

[h] The *Romans* rolled up their Letters, and then tied them with a Thread, on the Knot of which they put their Seal, which was the diſtinguiſhing Mark to know from whom the Letters came.

" them to perform [i] whatever their Com- " missioners should lay before them." Then *Cethegus*, who a little before had pretended to excuse himself on account of the Swords and Daggers found at his House, by saying, that he had been ever curious about *Blades of good Metal*, upon hearing the Letters read, appeared dismayed, confounded, self-convicted, and of a sudden was struck dumb. *Statilius* was then brought in; he owned his Hand and Seal; his Letters, almost to the same Purpose as the others, were read to him, he confessed all. I then shewed to *Lentulus* his own Letters, and demanded if he knew the Seal. He seemed to own that he did. " Right! " said I; the Seal is well known; it " is the Head of your illustrious Grand- " father [k]; whose sole Passion was the Love " of his Country, and his Countrymen; " the very Sight methinks of such a Head, " ought to have deterred you from the Perpe- " tration of such enormous Guilt." His Letter, to the same Purpose, to the Senate, and People of the *Allobroges*, was read. I indulged

[i] Orig. *Tuæ sibi Legati eorum recepissent*: It may either signify as I have translated it, or that they should perform what their Commissioners had undertaken in their Behalf.

[k] *L. Cornelius Lentulus Rufus*, Consul in the Year of *Rome* 598.

dulged him in ſaying what he had a Mind on that Subject. At firſt, indeed, he ſtood on his Innocence; but ſoon after, the whole Information being opened and declared, he roſe up; he demanded of the *Gauls*, what Buſineſs he had with them to bring them to his Houſe, and he put the ſame Queſtion to *Vulturcius*. When they anſwered him in ſhort and unvarying Terms; *by whoſe Means, and how often they had been at his Houſe*, and demanded of him in their Turn, whether he had talked nothing to them about the *Sibylline* Predictions: Then diſtracted with Guilt, he gave a ſudden Proof how powerful Conſcience is. For though he might have braved it out, yet, contrary to what every Body thought, he at once confeſſed it. Thus, not only his ready Wit and voluble Tongue, for which he was always remarkable, but even his Impudence and Audacity, in which he has been ever unrivalled, yielded to the Force of confounded and convicted Guilt.

But *Vulturcius* of a ſudden demands that the Letters, delivered to him from *Lentulus* to *Catiline*, ſhould be produced and opened. Here, though *Lentulus* was ſtruck with the utmoſt Confuſion, yet did he own his Hand

and

and Seal: The Letters however were wrote without any Subſcription, in the following Terms; WHO I AM, YOU WILL LEARN FROM THE BEARER; BE SURE THAT YOU ACT LIKE A MAN; REFLECT TO WHAT A PASS YOU ARE NOW ADVANCED; CONSIDER WHAT IS NECESSARY FOR YOU TO DO, AND TAKE CARE TO STRENGTHEN YOURSELF WITH THE ASSISTANCE OF ALL, EVEN THE MEANEST.

GABINIUS was next brought in, and though he at firſt anſwered with great Impudence, yet in the Event he denied none of the Circumſtances urged againſt him by the *Gauls*. And to me, O *Romans!* though the Letters, Seals, Hands, and laſtly, their ſeveral Confeſſions, were ſtrong and convincing Evidences of their Guilt; yet were theſe Evidences rendered ſtill more ſtrong by their Looks, their Air, their Countenances, and their Silence. For with ſuch Aſtoniſhment were they ſtruck, ſo ſtrongly were their Eyes riveted to the Ground, and with ſuch guilty Conſciouſneſs did they ſometimes ſteal a Look of one another, that they did not now look like Men informed againſt by others, but betrayed by themſelves.

THE

The Informations, O *Romans!* being laid open and declared, I put the Queſtion to the Senate, *what they thought proper to be done, at a Juncture ſo critical to the very being of the State.* The Voices of the leading Men were for ſevere and reſolute Meaſures; theſe the Senate agreed to without the leaſt Amendment. And as their Determination is not yet engroſſed[l], I ſhall, my Countrymen, as well as I can recollect, lay before you the Reſolutions of the Senate.

In the firſt Place, I had the Thanks of the Houſe in the ſtrongeſt Terms for having delivered the State from the moſt imminent Dangers, by my Courage, my Conduct, and Foreſight. Then the Prætors, *Lucius Flaccus* and *Caius Pomtinus*, had their juſt and merited Share of Praiſe, for having ſo bravely and faithfully executed what I had given them in Charge; nor was any brave Colleague[m] forgot

[l] The Decrees of the Senate were hung up in the Temple of *Saturn*, where the People might read them, they were then engroſſed into the Body of their Laws.

[m] *C. Antonius*, who was ſuſpected of favouring *Catiline*'s Party, becauſe he was very much in Debt, and perſonally acquainted with *Catiline*. However, *Cicero* had gained him over, by giving him the Command of the Armies, which gave him an Opportunity of making Money, and contented himſelf with the Government

got in the Thanks of the Order; for removing from his own and the public Councils, the Accomplices in this Conſpiracy. They then came to a Reſolution [n], that *Publius Lentulus*, after having diveſted himſelf of the Prætorſhip [o], ſhould be delivered into Cuſtody [p]: The like Sentence was paſſed upon *Caius Cethegus*, *Lucius Statilius*, *Publius Gabinius*, who were all preſent; the like upon *Lucius Caſſius* [q], who had ſollicited the Commiſſion of firing the City; upon *Marcus Cæparius*, to whom, as it appeared, *Apulia* was allotted for raiſing the Shepherds; upon *Publius Furius*, one of the Planters,

ment of *Rome*; whereas uſually the Conſuls drew Lots to know who of them ſhould command abroad, and who at home.

[n] Orig. *Cenſuerant*: If I miſtake not, the Word *Cenſuere*, applied to public Deliberations, ſignifies a Reſolution taken after Debate. But this I ſubmit.

[o] The Prætors were originally elected to aſſiſt the Conſuls, and to be chief Judges in the City, when the Conſuls ſhould be both abroad with the Armies. At firſt there was only one; afterwards, as the Empire encreaſed, there were four, ſix, and ſometimes eight choſen annually. One was called *Prætor Urbanus*, whoſe Buſineſs was to hear all Cauſes in the City. The others were ſent by the Conſuls, or by the People, to different Parts of the Empire, where the Conſuls could not go in Perſon. After the Expiration of their Office, they were named Governors of ſome Province for a Year or more, as the People thought fit.

[p] They were at firſt only committed to private Houſes under the Care of ſome truſty Senator, who was anſwerable for his Priſoner.

[q] *Caſſius*, *Cæparius*, and the others after mentioned, were condemned in their Abſence, they having eſcaped before the Conſul could apprehend them. But *Cæparius* was overtaken in his Flight, and committed.

Planters, whom *Lucius Sylla* had ſettled at *Fæſulæ*; upon *Quintus Manlius Chilo*, who was joined with the ſame *Furius*, in all Applications made to the *Allobroges*; againſt *Publius Umbrenus*, the Son of a Freed-Man, and who it was proved, firſt introduced the *Gauls* to *Gabinius*.

Now the Senate, O *Romans!* proceeded with this Lenity upon the Suppoſition, that the Republic being preſerved from ſo dangerous a Conſpiracy, from ſuch Strength, and ſuch Numbers of inbred Enemies, by the Puniſhment of only nine deſperate Men, the Minds of others might be cured. And further, my Countrymen, upon my Account a ſolemn Thankſgiving to the Immortal Gods for their remarkable Favours, was decreed: The firſt Inſtance, ſince the Building of *Rome*, of ſuch an Honour being done to one who acted without laying aſide the Robes of Peace. And their Decree was in the following Terms: *Becauſe I had delivered the City from the Flames, the Citizens from Slaughter, and* Italy *from War*. An Honour, my Countrymen, which, if compared with others of the ſame Kind, this Difference will be found, that theirs were decreed for their ſucceſsfully ſerving, mine for happily

happily ſaving, the State. That which required our firſt Cares, was firſt diſpatched and executed. For *Publius Lentulus*, though upon the Information being proved, and his own Confeſſion, the Senate had adjudged him to have forfeited not only the Authority of a Prætor, but the Privileges of a Citizen, diveſted himſelf of his Magiſtracy; that we might not entertain the leaſt Scruple, in puniſhing a *Roman* Magiſtrate, in the Perſon of a private Man, a Point to which the illuſtrious *C. Marius* had no Regard, when he put to Death the Prætor *Caius Glaucia*,[1] againſt whom nothing had been expreſsly decreed.

Now, O *Romans!* as you have in Cuſtody and Priſon the unnatural Leaders of this deteſtable and dangerous Rebellion, you ought to conclude that all the Forces of *Catiline*, that all his Strength and hopes, theſe Dangers of your Country being thus averted, have failed. Indeed, *Romans*, when I drove him from the City, this I foreſaw, that when *Catiline* was removed, I had no reaſon to be afraid of the dreaming *Lentulus*, the corpulent *Caſſius*, nor the furiouſly raſh *Cethegus*. *Catiline*, of all

[1] Or *Glaucias*.

the Cabal, was formidable; but no longer than while he remained within the Walls of this City. He knew every thing; he had Accefs to every Body; he had both Abilities and Boldnefs to accoft, to tempt, and to follicite; he had a Head turned for any Undertaking, and a Tongue and Hand proper to fupport what his Head projected. For performing certain Enterprizes, he had certain and felected Agents: nor did he ever think that his bare Commands could carry any thing into complete Execution. There was nothing too hard for his Activity, for his Vigilance or Fatigue; Hunger, Thirft, and Cold, he could undergo. Had I not driven a Man fo keen, fo ready, fo bold, fo crafty, in Treafon fo vigilant, in defperate Circumftances fo active, from Confpiracy within thefe Walls into Rebellion in the Fields, let me fpeak, O *Romans!* as I think, it had not been eafy to repel fuch a Weight of Woe from falling on your Heads. He would not have fixed the *Saturnalia*, as the Æra of our Deftruction, nor have fo fong beforehand determined the very Date of Perdition and Ruin to this State; nor have ordered Matters fo, that when it came to the Pufh, his own Seal and Letters, any living Witneffes, fhould be feized as Evi-

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dences of his detected Treaſon. Yet in his Abſence, has all this been effected, and in ſuch a Manner too, as that never was any domeſtic Felony ſo plainly detected, as this important Conſpiracy againſt the Public has been detected and expoſed. But if *Catiline* had remained in the City till this Day, in ſuch a Caſe, though I had ſtill prevented and diſconcerted all his Plots, yet ſtill at laſt, to ſpeak the leaſt, muſt we have come to Blows, and while ſuch a Boſom Traitor remained within our Walls, never could we have delivered the Government from ſuch threatning Dangers, with ſo much Peace, ſo much Tranquility, and ſo much Quiet.

But all theſe Tranſactions, my Countrymen, were managed by me in ſuch a Manner, that they ſeemed to be directed by the Will, and conducted by the Wiſdom of the Immortal Gods. This we may conjecture, as well from the apparent Impoſſibility of ſuch amazing Events being brought about by human Foreſight, as from their immediate, and almoſt viſible Aid and Aſſiſtance, in the late critical Conjunctures. For to ſay nothing of thoſe nocturnal Effulgences[s], which beamed

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[s] The *Romans* were extremely ſuperſtitious in obſerving *Omens* and *Preſages*, which were always interpreted by their *Prieſts* and *Augurs*.

in the West, and the Heavens appearing all in a Blaze; to pass over the Thundering and Earthquakes, with the other many Prodigies which have happened in our Consulate, which seemed like the Language of the Gods predicting what has now happened, This, O *Romans!* which I am now to mention, ought neither to be omitted nor postponed.

SURELY you may remember, that under the Consulate of *Cotta* and *Torquatus*, a great Number of *Turrets* in the Capitol were struck by Lightning; that the Images of the Immortal Gods were likewise overthrown, the Statues of antient *Romans* overturned, and the brazen Tables of the Laws melted down; even *Romulus*, the Founder of this City, was scorched [t], that guilded Statue, which you may rememember to have seen in the Capitol, representing him an Infant, sucking, and reaching at the Dugs of the She-Wolf. At that Time the Sooth-sayers from all *Tuscany* were assembled, and declared that *Massacres* and

Augurs. Of this the Nobility were so sensible, that they kept all the different Offices of the Priesthood in their own Body, even after the *Plebeians* were admitted to the Consulship. All these Omens were explained so as to answer the Purposes of the Senate.

[t] This Statue is still preserved in the modern Capitol at *Rome*, with the Mark of the Lightning visible upon it.

and *Burnings*, the Extinction of the Laws, a War Civil and Domeſtic, with the Fall of this City and her Empire, were at her Hand, unleſs the Gods, appeaſed by all the Means of Devotion, ſhould interpoſe their Providence to bend in ſome Meaſure, the Deſtinies themſelves. Upon their Anſwer, Plays were celebrated for ten Days, nor was any Method of appeaſing the Gods, omitted. The ſame Sooth-ſayers ordered a larger Statue of *Jupiter* to be erected on a conſpicuous Place; and, contrary to its former Poſture, to face the Eaſt. They likewiſe declared, that they hoped, if that Statue, as you now behold it, ſhould at once face the riſing Sun, the Forum, and this Senate-Houſe, the Treaſons privately hatched againſt the Welfare of this City and Empire, ſhould be rendered ſo conſpicuous, as to be ſeen through by the Senate, and the People of *Rome*. The then Conſuls therefore ordered the Statue to be erected in the Manner preſcribed; but ſo ſlowly did the Work go forward, that it was not erected either by our Predeceſſors in Office, or by ourſelves, before this Day.

Can there now, O *Romans!* live a Man ſo forſaken of Truth, of ſuch confirmed Obſtinacy, of ſuch mental Blindneſs, as to affirm,

that all we ſee, and eſpecially this City, is not under the immediate Guidance and Government of the Immortal Gods. For when the Sooth-ſayers thus by their Anſwers pronounced that *Maſſacres*, *Burnings*, the Ruin of this State, were then deviſing, and all by Means of her unnatural Citizens, the Enormity of Guilt rendered the Prediction to ſome incredible; yet you perceive that all this has been by flagitious Citizens, not only deviſed, but attempted. Have we not before our Eyes an Inſtance, which ſeems to have been effected by the Direction of JOVE *the* BEST *and* GREATEST, in that, when by my Commands the Conſpirators, and the Informers againſt them, were this Morning led through the *Forum*, into the *Temple* of *Concord*, at that very Inſtant this Statue was erecting! Upon its being erected, upon its being made to face you and the Senate; to you and the Senate, every traiterous Deſign againſt the public Safety was inſtantly detected and expoſed. They therefore are worthy of the greater Degree, both of Deteſtation and Puniſhment, who endeavoured to wrap in fatal and impious Flames, not only your Habitations and Roofs, but even the Temples and Fanes of the immortal Gods; and Preſumption, intolerable Preſumption, were it

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in me to affirm, that through Me their Purposes were defeated. No; it was that Jove, that Jove himself, who opposed them. To his Pleasure was it owing that the Capitol, to him that those Temples, to him that this City, to him that all of you are preserved. It was therefore, O *Romans!* the directing Providence of the immortal Gods, that inspired me with such Resolution and Foresight, and conducted me to these important, these convincing Discoveries.

Now as to this practising on the *Allobroges*; had not the Immortal Gods deprived *Lentulus*, and our other domestic Enemies, of Prudence to direct their consummate Audacity; never would they so madly have committed to Strangers and Barbarians, Affairs of such Importance, nor, believe me, intrusted them with their Letters. For can it be supposed that *Gauls*, the Subjects of a disaffected State, a State, the only one which now seems to retain both the Abilities and Inclinations to make Way with *Rome*, would have slighted the Prospect of Independency, and the greatest Advantages, when voluntarily offered by *Roman* Patricians, or that they would have preferred our Preservation to their own Power? Can you

imagine, that this hath been effected without the Finger of Heaven; eſpecially as they might have conquered us, not by handling their Arms, but by holding their Tongues?

THEREFORE, O *Romans!* ſince a Thankſgiving is decreed before all the *Shrines* of the Gods, celebrate ye with your Wives and Children, thoſe Days of your Deliverance; Many and merited are the Proofs of Gratitude, which we owe to the Immortal Gods; but ſurely never were they paid with greater Juſtice than now. From diſmal, from deteſtable Ruin are you ſnatched, and ſnatched without Slaughter, without Blood, without an Army, without a Skirmiſh. In your peaceful Robes, under me, in my peaceful Robes, your ſole Conductor and Commander, have you obtained Victory. For, O my *Romans!* call to mind all your civil Diſputes, not only thoſe you have heard of, but thoſe which you yourſelves remember, and have ſeen. *Lucius Sylla* deſtroyed *Publius Sulpitius* [u]. He threw out

[u] *Sulpitius*, Tribune of the People, in concert with *Marius*, got a Law paſt to take away from *Sylla* the Command of the Army deſigned for the *Mithridatick* War, and to give it to *Marius*. Upon this *Sylla* brought up his Army to *Rome*, overthrew *Sulpitius*, and proſcribed twelve; and among them *Marius* and *Sulpitius*. *Sulpitius* was taken and put to Death, but *Marius* eſcaped to *Africa*.

out of the City *Caius Marius* [w], the Guardian of *Rome* [x], and partly drove out of this State, and partly put to Death, many brave Men. *Cneius Octavius* [y], the Consul, expelled with Arms his Colleague out of the City, while this Place was choaked with the Bodies and Blood of Citizens. *Cinna* [z] with *Marius* then prevailed; and then was it that the very Lights of your Country were put out by the Deaths of her most illustrious Men. *Sylla* afterwards avenged himself [a] of this cruel Victory, needless it is for me to relate with what Diminution of our Citizens, with what Calamity to our Country. *Marcus Lepidus* [b] had a Difference with the brave and the illustrious *Quintus Catulus*, which ended in the Ruin of the former;

[w] It would appear from this Passage, that *Cicero* was conscious how strong the Remains of *Marius*'s Party were in *Rome*, and therefore pays that great Man this Compliment here.

[x] He was so called, because he defeated the *Cimbri* and *Teutones*, who invaded *Italy* with an Army of several hundred thousand Men.

[y] *Cinna* endeavoured to restore *Marius*'s Party, upon the Departure of *Sylla*, but was driven out of the City by his Colleague *Octavius*.

[z] *Cinna* gathered an Army, and with *Marius*, *Sertorius*, and *Carbo*, entered *Rome*, and murdered or proscribed all the Senators and Nobles of *Sylla*'s Party.

[a] He is said to put to Death ninety Senators, of which fifteen had been Consuls, 2,600 Knights, and 70,000 Citizens, in cold Blood; besides those slain in Battle.

[b] After the Death of *Sylla*, *Marcus Emilius Lepidus* endeavoured to restore the Party of *Marius*; and for this End, raised an Army in his Province of *Gaul*, advanced to *Rome*, and engaged *Q. Catulus* in the *Campus Martius*; but was defeated, and obliged to fly into *Sardinia*, where he died.

mer; nor was that ſo afflicting to the Public, as was the Ruin of others; yet, O *Romans!* all theſe Differences were of ſuch a Nature, as tended not to an Abolition, but an Alteration of our Government. The Authors did not intend that no Government ſhould exiſt, but that they themſelves ſhould be leading Men in that which ſhould prevail; they deſired not to ſee *Rome* in Flames, but themſelves powerful in *Rome*. Yet were all theſe Differences, of which none tended to an Extinction of the State, of ſuch a Nature, that they were determined, not by an Accommodation of Intereſts, but by a Maſſacre of Citizens. But in this War, a War, the greateſt and fierceſt that any Age has known, ſuch a War as even Barbarity itſelf never waged within its own Dominions, a War in which *Lentulus*, *Catiline*, *Caſſius*, and *Cethegus*, made it a ruling Principle, that all who could reconcile their own Safety to that of the City, ſhould be refuſed Quarter; in this War, O *Romans!* I have ſo behaved myſelf, that you are all preſerved untouched. And though your Enemies imagined, that there ſhould remain but juſt as many *Romans* as ſhould ſurvive unlimited Maſſacre, and as much of *Rome*, as ſhould be unincircled by Flames; yet have I preſer-

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ved your Perſons and City ſtill untouched and unharmed.

For theſe mighty Events, O *Romans!* I demand of you no Reward of Virtue; no Badge of Diſtinction; no Monument of Glory [c]: All I require is, the eternal Commemoration of this Day. In your Minds I deſire that all my Triumphs, that all my Trophies of Glory, that all my Badges of Diſtinction, ſhould be reared and depoſited. Whatever is without Expreſſion, whatever without Utterance, whatever of this Kind, in ſhort, that can be compaſſed by Men of inferior Merit, has for me no Charms. In your Remembrance, O *Romans!* ſhall my Actions be cheriſhed, on your Tongues ſhall they grow, and on your Records ſhall they arrive at Age and Strength; and the ſame Day, if I am not deceived, which brought deliverance to this City, (which I hope will be eternal) ſhall tranſmit to all Poſterity the Remembrance of my Conſulate; and that at the ſame Period two Citizens lived under this Government, one who fixed the Limits of YOUR Empire [d], not to the Extent of

[c] The *Romans* rewarded their Generals with Triumphs, Statues, and Sirnames taken from their Services: Theſe *Cicero* diſdains.

[d] *Pompey the Great*, who at this Time was carrying on the War againſt the *Arabians*, and other Nations in the Eaſt.

of Earth, but of Heaven; and one who preſerved the Habitation, and the Seat of that Empire.

But as the Fortune and Circumſtances of my Actions are different from thoſe of your Generals who conduct you *foreign* Wars, in as much as I muſt live with thoſe whom I have conquered and ſubdued, while theſe leave their Enemies either dead or enthralled, it is your Buſineſs, O *Romans!* to take Care, that if the meritorious Actions of others are advantageous to them, mine may never prove detrimental to me [e]. I have taken care that the guilty and flagitious Intentions of theſe preſumptuous Wretches ſhould not affect you; it is your Part to take care that they never may affect me. Yet, O my Countrymen! never can my Enemies hurt my Perſon. Strong is the Protection of the Good, a Protection of which I am for ever aſſured; great is my Dignity in the Republic, my continual and ſilent Defender; and great the Power of Conſcience, which whoever ſhall ſlight, muſt betray themſelves, while they attempt to injure me.

Such

[e] *Cicero* ſaw plainly that there were many Nobleman who favoured the Party of *Catiline*, who might afterwards revenge the Defeat of their Scheme on *Cicero*. This afterwards happened, and *Cicero* was baniſhed, but reſtored in a little Time to his former Honours.

Such a Spirit, O *Romans!* is likewiſe in me, that not only will I bear up againſt all the Attempts of Audacity, but even provoke and attack all the Profligate themſelves. But if the whole Force of domeſtic Enemies, when repelled from you, ſhall be pointed againſt my ſingle Perſon, it muſt belong to you, O *Romans!* to reflect, upon what Terms you put thoſe, who for the future ſhall for your Preſervation expoſe themſelves to Malignity and Danger of every Kind.

As for myſelf, what can I further acquire towards the Enjoyment of Life, eſpecially as I ſee no higher Step of Promotion either in Dignity flowing from you, or in Glory derived from Virtue; at leaſt, none that I ſhould wiſh to aſcend. This, O *Romans!* will I certainly effect: In my private Capacity, I will protect and grace whatever I have acted in my Conſular; that if Malice is incurred from preſerving the State, it may prove hurtful to the Malicious, but conducive to my Glory. In ſhort, I ſhall behave ſo in the Republic, as ever to keep in Memory my paſt Actions, and to take Care that they may appear, not the Effects of Chance, but of Virtue. You, O my Countrymen! ſince

ſince it is now Night, worſhip that Jove who is the Guardian of you and this City; retire to your Dwellings; and though the Danger is now repelled, yet ſet the ſame Watch and Ward over your Houſes this Night, as you did the laſt: That you may have no Occaſion to do it longer, but be able hereafter to live in uninterrupted Peace, I, my good Countrymen, will take Care.

THE

THE

ARGUMENT.

THE following Speech was pronounced in the Senate, upon the Debate about the Punishment proper to be inflicted on the Conspirators. Some of the Senators, particularly Cæsar, *were of Opinion, that they ought to be confined to perpetual Imprisonment in the Municipal Cities; others, at the Head of whom was* Silanus, *were for putting them immediately to Death. Though the last Opinion was most agreeable to* Tully, *he does not in the following Oration declare for it; but leaves the Decision entirely to the Senate, after setting forth the Enormity of the Conspirators, which he does with great Acrimony and Art.*

M. T.

M. T.

CICERO's

FOURTH

ORATION

AGAINST

CATILINE.

I Perceive, Fathers Conscript, that every look is turned, that every Eye is fixed upon me. I perceive that you are anxious, not only about the Dangers that threaten yourselves, and your Country, but were these repelled, for those that may affect me. This kind Concern in Calamity is pleasing, and in Sorrow obliging: But by the Immortal Gods, I conjure

jure you to lay it aside; and, forgetful of my Preservation, to study that of yourselves and Families. For my own Part, could I enjoy the Consulate, only upon the Terms of my being subjected to Cruelty, Pain, and Anguish of every kind, I would bear them, not with Courage only, but with Pleasure, provided that from these my Sufferings, you and the People of *Rome* were to derive Dignity and Security.

I, FATHERS Conscript, am that Consul to whom the Forum, that Center of all Equity; to whom the Field hallowed by consular Auspices; to whom the Senate-House, the highest Tribunal of Relief to all Nations; to whom domestic Walls, the Shelter of all besides; to whom not even the Couch set apart for Repose; nay not this Seat of Dignity, nor this Chair of State, have been free from Treachery, and the Perils of Death. Much have I concealed; much have I born; much have I yielded; and much, with my own Pain, have I healed, while you trembled for the Event. Now if the Immortal Gods would grant this to be the Issue of my Consulship, that I should snatch you, Fathers Conscript, and the People of *Rome*, from dismal Massacre; your Wives,

your Children, and the Veſtal Virgins, from outrageous Perſecution; our Temples and Altars, with this our lovely Country, from execrable Flames; and all *Italy* from War and Deſolation, let me be ſingled out to ſuffer whatever Fate ſhall inflict; for if *Publius Lentulus*, deluded by Fortune-tellers [a], thought that his Name was ominous to the Deſtruction of this State, why may not I rejoice that my Conſulſhip has, in a great Meaſure, been decreed by Fate for its Preſervation.

THEREFORE, Fathers Conſcript, think on yourſelves; provide for your Country; preſerve your Order, your Wives, your Children, your Fortunes; protect the Majeſty and the Lives of the People of *Rome*; but forbear your Tenderneſs and Concern for me [b]. For, in

[a] See p. 73. l. 23.

[b] The *Romans* very ſeldom condemned any free Citizen to Death. They were often allowed to go into Baniſhment, which was reckoned a Sort of Death, as it deprived them of all their Privileges. The Conſuls or Dictators, and ſometimes private Men, ſlew the Ringleaders of a Tumult; but it was only winked at, as a Thing neceſſary on ſome Emergencies, rather than lawful. Every free Citizen had the Liberty of an Appeal from the Senate to the People. *Cicero* very well knew, that all the Odium of putting the Conſpirators to Death, would certainly fall upon him, as he was Conſul, and the moſt active Perſon in quelling the Conſpiracy. For this Reaſon he avoids declaring himſelf openly for *Silanus*'s Opinion, but at the ſame Time deſires them to deliver their Opinions freely, without having any Regard to what might befall him afterwards. For every Act of the Senate,

in the first Place, I have Grounds to hope, that all the Gods, the Guardians of this City, will requite me according to my Deserts. Then should any thing happen, with Resignation and Resolution am I prepared to die; for to the Brave, Death can never be dishonourable; to the Consular untimely; nor, to the Wise, afflicting. Not that I am so steel'd as to be unmoved by the Grief of this my dear and affectionate Brother [c], and the Tears of the worthy Persons whom you see here present to surround me. Let me own too that a dispirited Wife; a Daughter dismayed with her Fears; and an Infant-Son, whom I imagine my Country now embraces as the Pledge of my Conduct; this my Son-in-Law [d], whom I see waiting the Event of this Day, often recalls my Mind to domestic Endearments. Still these Objects give me Concern; but a Concern how they and you may be preserved, even though I were taken off by Violence,

nate, or People, was always ascribed to that Person who summoned the Assembly; as he alone presided, and put the Question: So that the Odium of putting the Conspirators to Death, though voted by the Senate, would as certainly fall upon *Cicero*, as if he had done it without their Advice. This really was the Case, and he was afterwards banished for passing this very Decree.

[c] *Q. Cicero*, a very brave Man, and good Soldier.

[d] *C. Calpurnius Piso* was at this Time married to *Tullia*, *Cicero*'s Daughter.

rather than that we all ſhould be involved in a general Wreck of our Country.

Wherefore, Fathers Conſcript, ply to the Safety of the State; keep a *Look-out* to every impending Storm, which, but for *your* Vigilance, muſt overtake you. It is not a *Tiberius Gracchus*, who again aſpires to the Tribuneſhip of the People; nor a *Caius Gracchus*, the Incendiary, for an Agrarian Law; nor a *Lucius Saturninus*, the Murderer of *Caius Memnius*, who is now brought into Judgment, and to the Bar of your Juſtice. No; the Priſoners in your Cuſtody are thoſe who remained at *Rome* to fire the City, to ſlaughter every Senator here, and to receive *Catiline*. Their Letters, their Seals, their Hands, in ſhort, their ſeveral Confeſſions, are in our Cuſtody: The *Allobroges* are tempted, Slaves ſpirited-up[e], *Catiline* ſent for. The End they propoſed was, that after a general Maſſacre, not a Soul ſhould remain to bewail the Extinguiſhed Glory of *Rome*, or to weep over the Ruins of this mighty Empire.

All

[e] At firſt *Catiline* rejected the Slaves, truſting to the Strength of the Conſpirators; but finding his Army increaſe ſlowly, he invited the Slaves to join with him, by promiſing them Liberty and Plunder.

ALL this the Informers have diſcovered; the Priſoners have confeſſed; and you by repeated Reſolutions, have declared to be true. In the firſt place, as you returned me Thanks in diſtinguiſhing Terms, and declared that, through my Virtue and Activity, the Conſpiracy of theſe deſperate Wretches had been laid open. In the next place, as you forced *Publius Lentulus* to *abdicate* the Prætorſhip: Then as you came to a Reſolution, that he, and the other Conſpirators, whom you had tried, ſhould be delivered into Cuſtody; and, chiefly, as on my Account you appointed a Thankſgiving, an Honour that never was before paid to any of the long Robe. Laſtly, Yeſterday you beſtowed large Gratuities upon the Commiſſioners of the *Allobroges*, and *Titus Vulturcius*; all which Circumſtances are ſuch, as to make it appear, that you have condemned, without Heſitation, the Perſons whom you have thus expreſsly committed to Priſon.

BUT, Fathers Conſcript, I purpoſe to open the whole Matter a new; for your Sentiments upon the Fact itſelf, and for your Reſolutions upon the Puniſhment that ought to attend it. Yet I muſt premiſe what I think it my Duty

to ſay as a Conſul: Long had I obſerved a ſtrong Spirit of Diſorder working; with certain dangerous Innovations mingling and fermenting in the State; but never did I imagine that ſo great, ſo deſtructive a Conſpiracy was forming by her Subjects. Now, whatever in your Sentiments you ſhall incline to, whatever in your Voices you ſhall decree, before Night, you muſt come to a final Reſolution. How deteſtable a Crime is laid before you, yourſelves ſee; if you think that but a few are acceſſary to its Guilt, greatly are you miſtaken. The Poiſon reaches farther than you imagine; it is ſpread not only through *Italy*, but has even paſſed the *Alps*, and imperceptibly creeping along, has tainted many Provinces. Forbearance and Delay can never cruſh it: Whatever Reſolution you come to, you muſt ſpeedily execute.

I PERCEIVE as yet but two Opinions; the one of *Decius Silanus*, who delivers it as his Senſe, that whoever has endeavoured to aboliſh this glorious State, ought to be puniſhed with Death: The other of *Caius Cæſar* [f], who leaves

[f] *Cæſar* propoſed perpetual Impriſonment in the Free Towns of *Italy*: His Speech is extant, or at leaſt the Subſtance of it, in *Salluſt*. This, with his former Behaviour, made him be looked upon as a Well-wiſher to the Conſpiracy; ſo that the Knights, who kept Guard round the Senate Houſe, threatened to kill him,

leaves out the Pains of Death, but comprehends all the ſevereſt Penalties of every other Cenſure. Both agreeable to their own Dignity, and the Importance of the Cauſe, turn upon the utmoſt Severity. The former is of Opinion, that they who endeavoured to deprive this Order, and the *Roman* People of Life; who endeavoured to aboliſh this Empire, and to extinguiſh the Glories of *Rome*, are unworthy to enjoy a Moment's Reſpite from Death, or breathe this vital Air. He proves, from Precedents, that this was a Puniſhment often inflicted, in this State, upon her unnatural Subjects. The Senſe of the latter is, that Death was not appointed by the Immortal Gods as a Penalty; but that it is rather the inſeparable Condition of our Nature, or the Ceſſation of our Toils and Troubles. Therefore, it is never declined by the Wiſe; and often courted by the Brave. But that Bonds, and thoſe too perpetual, were at firſt undoubtedly invented as the proper, the diſtinguiſhing Puniſhment of unnatural Guilt: Therefore he adviſes, that the Priſoners ſhould be diſtributed

 among

him, as he came out of the Houſe; and ſome ſay, they would have done it, if *Cicero* had not protected him, and carried him home with him. *Cæſar* was ſo frightened at this, that he never came abroad till he entered upon his Office of Prætor the enſuing Year.

among the municipal Towns. This, were you to order it, implies an Injuſtice: If you require it, it muſt meet with Difficulty. Yet if it be the Senſe of the Houſe, let it be decreed; for I will undertake it; and I hope to find *Cæſar* the Man who ſhall think it no Reflection upon his own Dignity, to acquieſce in whatever you ſhall decree for the common Safety. *Cæſar* is for enacting a heavy Penalty againſt the municipal Cities, if any of the Criminals ſhall break out of their Priſons. He ſurrounds them with horrible Guards, and decrees againſt them, what is adequate to the Guilt of ſuch profligate Wretches, that no Man ſhall ever have a Power to apply either to the Senate or the People, for a Mitigation to the Puniſhment of thoſe he condemns. He deprives them even of Hope, that ſole, that uſual Conſolation of the Wretched. Beſides, he orders their Eſtates to be confiſcated; and all he leaves to the abandoned Ruffians is Life, of which ſhould he deprive them, by one momentary Pang, he would take away all the Anguiſh of their Souls, their Bodies, and their Crimes. Therefore, that ſome Reſtraint might be laid upon the Wicked in this Life, the Ancients have thought fit, that ſome ſuch Puniſhments ſhould be alloted to the Guilty in Hell,

becauſe

because they were of Opinion, that without ſuch a Belief, Death in itſelf was no great Object of Terror.

Now, Fathers Conſcript, I can perceive how much it is for my Intereſt that you give into the Opinion of *Caius Cæſar*; becauſe, as he has ſtruck into that Path which leads to Popularity in the State, I ſhall perhaps have leſs Reaſon to dread the Inſults of the People, as he both made and ſupported this Motion. As for the other Opinion. I am not ſure but it may raiſe new Perplexities upon my Hands. But let the Service of the Republic ſuperſede all Conſiderations of my Danger.

Caius Cæſar, agreeable to his own Character, and the Dignity of his illuſtrious Anceſtors, has delivered to us an Opinion, which is, as it were, a laſting Pledge of his Affection to his Country, and a noble Inſtance of the Difference betwixt the affected Lenity of buſy Declaimers, and a Mind truly popular, taking a Patriot Concern in the Preſervation of the People. I can now perceive, that a certain Gentleman [g] of thoſe who affect Popularity, is now abſent, becauſe forſooth he is tender of voting

[g] We have no Light from Hiſtory, who this Perſon was.

voting away the Life of *Roman* Citizens. Yet that very Member, but the other Day, committed *Roman* Citizens to Jail; voted a Thanksgiving for me; and Yesterday bestowed large Gratuities upon the Informers.

Now, who can be in doubt about the Sentiments, with regard to the whole of this Transaction and Business, of the Man, who has voted for Imprisonment to the Accused, Thanks to the Judge, and a Reward to the Informer.

But *Caius Cæsar* understands the *Sempronian* Law [h], to respect *Roman* Citizens only; but that the Man, who is an Enemy to *Rome*, can in no Sense be called a *Roman* Citizen. In short, that the very Enactor of the *Sempronian* Law, though uncondemned by the People, satisfied the Rigour of his Country's Justice. The same Member thinks that the profuse and prodigal *Lentulus*, who had so often hatched within himself the Destruction of the People and

[h] This Law was proposed by *C. Sempronius Graccus*, and had its Name from the Person who proposed it, as most other Laws had. It decreed, that no *Roman* Citizen, should be condemned to Death by any Judge, or even by the Senate, but only by the Assembly of the People: And frequently this Sentence of Death was allowed to be exchanged for Banishment, which the old *Romans* thought a sufficient Punishment for any Crime, how great soever.

and City of *Rome*, with every Circumſtance, of Blood and Cruelty, cannot be called a Countryman. Therefore the meek and tender-hearted Gentleman, makes no Scruple in committing *Publius Lentulus* to eternal Darkneſs and Chains: And he enacts, that for the future no Man ſhall ever have it in his Power to vaunt of his having procured a Mitigation of this Doom, or to make himſelf popular to the Ruin of his Country. He likewiſe adds the Confiſcation of their Goods, that thus Want and Beggary may attend every Torment of Body and Soul. Therefore, if ye follow his Opinion, ye will then give me a Companion to the Aſſembly, who is dear and agreeable to the *Roman* People[i]; or whether ye follow that of *Silanus*, ye will eaſily clear both yourſelves and me of the Charge of Cruelty; and I ſhall prove that it is by far the milder Courſe.

YET,

[i] After the Senate had decreed any Thing extraordinary, it was uſual for the Perſon who propoſed the Decree, or him who had the chief Hand in promoting it, to give an Account of the Affair to the People from the *Roſtrum*, with a Defence of the Senate's Conduct. This was ſomething more than Matter of meer Compliment, ſince the People could reverſe any Decree of the Senate. *Cicero* therefore tells them, that if *Cæſar's* Opinion was followed, it would be of great Service to him, in getting ſuch a Perſon as *Cæſar* to appear with him in the Aſſembly of the People; for *Cæſar* even at this Time was very popular, and was by his Largeſſes laying a Foundation for that Height of Power, to which he afterwards raiſed himſelf.

YET, Fathers Confcript, where can be the Cruelty of punifhing fuch Monfters of Treafon? I judge of them according to my real Senfe; for may I never, in conjunction with you, enjoy the Bleffing of my Country's Safety, if the Keennefs which I fhew in this *Profecution* proceeds from any Bitternefs of Spirit; for who can be milder than I? But from particular Tendernefs and Compaffion. For I have now before my Eyes this City, the Eye of the World, and the Refuge of Nations, of a fudden finking under the Flames. I figure in my Mind the Bodies of my haplefs Countrymen lying in Heaps, unburied in my buried Country: I have now before my Eyes the Looks and Fury of *Cethegus*, revelling in your Blood. But when I figure to myfelf *Lentulus* on the Throne, which he confeffed he was encouraged to hope for from the Fates; this *Gabinius* in a Purple Robe; and *Catiline* come with an Army, then am I ftruck with Horror at the Shrieks of our Matrons; the Flight of Boys and Maids; and the Rapes of Veftal Virgins. Now, as to me, thefe Calamities appear *extremely* fhocking and deplorable, therefore I am *extremely* keen and rigorous in punifhing thofe who endeavoured to bring them about. For let me put the Cafe, that a Mafter

of

of a Family had his Children butchered, his Wife murdered, his House burnt down by a Slave, yet did not inflict the most rigorous of Punishments imaginable upon *that Slave*; would such a Master appear merciful and compassionate, and not rather a Monster of Cruelty and Inhumanity? To me that Man would appear to be of a flinty, cruel Nature, who should not endeavour to sooth his own Anguish and Torment, by the Anguish and Torment of its guilty Cause. Thus ought we to act by those Men who intended to murder Ourselves, our Wives, our Children; who endeavoured to raze the Houses of every particular *Roman*, and to destroy this general Seat of Empire. Who conspired to settle the *Allobroges*[k] upon the Ruins of this City, and in the Ashes of our *consumed* Empire. By discovering the keenest Resentment, we shall express the tenderest Compassion. But should we relent and retract, then must we be branded with

[k] *Catiline*'s Party had made no such Agreement with the *Allobroges*; they had only promised an Abatement, or perhaps a total Abolition of all their Taxes, provided they would assist their Conspirators with their Horse; in which they were reckoned to excel all other Nations. But *Cicero*, like a true Orator, represents every Thing in the blackest Light to inspire the Senators with revenge. Indeed it is hard to say, what might have been the Consequences of *Catiline*'s obtaining a Victory, by the Assistance of the *Gaulish* Horse; or how far the *Allobroges* might have improved that Opportunity to the Ruin of both Parties.

with the Infamy of being exquisitely cruel, while the Destruction of our Country and our Countrymen is in Question.

As well may we suspect *Lucius Cæsar* [l], a Man of the greatest Courage and Patriotism, of Cruelty, when the other Day he declared, that the Husband of his Sister, a Lady of consummate Merit, even while he stood by, and heard him, ought to be put to Death; and *strengthened it by this Argument*, that his own Grandfather was put to Death by Command of the Consul; and that his Son [m], though but a Stripling, being sent on a Message from the Father, was executed in Prison. In their Case is there any Parallel to this? Had they entered into a Conspiracy to destroy their Country? A Spirit of Corruption [n] was then indeed beginning to work in the State, and opposite

[l] *Lucius Cæsar* was Uncle to *C. Julius Cæsar* the Dictator, and Grandson of *Marcus Fulvius Flaccus*. [See Note on p. 7. l. 9.] His Sister *Julia*, Widow of *Marcus Antonius Criticus*, was at this Time married to *P. Lentulus* the Conspirator.

[m] One of the Sons of *Flaccus* was sent by his Father as an Embassador to *Opimius* the Consul, to propose an Accommodation; but was sent back by *Opimius*, with severe Threatenings, if he should dare to return with any Proposal besides that of an immediate Surrender. The Son returning to the Consul with other Proposals, was seized, and, after the Defeat of his Party, was put to Death by the Consul's Orders, though but eighteen Years old.

[n] The Tribunes of the People were endeavouring to ingross all the Power of the State, by pushing the Execution of the *Agrarian* Law.

posite Parties begun to be formed; and at that Time the Grandfather of this very *Lentulus*, an illustrious Patriot, in Arms attacked *Gracchus*; and to prevent the Majesty of the State from receiving the smallest Mutilation, he received a cruel Wound. But *Lentulus*, to destroy the very Foundations of our Constitution, sent for the *Gauls*, stirred up the Slaves, invited *Catiline*, consigned us to be butchered by *Cethegus*, the other Citizens to be murdered by *Gabinius*, the City to be burnt by *Cassius*, and all *Italy* to be desolated and plundered by *Catiline*. Can I then suppose that you will dread the Censure of decreeing with too much Severity, when the Circumstances of this Treason are so monstrous and unnatural? When you have more Reason to dread, that by Lenity in punishing, we may be blamed as cruel towards our Country, too keen against its most implacable Enemies.

But, Fathers Conscript, I cannot dissemble what I hear. Some Discourse, which has reached my Ears, has been bandied about, among People who seem to fear that I have not Strength sufficient to put in Execution what you shall this day decree. That every thing,

Fathers

Fathers Conſcript, has been provided, prepared and ſettled, is owing much to my indefatigable Care and Application; but more to the ſtrong Inclination which the People of *Rome* diſcovered for retaining their Imperial Sovereignty, and preſerving their common Intereſts. Every Man of every Rank, nay, of every Age, is now waiting without; the Forum is crowded; the Temples round the Forum are crowded; and all the Paſſages to this Houſe are crowded. For ſince the Building of this City, this is the only Caſe in which the Sentiments of the Public are unanimous and undivided, except of ſuch as finding their own Ruin inevitable, choſe rather to periſh with all, than to fall by themſelves. Thoſe chearfully I exclude; thoſe I ſeparate *from the reſt*; thoſe I think are not to be ranked among the Number even of degenerated Citizens, but inveterate Enemies. But, Immortal Gods! for the reſt, in what Crowds, with what Zeal, with what Courage, do they unite in their Concern and Care of the public Welfare and Dignity! Why need I here to mention the *Roman* Knights? Who, though to you they yield the Precedency in Rank and Government, yet rival you in Love for their Country; whom after

after a Difference of many Years [o], reconciled to a good Understanding and Unanimity with this Order, the present Juncture, and the present Dangers, now cements with you. A Conjunction, which strengthened under my Consulate, if we shall perpetuate in the State, be assured by me, that no civil or domestic Calamity shall ever hereafter affect any Part of this Constitution.

WITH equal Zeal in Defence of their Country, do I perceive the brave Tribunes of the Treasury [p] to be assembled, together with all the Clerks, whom Chance had this Day fully assembled in the Treasury; and whom now I see not intent upon their private Interests [q], but upon the public Welfare. The

[o] The *Sempronian* Law had admitted the Judges to be chosen out of the Knights; but *L. Sylla* again restored it to the Senators only. *Aurelius Cotta*, a few Years before this, had again admitted the Knights to this Privilege. This had occasioned a Difference between the two Orders for almost a Century: But in the Affair of *Catiline*, they were both agreed. N. B. *Though we translate the Word* Judices *by Judges, yet it answers more nearly to our* Jurors *in the* English Constitution; *they being appointed by the* Prætor *to examine the Circumstances of the Cause, to hear the Witnesses, and to pass Sentence only in the Words prescribed by the* Prætor. *That is, the* Prætor *declared, that the Indictment being proved, the Party should be punished in such a Manner: Then the* Judices *examined the Witnesses, and heard the Pleadings on both Sides, and afterwards condemned, or acquitted the Party.*

[p] These were Officers under the Quæstors, employed in receiving and distributing the public Money.

[q] The old *Scholiast* here observes, that the Clerks were assembled to divide among themselves the Offices for the ensuing Year, *viz.*

whole Body of free-born Citizens, even the meaneſt, aſſiſts. For to whom among them are not theſe Temples, the Face of the City, the Enjoyment of Liberty, in ſhort, this very Light, and this Parent Soil, not only dear, but delightful and charming.

It is of Importance, Fathers Conſcript, to obſerve the Zeal of thoſe Freed Men, who having by their Merits purchaſed the Freedom of this City, look on this Country as their own; whereas ſome born here, and born too to the moſt diſtinguiſhed Honours, regard this not as their Country, but as a City in the Hands of their Enemies. But who do I mention thoſe Men, and theſe Orders, whom private Intereſt, whom the general Good, whom, in ſhort, Liberty, the deareſt Object of Life, has *rouſed* to the Preſervation of their Country. There is not a Slave, whoſe Condition of Life is not intolerable, who is not ſhocked at the Ruffian Boldneſs of our Countrymen; who does not wiſh theſe Walls to ſtand; and who will not contribute whatever he dares, whatever he can, to our Endeavours for the com-

mon

viz. who ſhould be Secretary to the Conſuls, who to the Prætors, *&c.* This was annually done, and, like the other Offices at *Rome*, uſually determined by Lot.——They ſeem to have been a Sort of incorporated Society.

mon Safety. Therefore if any of you are ſtruck with a Report, that a certain infamous Tool[1] of *Lentulus* runs from Shop to Shop, endeavouring to tempt and corrupt the Minds of the Needy and the Heedleſs; know that that indeed was begun and attempted: But none were found ſo wretched in their Circumſtances, ſo abandoned in their Inclinations, who did not prefer the quiet Enjoyment, ſome of their Stall and their Labours, and the Place where they earned their daily Bread; ſome of their Couch and humble Bed; and ſome, in ſhort, of their peaceful courſe of Life: But the greateſt Part of thoſe who are Shopkeepers, nay, in reality, I may ſay that whole Rank, loves Peace. For all their Manufactures, all their Works, all their Profit, are ſupported by the Populouſneſs of the City, and nouriſhed by Peace. If their Profits were diminiſhed by their Shops being ſhut up, what muſt they be if burnt to the Ground? If the Caſe ſtands thus, as the Guard of the *Roman* People are not wanting to you, do you take care that your Protection do not appear to be wanting to them.

I 2 You,

[1] Some of his Clients endeavoured to raiſe a Mob, in order to ſet *Lentulus* and his Fellows at Liberty; but were diſappointed in their Endeavours by the Diligence of the Conſul, and the Number of the Guards.

You have a Conſul reſerved from many Dangers, from many Conſpiracies, from the Jaws of Death itſelf; not on his own Account, but for your Preſervation: All Orders unite in Opinion, in Deſire, in Zeal, in Courage, and in Voice, to preſerve the State. To you your Parent-Country, beſet with the Brands and the Weapons of impious Conſpiracy, as a Suppliant, ſtretches out her Hands: To you, ſhe recommends herſelf: To you, the Lives of all her Sons: To you, the Tower and the Capitol: To you, her domeſtic Images[s]: To you, that everlaſting Fire of *Veſta:* To you, all the Temples and the Altars of the Gods: And to you, the Battlements and Roofs of this City. This Day beſides you are to paſs Judgment upon your own Lives; upon the Souls of your Wives and Children; upon the general Intereſts; upon your Houſes and your Properties.

You have a Leader mindful of you, unmindful of himſelf; a Happineſs not always to be met with. You have every Order, every

[s] The *Romans* ſuperſtitiouſly preſerved ſome Images of their *Penates*, the Guardian Deities of their City, which were ſaid to have been brought from *Troy* by *Æneas*; and particularly the ſacred Fire, which was always kept burning by Prieſteſſes appointed for that Purpoſe.

very Man, the whole Body of the *Roman* People, unanimous and united in their Sentiments; a Circumſtance, which in a civil Caſe, before this Day, we never knew to happen. Think, think, O *Romans!* with what Toils that Empire was reared; on what Virtue that Liberty was founded; by what Munificence of the Gods thoſe Intereſts were improved and heightened, which in one Night had almoſt been aboliſhed. This Day are you to provide, that ſuch Treaſon ſhall never again be executed; nay, not ſo much as deſigned by Citizens; and all this have I delivered to you, not to quicken you, for your Zeal has almoſt got the ſtart of mine, but that my Voice, which ought to lead in Matters of Government [t], may appear to have diſcharged the Duty of a Conſul.

Now before I proceed, Fathers Conſcript, in taking the Senſe of the Houſe, I muſt drop a Word with regard to myſelf: I perceive that I am now to encounter a Multitude of Enemies, equal to the Numbers of the Conſpirators, which

[t] It was the Conſul's Buſineſs more immediately to provide for the Safety of the State, and to apply himſelf to this, and this alone, during his Year. Beſides, *Cicero* had ſummoned this Meeting of the Senate, and it might be expected that he ſhould give his Opinion concerning the Priſoners; but this he cautiouſly avoids doing in expreſs Words, though it may eaſily be perceived which Way he inclined.

you ſee are very great; but theſe I judge to be ſcandalous and impotent, deſerted and deſpicable. But if ever, through the Guilt and Frenzy of any one, that Faction ſhall get the better of your and the public Dignity, yet never, Fathers Conſcript, will I repent of what I have done, and of what I have deviſed. For Death, with which they may perhaps menace me, awaits for all; but that Pride of living [u], with which I am dignified by your Decrees, has hitherto been equalled by none. To others have you decreed Thankſgiving for the ſucceſsful Management; but to me alone for the auſpicious Preſervation of the Republic: All Honour to *Scipio* [w], the *Scipio*, whoſe Counſels and Courage forced *Hannibal* to return to *Africa*, and to depart from *Italy*. May every diſtinguiſhed Glory await the Name of the *Africanus* who deſtroyed *Numantia* and *Carthage*, thoſe two Cities, the inveterate Enemies of *Roman Sway*: For ever renowned be *Lucius Paulus* [x], whoſe Chariot was graced by the Captivity of *Perſes*, a once powerful and

[u] *i. e.* No Man ever attained to ſuch Honour as that to which you have raiſed me by your Decree.

[w] This was *Africanus* the Elder, who, after driving the *Carthaginians* out of all *Spain*, invaded *Africa*, and obliged the *Carthaginians* to recal *Hannibal* out of *Italy*, where he had harraſſed the *Romans* for ſixteen Years.

[x] He conquered *Macedon*, and led *Perſeus* the King in Triumph.

and glorious Monarch. May *Marius* enjoy immortal Honour, who twice delivered *Italy* from Invaſion and the Dread of Slavery; but above all theſe, let *Pompey* be diſtinguiſhed, whoſe Actions and Virtues are bounded by no other Climes or Limits, than thoſe that regulate the Courſe of the Sun: Yet amidſt all their Extent of Glory, ſome Corner muſt be reſerved for my Renown, unleſs you ſuppoſe that there is more Merit in opening Provinces, to which we may retreat, than in taking care that our abſent Countrymen may have a Place, to which they may return in Triumph.

BUT in one Circumſtance the Conſequences of a foreign Victory are preferable to thoſe of domeſtic, in as much as foreign Enemies, reduced by Arms, are ſubmiſſive; if received upon Terms, have a grateful Senſe of the Favour. But Citizens, who from ſtupid Degeneracy commence the Enemies of their Country, if you diſappoint them of public Ruin, no Force can conſtrain, no Kindneſs can reconcile. I ſee therefore that I am to wage eternal War with deſperate Citizens: A War, which I hope I ſhall eaſily repel from me and mine, through your and every worthy Man's Aſſiſtance, and from that Remembrance of ſo

many Dangers which muſt cleave, not only to this delivered People, but to the Tongues and the Minds of every Nation on Earth. Nor indeed can any Power be ſo formidable as to penetrate, and to ſhake the Union of your Order with that of the *Roman* Knights, and this thorow Harmony of all well-affected Citizens.

THEREFORE, Fathers Conſcript, inſtead of Command; inſtead of an Army; inſtead of a Province which I neglected; inſtead of a Triumph, and other Diſtinctions of Glory which I ſlighted, for the Preſervation of you and this City; inſtead of my Clientſhips and Provincial Appointments, which, with my Fortune in the City, I labour as much to ſupport as to acquire; for all theſe Services, for all the Inſtances of my Zeal for your Intereſt, and for the Pains which ye are Witneſſes I beſtow on the Preſervation of this Republic, all I require of you is the Commemoration of this Juncture, and of the whole of my Conſulate; while that ſhall remain in your Minds, I ſhall think myſelf ſurrounded with an impregnable Wall. But ſhould my Expectation be diſappointed by Ruffian Violence, to you I recommend my little Son. Sufficient ſhall be his Guard, not only

to

to preserve, but to do him Honour, if you shall remember him to be the Son of the Man, who at his own private Peril preserved all your Concerns. Therefore, Fathers Conscript, as you propose, determine with Quickness and Resolution in an Affair that concerns your very Being, and that of the People of *Rome*; your Wives and Children; your Religion and Properties; your Fanes [y] and Temples; the Roofs and Mansions of all the City; your Empire; your Liberty; the Safety of *Italy*, and the whole System of your Constitution. You have a Consul, who, without Hesitation, will obey your Orders, and while he breathes, will, in his own Person, charge himself with the Execution and Defence of whatever you shall decree.

[y] The *Fana* were little Chapels, dedicated to the inferior Deities, or Heroes.

This Oration was followed by a Decree of the Senate, that the Conspirators should be put to Death; which was executed the same Night in the public Prison.

THE

THE

ARGUMENT.

THIS Oration, which the ingenious Dr. Middleton, *in his Life of* Cicero, *justly calls* the most Entertaining of all his Orations, *was pronounced upon the following Occasion:* Marcus Cælius *was a young Gentleman who had been educated under the Eye of* Cicero; *and being of a graceful Person and amorous Disposition, but of fine Genius and Learning, entered into some loose Familiarities with* Clodia, *the Sister of* Publius Clodius, *a Lady infamous for her Lewdness.* Cælius *casting her off, the Lady's Friends impeached him of a Design to poison* Clodia; *of borrowing from her a Sum of Money to murder some* Alexandrian *Embassadors; of maltreating his Father; of being the Friend of* Catiline: *of being rude to the* Roman *Matrons; of beating a Senator; and some seditious Practices at* Naples, *with several other Crimes. The chief Prosecutor was* Arratinus, *whose Father was at the same time impeached for corrupt Practices by the Defendant* Cælius, *who was acquitted upon this Occasion.*

It was pronounced in the 697th *Year of* Rome, *and the* 51st *of* Cicero's *Age.*

M. T.

M. T.

CICERO's

ORATION

FOR

CÆLIUS.*

SHOULD it happen, my Lords, that in this Court there is a Man unacquainted with our Laws, our Judicatures and Forms of Proceedings, ſure he muſt be at a Loſs to account for the aggravating Circumſtances that render this Cauſe of ſo heinous a Nature,

* This Cauſe was tried before *Cneius Domitius Calvinus* the Prætor, who called to his Aſſiſtance a certain Number of the Knights or Senators, to aſſiſt him in the Trial. Theſe *Cicero* calls the Judges, and frequently addreſſes himſelf to them; though they ſeem to anſwer more properly to our Jury, ſince they were

Nature, as that it ſhould be the only one tried in this Feſtal Seaſon [a], amidſt public Rejoicings, and a general Intermiſſion of all Buſineſs in the

were only Judges of the Fact, the Prætor himſelf determining the Point of Law. Theſe Judges often heard Cauſes without the Prætor's being preſent; but the Sentence was always given in his Name, and in his Words.

Cicero manages this Cauſe with the greateſt Art: He could not refuſe *Cælius*'s Familiarity with *Clodia*; it was too well known to be denied. He excuſes it, by repreſenting *Cælius* as a forward, briſk Youth, adorned with all the good Qualities that uſually prognoſticate a great Man; but unguarded and amorous; too headſtrong in ſome Caſes, and truſting too much to his Parts. At the ſame Time he paints *Clodia* in the moſt villainous Colours; as a notorious Proſtitute, burning with inſatiable Luſt, and capable of the greateſt Crimes. He inſinuates that ſhe had murdered her Huſband *Q. Metellus Celer*, and lived in avowed Inceſt with her Brother *Clodius*: That the Judges might pity *Cælius* for having ever been enſnared by her; and believe her capable of doing any Thing, in Revenge for his quitting her. ——The other Crimes laid to *Cælius*'s Charge, *viz.* his Want of Affection to his Father, his being concerned in the Murder of the Ambaſſadors, his being Partner in *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, and his Attempt to poiſon *Clodia*, &c. all theſe he fully refutes, by the ſtrongeſt Arguments, which he occaſionally ſtrengthens by poſitive Evidence in Favour of his Client.

Cælius was acquitted, and was afterwards Prætor in the Time of the Civil Wars betwixt *Cæſar* and *Pompey*. But diſturbing the Peace of the City by ſome new Laws, he was depoſed by the Senate, and obliged to leave *Rome*. Afterwards joining with *Milo*, and attempting to gain over *Cæſar*'s Garriſon at *Thurii* to declare for *Pompey*, he was ſlain.

[a] The *Romans* never tried any Cauſes on their Holidays, till the Year of *Rome* 676, in the Conſulſhip of *M. Æmilius Lepidus* and *Q. Luctatius Catulus*, when *Publius Plautius*, Tribune of the People, propoſed a Law, to allow Courts to ſit in the Holidays, for trying ſuch Criminals as were accuſed of Treaſon againſt the State. This Law was paſſed by the Aſſiſtance of *Luctatius Catulus* the Conſul, and is called ſometimes the *Luctatian*, ſometimes the *Plautian* Law, from the Names of thoſe two Perſons principally concerned in the paſſing of it. This might juſtly alarm the ſpectators, and give Occaſion to Perſons unacquainted with the Story, to ſuppoſe that there was ſome Plot diſcovered, or ſome new Sedition attempted. The *Plaintiffs*

the Forum. He would conclude, that the Nature of the Crimes charged upon the Accuſed, is ſuch that were it overlooked, this State could not exiſt. The ſame Perſon, when he ſhall hear that there is a Law for trying on any Day ſeditious profligate Citizens, who in Arms ſhall beſet the Senate, aſſault the Magiſtrates, without diſapproving of the Law, may ſtill inſiſt upon his being informed of the Crime that is trying. When he ſhall hear that what is depending has nothing in it villainous, nothing audacious, nothing riotous in its Nature; but that a Youth diſtinguiſhed by Genius, by Application, and by Popularity, is here accuſed by a Man [b], whoſe Father has been for ſome time, and now is, under a Proſecution at the Inſtance of this Youth; but that he is attacked by the Intereſt of a Strumpet [c]; he will not indeed blame the Piety of *Atratinus*,

tiffs ſeem to have got this Cauſe tried in the Holidays, by inſerting in the Accuſation, that *Cælius* was concerned in *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, and his murdering the *Alexandrian* Ambaſſadors; both which were Crimes immediately againſt the State.

[b] *Cælius* had ſome Time before accuſed *L. Atratinus* of Bribery, of which he was acquitted; and had now again brought him to a new Trial, which Affair was in Dependance at the Time of this Speech. *L. Atratinus* the Son, was the principal Accuſer of *Cælius*.

[c] *Clodia*, Siſter of *P. Clodius*, formerly beloved by *Cælius*, now uſed all her Intereſt to have him condemned, in Revenge for his quitting her.

tinus, but he will imagine that ſome Reſtraint ought to be laid upon Female Lewdneſs; he will think that you are painful, at a time when a general Vacation entitles you to Repoſe. For if you ſhall hear with Attention, and weigh with Judgment, the whole of this Cauſe, you muſt, my Lords, conclude, that no Man but by your Compulſion, would here liſt himſelf as Accuſer, nor when he had liſted himſelf, could he have the leaſt hopes of Succeſs [d], but from the unbounded Lewdneſs and implacable Malice of ſome other Perſon. I indeed pardon *Atratinus*, who is a young Man of great Humanity and Worth, my Friend, and may plead in his Excuſe, Piety, Compulſion, or Youth: If he undertook this Proſecution of his own accord, I attribute it to filial Piety; if by Command, to Compulſion; if from the Hope of Succeſs, to Youth [e]. The other Proſecutors, have not only no Title to Pardon, but they deſerve all the Keenneſs of Oppoſition.

BUT

[d] He would inſinuate that *Clodia* was known to be ſuch a Monſter, as would ſtick at nothing to promote her Revenge; but was ready to ſwear any Thing herſelf, and bribe others to do the ſame.

[e] If *Atratinus* thought it poſſible to caſt *Cælius* from ſuch ſlender Proofs, it was owing to his being unacquainted with the Laws, and the Cuſtoms of the Courts.

But, my Lords, I apprehend, that entering upon this Defence, it is proper for me to touch upon the Youth of *Marcus Cælius*, and obviate thoſe Calumnies with which his Accuſers have endeavoured to aſperſe his Perſon, and to rifle, to rob him of Dignity. His Father is repreſented in different Lights, either as making but a poor Figure in Life, or as undutifully treated by his Son. As to his Dignity, *Cælius*, without either himſelf, or even me ſpeaking a Word, can eaſily anſwer all Objections by appealing to thoſe who know him, and who are advanced in Years. As to thoſe, who on account of his advanced Age, have had but few Opportunities of knowing him, he having been long diſuſed to act with us in the Forum, let ſuch be aſſured, that all that exalted Dignity which the Character of a *Roman* Knight can admit of, has ever in its higheſt Splendor been thought to be ſupported by *Cælius*, and it is ſo thought now, not only by his own Relations, but by all to whom in any reſpect his Perſon is known.

That he is the Son of a Roman *Knight*[f], ought never to have been urged in Accuſation where

[f] The Accuſers certainly had never made this a Part of the Accuſation, that he was Son of a Knight; but if we may be allowed

where theſe were to proſecute, where you are to judge[g], and I to defend. As to what you have advanced againſt his filial Duty[h], we may form Conjectures, but the Parent is to pronounce Judgment. Our Sentiments you will hear from the Evidences on Oath; what the Sentiments of his Parents are, the inconſolable Anguiſh of a weeping Mother, the Dejection of a Father, and thoſe melancholy Objects now before your Eyes, declare.

As to what is objected, as if this Youth had been diſagreeable to his Fellow-Citizens, no

allowed to gueſs, it is probable they might have ſaid, that he lived extravagantly, and ſpent great Sums of Money, though he was only the Son of a Knight: For it was neceſſary to be worth a certain Sum of Money, in order to be ranked amongſt the Knights, and ſo much more to be ranked amongſt the *Senators*. Thus the Cenſors frequently ſtruck out of the Liſt of Senators, or Knights, ſuch Perſons as were found not to have a ſufficient Eſtate, to qualify them for that Rank. This Accuſation therefore, of *Cælius*'s ſpending more Money than could be ſupported by a Perſon of his Rank, might be turned, by *Cicero*'s Art, into a Reflection on the Rank itſelf.

[g] By this it would ſeem, that all, or the greateſt Part, of the Judges were Knights; as *Cicero* himſelf was the Son of a Knight: For the Knights, after being excluded for ſeveral Years, were reſtored to their Privilege of being appointed Judges with the Senators, by a Law paſſed by *Lucius Cotta*, in the firſt Conſulſhip of *Pompey* and *Craſſus*, in the Year of *Rome* 684.

[h] The *Roman* Law gave to Parents an abſolute Power over their Children, even that of Life and Death. *Cicero* therefore juſtly obſerves, that we might have our own private Reflections on a Son's Behaviour to his Parent, but could not try him for it, unleſs the Father himſelf accuſed the Son: He was the moſt proper Judge to determine when the Son tranſgreſſed the Laws of filial Reverence.

Man in Perſon ever received ſuch Honours from thoſe of *Puteoli*, than *Cælius* has received in his Abſence; in his Abſence they enrolled him into their higheſt Order[i], and, unſollicited, they beſtowed on him what they had denied to the Sollicitations of many others. The ſame Body has ſent a Delegation of the moſt reſpectable Men, both of our Order, and the *Roman* Knights, to this Tryal, with the ſtrongeſt and ampleſt Recommendations. I ſeem to have laid the Foundation on which I am to build my Defence; a Foundation that muſt be unſhaken, if reſted on the Judgment of thoſe with whom he has the neareſt Connections: Nor could his Youth have ſufficiently recommended him to your Favour, had he incurred the Diſpleaſure, not only of ſuch a Father, but of ſo illuſtrious, ſo wiſe a Corporation.

But that I may apply to myſelf[k] what I have ſaid; from the ſame Sources, did I flow into

[i] The Towns called *Municipia*, *Free Towns*, were ſuch Towns as had received the Freedom of *Rome*, had a Vote in all the Aſſemblies of the *Roman* People, when they pleaſed to come to *Rome*: At the ſame Time they had Power to make *By-Laws*, for the better governing their own Corporation: They had a little Senate, which they called *Curia*, and the Senators were called *Decuriones*. They had alſo two Magiſtrates annually elected, under the Name of *Duumviri*.

[k] This is one of the greateſt Faults of this Orator. He was ſo full of himſelf, that he never made any Speech without ſounding his own Praiſe.

into Reputation with Mankind; and it was from the Character, from the Judgment which my own Relations formed of me, that my Practice at the Bar, and my Schemes of Life, poured through a wider Channel of public Regard. For as to the Charge against his Chastity, a Charge urged by all his Accusers, not upon Facts, but Assertions and Calumnies, never can it affect *M. Cælius* so sensibly, as to make him regret that he was not mis-shapen by Nature; for these have ever been the common-place Calumnies propagated against all who in their Youth had a handsome Person and graceful Appearance. But it is one thing to rail, another to accuse. An Accusation requires a Charge, and this Charge must fix the Crime; it must mark the Person, it must be proved by Arguments, and supported by Evidence: Railing has no End but to insult; if urged with *Petulance*, it becomes *Abuse*; if with *Humour*, *Wit*.

THIS Part of the Charge gave me indeed a good deal of Surprize and Concern, that it should, above all other Men, fall to the Management of *Atratinus*; for it is both unbecoming of, and inconsistent with his Age; and, as the Court had an Opportunity of ob-

ſerving, the Modeſty of the excellent Youth checked his indulging himſelf in the Propriety of Language adapted to his Part. I could have wiſhed that ſome of you beaten Gentlemen had undertaken this Province of Railing, then might we have refuted that Licentiouſneſs of Railing, with more Freedom and more Strength, and more too in our own Way. With you, *Atratinus*, I will deal more gently, both becauſe your Modeſty is a Reſtraint upon my Tongue, and becauſe I think myſelf obliged to preſerve my Friendſhip for your Father and yourſelf.

THIS, however, it is proper I ſhould adviſe you; in the firſt place, that you ſhould entertain a becoming Conſciouſneſs of your own real Character; that Indecency of Expreſſion may be as far from your Lips, as the Lewdneſs of Action is from your Conduct. In the next place, that you urge not in your Charge againſt another what, were it without regard to Truth urged againſt yourſelf, you muſt bluſh to hear. For where is the Man who may not tread that Path? Where is the Man who may not calumniate, with all the Pertneſs he pleaſes, ſuch Youth and ſuch Gracefulneſs, however blameleſs it may be, if its Appearance conveys but a Preſumption of Guilt?

Guilt? But all the Blame of your Part in this Accuſation, muſt light upon thoſe who charged you with it: To the Praiſe of your Modeſty be it ſaid, that we can witneſs with what Unwillingneſs you ſpoke; and to the Praiſe of your Addreſs, that what you was obliged to ſpeak was elegant and polite.

But there is a ſhort Anſwer to all this Charge: For as long as the Age of *Cælius* might infer a Preſumption of Guilt, it was protected firſt by his own Modeſty, and then by the Care and Education beſtowed on him by his Father, who as ſoon as he gave him the Manly Gown[1]——But here let me ſay nothing of myſelf; my own Character I ſubmit to you.——But this I will ſay, he was immediately brought by his Father to me. No body ſaw this ſame *Marcus Cælius*, in that Bloom of Life, but in Company with his Father or me, or in the chaſte Houſe of *Marcus Craſſus*, where he was trained in the moſt honourable Arts.

 As

[1] At the Age of Sixteen, the *Romans* made their Sons change their Dreſs: They no longer dreſſed in the Habit uſual for Boys, but put on the full Gown. This was done with great Ceremony. They were then reckoned of Age to ſerve in the Army.

As to the Objection of my Client's Familiarity with *Catiline*, that is a Suſpicion by no means applicable to him. While he was but a Strippling, you know that *Catiline* and myſelf ſtood for the Conſulate; but if ever *Cælius* kept his Company, or if ever he left mine, though many excellent young Men were zealous, for that infamous flagitious Fellow, then let *Cælius* be thought to have been too intimate with *Catiline*. But it may be ſaid, we know, we afterwards ſaw, that *Cælius* was afterwards the Friend of *Catiline*: Who denies it! But in this Place I am only to defend his Conduct, in that Period of Life, which of itſelf is but too liable to Infirmity, and from the Lewdneſs of others too ſubject to Infection. While I was Prætor, he attended me cloſe. He did not then know *Catiline*. During that Time he acted as Prætor in *Afric*. The Year after, *Catiline* was tried for Extortion: *Cælius* was then with me; nor did he ever appear in Court for him as a Friend[m]: The following Year I ſtood for the Conſulate; I was oppoſed by *Catiline*; with him, *Cælius*

[m] When any Perſon was accuſed, all his Friends and Acquaintance attended him in Mourning, to ſollicit in his Behalf, and to ſhew how much he was beloved.

Cælius never appeared[n]; from me he never departed.

HAVING therefore practised in the *Forum* many Years, without Suspicion, without Infamy he favoured *Catiline*, who again stood[o]. How long then do you think that Youth ought to be guarded? Formerly a whole Year was allotted to us[p], in which we might learn to keep the Arm within the Gown, and Field-Exercises and Diversions we performed in our Waistcoats. The Discipline in the Camp and on the March was the same, when we first began to carry Arms. At this Time of Life, whoever did not, by his grave and decent behaviour, by the Habit he had acquired in private Education, and likewise by a natural virtuous Disposition, protect his own Character, it

[n] The Candidates for any Office were attended to the Place of Election by all their Relations, Clients, and Acquaintances. *Cælius* therefore appearing with *Cicero*, when *Catiline* set up against him, shewed that he had a greater Regard for him than for his Rival.

[o] As *Cicero* could not deny, that *Cælius* appeared for *Catiline*, upon his standing for the Consulship a second Time, he wisely passes it over in a few Words, lest it should make an Impression on the Judges; but insists more largely on those Points which made for his Client.

[p] The first Year after taking the Gown, was usually spent in learning their Exercise in the *Campus Martius*. There the Youth practised Fencing, Running, Leaping, *&c.* to strengthen their Bodies, and to qualify themselves for serving in the Army, which every one did for several Years before he could stand for any Office at *Rome*.

it never was in his Power to eſcape real Infamy, though the Care of his Relations in his Education had been ever ſo ſtrict. But whoever had paſſed that Entrance upon Life without Blame or Blemiſh, after he arrived at Maturity, and lived as a Man among Men, nobody ever preſumed to throw out the leaſt Reflection againſt his Honour or Chaſtity.

Cælius had ſeveral Years practiſed in the Forum, before he favoured *Catiline*; but in this he did no more than what was done by many of every Rank and every Age. For *Catiline* poſſeſſed[q], as I ſuppoſe you may remember, many, not indeed finiſhed Reſemblances, but ſtriking Out-lines of the moſt exalted Virtues: Many were the Ruffians with whom he was acquainted; while he himſelf appeared to be devoted to Men of Virtue, though he often kindled Luſt and Lewdneſs, yet ſometimes he could prompt Labour and Activity: While he was burning in the Guilt of infamous Deſires, he was painful in the Purſuit of military Accompliſhments: Nor do I think that ſuch a Prodigy ever appeared upon Earth; ſuch

q *Cicero* here gives *Catiline* his juſt Character, as it is drawn by *Salluſt*, and other Hiſtorians; and repreſents his good Qualities in the beſt Light, to excuſe *Cælius* for having been drawn into a Familiarity with him.

ſuch a Compoſition of natural Affections and Paſſions, ſo differing, ſo oppoſite, ſo repugnant to one another. At one Time, who was ever more agreeable to the beſt of Men; and who more intimate with the worſt? At one Time, who could be more attached to the Patriot-Intereſt? Yet who a more bitter Enemy to *Rome?* In Pleaſures, who more Impure? In Toils, who more indefatigable? Whoever more rapacious; yet who was ever more profuſe? Yet this Man, my Lords, poſſeſſed the ſurprizing Qualities of being able, after he had catched the Friendſhip of Numbers, to fix them by his obſequiouſneſs, by ſharing whatever he poſſeſſed with all, by ſupplying the Exigencies of his Party with his Purſe, with his Intereſt, his perſonal Fatigue, and if they required it, by his Villainy and Preſumption; adapting his own Nature to the Juncture, by ſupplying and bending it to his Conveniency; by appearing ſevere with the Moroſe, eaſy with the Looſe, grave with the Aged, gay with the Young, intrepid with the Reſolute, and lewd with the Luſtful.

After, by this Variety, this Jumble of natural Diſpoſitions, he had got together, from every Land, every Man who was a Ruffian or a Rebel, he, at the ſame Time, by a certain

Shew

Shew of Virtue held the Friendſhip of many brave worthy Men; nor could his execrable Attempt to deſtroy this Government have ſprouted up, had not the Luxuriancy of ſuch complicated Vice been nouriſhed from certain Stems of Compliance and Hardineſs.

LET that Article therefore, my Lords, be rejected; nor let an Acquaintance with *Catiline* be imputed as a Crime: It was the Caſe of many, and even of ſome worthy Men: Myſelf, let me ſpeak it out, myſelf he once almoſt impoſed upon, by appearing to me an excellent Citizen, attached to every good Man, and a firm, faithful Friend, His Crimes I was convinced of by what I ſaw, ſooner than by what I judged; by what I felt, ſooner than by what I ſuſpected. If *Cælius* was amongſt a great Crowd of his Friends, he has more Reaſon to regret his own Miſtake, as I too am ſometimes ſorry for having been impoſed upon by the ſame Perſon, rather than thus to dread its being urged as a Crime that he was acquainted with *Catiline*.

YOUR Accuſation therefore is paſſed from the Scandal of an Intrigue, to the Unpopularity of a Conſpiracy. For you urged, but in a he-

a heſitating and curſory Manner, that *Cælius* was involved in *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, becauſe he had a Friendſhip for his Perſon; a Charge, on which it was ſo impoſſible to hang a Crime, that the Words of the eloquent Youth could ſcarcely hang together while he urged it. Why all this Rage in *Cælius?* Whence this monſtrous Defect, either in his Morals and Nature, or in his Eſtate and Circumſtances? Shew me, in ſhort, whether *Cælius* ever lay under ſuch an Imputation? But I waſte the Time in proving a ſelf-evident Truth. This however I muſt ſay, that if *Cælius* had been acceſſary to that Conſpiracy[r], nay, had he not had a determined Averſion to his Guilt, never would he have endeavoured to diſtinguiſh himſelf in his Youth, by the Part he bore in the Impeachment upon that Conſpiracy. And I know not, if the Charge againſt his Ambition and the Crimes of his Aſſociates and Confederates in Corruption, ſince I am now on that Subject, may not admit of the ſame Anſwer. For it never can be ſuppoſed, that *Cælius* could be ſo infatuated, had he ſtained himſelf by plunging into the boundleſs Syſtem of Corruption

[r] I am afraid *Cicero*'s Argument here is not concluſive. He aſſerts, that *Cælius* could not be guilty of ſuch Crimes, becauſe he had impeached others for the ſame Crimes. This is often done, and is by no Means a Proof of Innocence to wiſe Men, however it may blind the Vulgar.

ruption with which he is charged, as to impeach another of the ſame Practices. Nor would he have proſecuted another upon a Preſumption of a Crime, which he wiſhed that he himſelf might be indulged in perpetually practiſing: Nor, if he had thought that he himſelf was to be once tried for Corruption, would he have ever impeached another Perſon twice on the ſame Crime; which though he did againſt the Rules of Prudence, and againſt my Advice, yet ſuch is his Humour, that he chuſes rather to attack the Innocence of another, than to ſeem in the leaſt Doubt about his own.

As to the Objection of his Debts, his unwarrantable Expences, and his Books of Accounts that are now demanded [s], I ſhall anſwer it in a few Words. One who is under the Tuition of his Father, keeps no Books. He never yet borrowed any Sums. There is indeed one Article of Expence laid to his Charge, which

[s] The Cenſors of *Rome* were chiefly employed in reſtraining Luxury: They could demand an Account of any Man's Expences. It is probable, by this Paſſage, that upon an Accuſation, the Prætor might do the ſame. *Cicero* very well knew that his Client had been extravagant, and therefore wards off this Blow, by putting them in Mind, that *Cælius*'s Father was yet alive, and that of Conſequence *Cælius* had no Occaſion to keep any regular Account of his Expences; it being ſuppoſed, that he had no Money, but what was furniſhed him by his Father.

which is his Dwelling. He pays, you ſay, a Rent of two hundred and fifty Pounds a Year. Now at laſt I begin to perceive, that the Houſe of *Clodius* is to be put up to Sale; for the Lodgings that *Cælius* rents in it, can ſcarce be worth above eighty Pounds a Year. But you, to do *Clodius* a Pleaſure, have made this Lie to ſerve a Jobb of his.

You blame him for leaving his Father; a Charge unjuſtly urged againſt him at this Time of Life. He who, when acting in a public Capacity, obtained a Victory[t], to me indeed mortifying, but to himſelf honourable; and when he was of an Age to ſtand for a Magiſtracy, had ſeparated from his Father, not only by the old Man's Permiſſion, but Perſuaſion: And as his Father's Houſe was at a great Diſtance from the Forum, that he might have eaſier Acceſs to our Houſes, and that his Friends might wait upon him with leſs Inconveniency to

[t] *Cælius* accuſed *Caius Antonius*, *Cicero*'s Colleague in the Conſulſhip, of Treaſon, and caſt him; ſo that he was obliged to go into Baniſhment. This was an Honour to *Cælius*, but a Grief to *Cicero*, as he loved *Antonius*, and defended him in the Trial. This might puff up a young Man like *Cælius*, and make him hope to raiſe himſelf by his Eloquence at the Bar; to attend which more cloſely, he removed from his Father's Houſe, and hired *Clodius*'s Houſe in the *Palatium*. Thus *Cicero* tells the Story, though it is more than probable, that it was to carry on his Amour with *Clodia*, that made him chuſe that Neighbourhood.

to themselves, hired a House upon the *Palatium* at a moderate Rent.

AND here I may say with *Marcus Crassus*, when lately he complained of King *Ptolemy*'s Arrival at *Rome*; *I wish that never in the Pelian Wood*[u]; I could even piece out this Poem farther, *For never then a wandering Lady* had given us this Trouble——

A MEDEA
With love-sick Soul, and Heart by Passion smit.——

For you shall find, my Lords, when I came to this Passage, that I will prove this *Medea* of the *Palatium*, with his Removal into her Neighbourhood, has been the Cause of all the Sufferings, or rather of all the Calumnies that this young Gentleman has endured.

THEREFORE, my Lords, supported by your Wisdom, I am in no Pain about the Fictions which, I understand, have been invented by the Prosecutors to prejudge this Cause. For they

[u] These are supposed to be some Fragments of the Poet *Ennius*; the Humour of which we cannot rightly judge of, for want of the whole Passage. The last Part concerning *Medea*, evidently alludes to *Clodia*, as the Author of this Prosecution.

they gave out, that there will be a Senator who will give Evidence that he was beaten by *Cælius* at the Pontifical Elections [w]. I would demand of this Senator, should he appear, First, Why he did not proceed upon an Action immediately after this happened? Then, if he chuse to make Complaints rather than seek for Redress [x], Why he was here upon Compulsion by the Prosecutors, and not of his own Accord? Why he should chuse to complain so long after the Fact happened, and not instantly. Should he answer clearly and pointedly to all these Questions, I will then enquire, *From what Source this Senator Springs?* For if his Rise and Fountain be in his own Person, perhaps I shall as usual be under some Concern: But should I find him to be a Rivulet brought from the Fountain-Head, to flow through the Canal of your Accusation [y], it will give me Pleasure, that in a Charge like yours, supported by so much Popularity and Power [z], only one Senator

[w] The Assembly for electing either the *Pontifex Maximus*, the High Priest, or some of the inferior Orders. I shall only here observe, that the *sacred Officers* were not excluded from any *civil* Office. *C. Julius Cæsar* at that Time was High Priest; and *Cicero* was of the College of *Augurs*.

[x] *i. e.* Why he chose to go about murmuring, rather than bring an Action directly against him.

[y] *Cicero* seems to insinuate, that they were capable of the meanest Tricks to procure Witnesses; and that he would be careful to search into the Characters of every Witness they should produce, to see if they were bribed.

[z] This is said in Derision, and not in Earnest.

Senator can be found who is willing to oblige you.

Nor am I under any Apprehensions with regard to that other Set who saw so clearly in the Dark; for the Prosecutors give out, that they can produce Citizens to prove, that as their Wives were returning from Supper, they were ruffled by *Cælius*. They must be very wise Persons, who will venture to advance such a Fact as this upon Oath, when they must admit, at the same time, that they never once proposed a Reference, nor entered upon any Steps towards Redress for these enormous Insults!

But, my Lords, the whole Nature of this Attack you now understand; and when it is made, you ought to repel it. For my Client is not accused by those by whom he is attacked. The Darts aimed at him are publickly thrown, but privately furnished. Nor do I speak this to cast a Slur upon those Gentlemen [a], to whom this very Circumstance ought to do Honour: They do their Duty; they defend their Friends; they act like Men of Courage; when

[a] The Accusers, *viz. Herennius, Bassus*, and *Atratinus* the Younger.

when wronged, they complain; when angry, they exclaim; and when provoked, they fight [b]. But, my Lords, your Wiſdom muſt direct you, that though theſe brave Men may have good Reaſons for their attacking *Marcus Cælius*, yet never can that be any Reaſon why you ſhould have greater Regard for another's Reſentment, than your own Reputation. You ſee what Multitudes are in the *Forum*, and how various the Natures and Paſſions of thoſe who crowd it. Of all their Numbers, how many do you imagine uſe to preſs their Services, to make their Court, and offer their Evidence to Men of Power, Popularity, and Eloquence, when they think they have any View to ſerve.

If any ſuch ſhould intrude themſelves at this Trial, let your Wiſdom, my Lords, diſappoint their Forwardneſs; thus ſhall you appear to provide at once for the Safety of my Client, your own Conſciences, and the Intereſt of all your Fellow-Citizens, againſt the dangerous Encroachments of Power. And here

[b] This ſeems to refer to *Atratinus* the Accuſer, who gladly embraced this Opportunity of accuſing *Cælius*, in Revenge of his accuſing *Atratinus* the Father. It has no Relation to *Duelling*, a Cuſtom unknown among the *Greeks* and *Romans*, and a pernicious *Remain* of the Barbarity of the *Goths*, by whom it was brought in Faſhion.

give me Leave to detach you from *oral* Evidence, and not to ſuffer the unvariable Juſtice of my Client's Plea to be reſted upon the Affections of any Witneſs, which may be formed, moulded, and influenced with great Eaſe. Let me deal in Arguments; then ſhall I refute their Charge by Circumſtances more ſtriking than Light itſelf: Facts ſhall be oppoſed to Facts; Motives to Motives, and Concluſion to Concluſion.

THEREFORE, with Pleaſure, I heard the weighty and elegant Defence made by *Marcus Craſſus*, who ſpoke to the *Neapolitan* Seditions; the beating of the *Alexandrian* Envoys at *Puteoli*; and the Goods of *Pallas*. I wiſhed he had likewiſe touched upon the Affair of *Dion*; but I do not ſee how that could be to your Purpoſe, ſince the Perſon who committed the Fact, is not even afraid to own it. For *Publius Aſcitius*, who was impeached as aiding and abetting in the Action, was acquitted upon his Trial. But of what Nature muſt that Crime be, when the Man who committed it does not deny it; the Man who has denied it, is acquitted? And ſhall it endanger only the Perſon who was not acceſſary to the Perpetration, nay, who cannot be preſumed to

be

be conſcious to the Intention of ſuch an Act? But if that Proſecution did more Service than it occaſioned Reflections to *Aſcitius*, ſhall thy Slander affect the Man who has not been ſuſpected, who has not even been belied as acceſſary to ſuch an Action?

But it will be ſaid, *Aſcitius* was acquitted by a Colluſion in the Proſecution. This Objection may be eaſily anſwered in this Place; and eſpecially by me, who, in that Proſecution, acted for the Defendant. But *Cælius* is of Opinion, that *Aſcitius* had the beſt Plea. But however that may be, he thinks it ought to be quite diſtinct from his own. Not only *Cælius*, but other Youths of the fineſt natural and acquired Parts, endowed with the moſt upright Intentions, and the moſt excellent Knowledge, I mean the Coponii, *Titus* and *Caius*, who, of all others, diſcovered the moſt ſenſible Affliction at the Death of *Dion*, and were charmed by his Hoſpitality, and the more agreeable Entertainment of his Learning and Humanity. *Dion* lived, as you have heard, with *L. Lucceius*, to whom he was known at *Alexandria*; and the Character which he, or his Brother, who is a Man of the greateſt Diſtinction, ſhall give to *Marcus*

Cælius, you may hear from themſelves, if they are brought into Court. But let me leave that, and at length proceed to the Merits of the Cauſe.

I OBSERVED, my Lords, that you have, with much Attention, heard my Friend, *L. Herennius*, in whom, though in a great meaſure you were inchanted by his Wit and Manner of Expreſſion, yet have I ſometimes been afraid, that this ſly ſubtle Method of introducing a Charge, might gradually and inſenſibly, at laſt, inſinuate itſelf into your Belief. For he talked a great deal about Luxury; a great deal about Luſt; a great deal about the Vices of Youth; and a great deal about their Manners: And the ſame Gentleman, who, in all other Lights of Life is gentle, and an agreeable Maſter of that mild Humanity which wins the Affections of Mankind, was, on this Occaſion, as teſty as an old Uncle, a Cenſor, or a School-Maſter. He rated *Marcus Cælius* more than ever a Parent did a Son, and gave him a long Lecture upon Intemperance and Incontinency. What ſhall I ſay, my Lords? I could not blame you for attentively liſtening to a moroſe harſh

Me-

Method of ſpeaking, which, I own, ſhocked myſelf.

THE firſt Part, which gave me no great Concern, run upon *Cælius* being intimate with my Friend *Beſtia*; that he ſupped with him; that he often viſited at his Houſe; and was his Friend when he ſtood for the Prætorſhip. Theſe Things, as they are evidently falſe, give me no Concern. For thoſe who, he ſays, ſupped with them, are either abſent, or under a Neceſſity of giving in the ſame Evidence. Nor am I ſtartled at his ſaying that *Cælius* was his Mate in the *Lupercal* Games[c]. For the Company of the true *Luperci* is of wild, clowniſh, and ruſtic Original; and the Inſtitution of their paſtoral Meetings is more ancient than that of Government and Laws. Since its *Fellows* not only mutually accuſe each other, but in their Accuſations mention each their very *Bye-Laws*, leſt to thoſe who are not in the Secret, they ſhould appear to act irregularly[d].

[c] The *Lupercalia* were Games inſtituted in Honour of *Pan*. They that celebrated them, uſed to run naked up and down the Streets, and were called *Luperci*. They had, it ſeems, an odd ſavage Cuſtom of expoſing one another's Faults, and even profeſſed, that every Member of their Society acted conſiſtently with the Rules of their Inſtitution, when he endeavoured to blacken a Brother *Lupercus*.

[d] The Words in the Original in ſome Editions run, *Si quis id forte*

But, waving all this, I ſhall proceed to what gives me more Concern. His Schooling upon Dalliance was long, but gentle; it appeared to be rather Declamation than an Invective, and therefore begat the more Attention. As for my Friend *Publius Clodius* [e], while he gave himſelf high and violent Airs, and, in all the Rage of Paſſion, daſhed about his tragical Words in a furious Tone, I thought indeed well enough of his Eloquence, but it put me under no great Apprehenſion; for I have ſeen him wrangling in the ſame manner in other Cauſes, and all to no Purpoſe. But now, *Balbus*, by your good Leave, I will anſwer you, if I may preſume, if I may venture to defend a Man who never diſcouraged a Banquet of any kind, who deals in Perfumes, and has been at the *Baii* [f].

It

forte neſciat timere videatur; in others, *Si id forte neſciat timere videantur*; in others, *Si id forte neſciat temere videantur*: And *Abramius* prefers the following Reading to all the others, *Ut ne quis id forte neſciat timere videantur*; which, according to him, makes the Senſe of the Paſſage this: 'They boaſt of their being Members of the Fraternity when they accuſe, as if they were afraid leſt any one ſhould not diſcover them to belong to it.'

[e] This is a very humorous Picture of an over-heated Speaker, whoſe Words generally fall ineffectual to the Ground.

[f] The *Baii* was the celebrated Retirement of the *Roman* People of Faſhion at certain Seaſons. It was famous for Springs of warm

It is true, I have both ſeen and heard of a great Number in this City, who having not only gently ſipped, and as we ſay dipt their Finger-ends into, this manner of Life, but plunged their whole Youth into Pleaſures, have ſometimes emerged; have, as the Saying is, *huſbanded* what they had, and at laſt proved great and eminent Men. For every body admits that ſome Scope is to be given to young Men; and that the Effuſion of the youthful Paſſions is directed by Nature herſelf. If by their Eruption no Life is endangered, no Houſe demoliſhed, then are they generally thought to be gentle and venial.

But to me, from the common Stain of Youth, you ſeemed to endeavour to fix ſome Charge upon *Cælius*. Therefore all that deep Silence, with which your Speech was heard, proceeded from the Reflections we were led into upon the general Immorality of the Age, from a particular Inſtance. But it is eaſy to bring a Charge againſt Luxury. It would employ me till Night, ſhould I endeavour to go

warm Water, where they uſed to bathe; in ſhort, in every Thing it ſo much reſembled our *Bath*, that it may be very properly tranſlated *Bath*, were it not that it would give a Tranſlation too modern an Air.

through all that might be ſaid on that Head. A Declamation on Debaucheries, Adulteries, Wantonneſs, and Expences, were endleſs. Though you had not in your Eye any particular Perſon, yet Vice in general is a Subject that would admit of a grave and copious Arraignment. But, my Lords, your Wiſdom will direct you not to wander from the particular Charge, nor when the Proſecutor ſhall ſtimulate your Severity and Gravity[g], and point it againſt Crimes, againſt Vices, againſt Immoralities, and againſt the Times, will you diſcharge your Indignation upon a Man who is brought to your Bar, and who, not by his own Crimes, but the Vices of many, is now liable to an Imputation by him unmerited.

Therefore dare I not venture to return that Anſwer to your Severity which it deſerves; for I meant to be an Advocate, and to plead for ſome Indulgence to the Sallies of Youth. This, I ſay, I dare not venture upon, nor urge the Privilege of green Years: I diſclaim the Plea, which to all others is admitted of. All I beg

[g] There is in the Original ſomewhat ſo exquiſitely humourſome, and at the ſame Time ſo delicate, that it is next to impoſſible to preſerve the Beauty of the Author, and not offend the Chaſtity of the Reader.

I beg is, if there lies againſt this Age a general Charge, which I own to be heavy, of running into Debt, of Petulance and youthful Luſts, that neither the Crimes of others, nor the Vices of the Times and Age, may operate to the Prejudice of my Client. At the ſame time, while I beg for this, I don't refuſe to anſwer pointedly to all the Crimes that are charged upon him in particular.

THERE are two Charges, one relating to Gold, the other to Poiſon, urged againſt the ſame Perſon: It is ſaid that Gold was borrowed of *Clodia*, and a Poiſon prepared to diſpatch her. Every thing elſe urged is not criminal, but ſcandalous, and more properly the Subject of a ſcolding Bout, than a public Trial. To call *Adulterer*, *Whoremaſter*, *Pimp*, is to rail, not to accuſe. For ſuch Charges there is not ſo much as a Foundation where ye can fix them; they are opprobrious *Terms*, raſhly poured out, without any Grounds, by a paſſionate Accuſer.

I HAVE the Source, I have the Author, I have the preciſe Principle and Riſe [h] of all theſe

[h] In the Original the Words are, *Certum, Nomen, & Caput*, about the true Meaning of which, among the *Romans*, Critics and Com-

these Calumnies in my Eye. There was a Necessity for Gold [i]; he borrowed it of *Clodia*; he borrowed it without any Evidence, and he had it as long as he pleased. Here I can perceive a strong Presumption of a certain prodigious Intimacy. He had a Mind to kill the same Lady; he looked out for Poison; he applied to all he could; he prepared it; he fixed on the Place; he brought it. Here again I can discern the most inveterate Hatred, with a most cruel Quarrel broken out. In this whole Affair, my Lords, we have to do with *Clodia*, a Woman not only noble but notorious, of whom I shall say nothing, but so far as I am obliged for the Vindication of my Client.

But, *Cneius Domitius*, your distinguished Penetration informs you, that our Business lies with her only; if she denies that she lent Gold to *Cælius*; if she does not affirm that he prepared Poison for her, we are guilty of Slander,

Commentators have made such a Pother; but without minding what they have advanced on that Head, I have translated them in that Way, which I thought made *Cicero* speak the best Sense.

[i] It is very probable, that this Gold was in Plate and Jewels, which *Cælius* had received for an immediate Occasion to be returned to *Clodia*; otherwise *Cicero* would have spoke of the Loan not by the Word *Sumpsisset*, but *Credidisset*, or *Mutuo dedisset*.

der, by our mentioning the Mother of a Family[k], in a manner that is inconſiſtent with the Decency which the Sanctity of Matrons requires. But ſince, were that Lady out of the Queſtion, there neither would be a Crime of which my Client could be convicted, nor any Money to carry on the Proſecution, what ought we, who are his Advocates, to do, but to repel thoſe who attack us? This indeed I would do with great Keenneſs, did there not ſubſiſt Animoſities betwixt me and that Lady's Huſband[l];——I mean her Brother;——I ſtill fall into that Miſtake. Now I will act coolly, nor advance a Step farther than my Duty, and the Intereſt of my Client oblige me; for I have always thought it unbecoming me to harbour any Reſentment againſt a Woman; eſpecially a Lady who has the Character of extending her Good-Nature to all the World, rather than of ſhewing her Spite to any particular Male.

BUT

[k] Among the *Romans* the Words *Mater Familias* and *Matrona*, were uſed promiſcuouſly, to ſignify a Lady of chaſte Reputation, whether a Wife or a Widow. We have many Inſtances in the *Roman* Laws and Hiſtory, how much they were honoured both in public and private.

[l] This is a very ſevere Sneer of *Cicero*, ſuch as would be ſuffered in no modern Court of Law without a Reprimand. But we are to conſider, that our Orator took very great Liberties, and the Character of *Clodius* juſtified him in taking a greater Liberty here than uſual.

But let me ask herself[m], whether she chuses that I should treat her in a serious, solemn, old-fashioned, or in a gentle, complaisant, gallant, Manner? If she chuses the sour Manner and Fashion, then must I raise some of the bearded Gentlemen from the Shades, and not such a smock-faced Gentleman as she is fond of, but these bristle-Beards[n] which we see in old Images and Statues, one who will bang my Lady, and speak for me, if she should scold me into Silence. Let some such in her own Family start up; there is the BLIND old Gentle-

[m] This beautiful *Apostrophe* is, perhaps, as artful as any Thing we meet with in *Cicero*'s Writings. We may easily imagine what an Effect the *Contrast* must have had upon the Minds of the Audience, betwixt a Woman of an infamous Life, and her Ancestors of the greatest Reputation and Purity; whose Statues were in the very Court where our Orator was pleading. This Figure requires the most delicate Touches of Art, to work it properly up, as *Cicero* has done here.

[n] I hope this Passage will not appear too ludicrous, when the ingenious Reader shall compare it with the Original, which really conveys a ridiculous enough Idea. *Excitandus est*, says he, *aliquis mihi ex inferis.*——*ex* BARBATIS *illis*, pointing, as we may suppose, to the Statue, which was furnished with a plentiful Crop of Hair; *non hac barbula*, pointing to *Clodius* who was a fine Beau. We may here observe, that in the Time of *Appius Cæcus*, which was in the Year of *Rome* 640, the *Romans* did not use to shave their Beards. But we may conjecture, from a Passage of *Livy*, that they used to shave them about the Year 370. *Vide* Lib. VI. where he says, *Satis constat magnam partem plebis vestem mutasse, multos mortales capillum & barbam promisisse.* "It is plain, says he, that a great Part of the People "changed their Apparel, and that many suffered their Hair and "Beards to grow." Therefore, as *Lipsius* observes, if in Times of public Calamity Beards were suffered to grow, it is evident that at other Times they were shaved.

Gentleman, the moſt proper that can be, for his not being capable to ſee her will ſave him a great deal of Grief. Suppoſing now he were to ſtart up, ſuch would be his Behaviour, and ſuch his Language; "Woman! What "haſt thou to do with *Cælius*? What with a "Stripling? What with a Stranger? Why "was you ſo intimate with him as to lend "him Money? Or why ſuch a Foe as to dread "his Poiſon? Haſt thou not ſeen thy Father? "Haſt thou not heard that thy Uncle, thy "Grandfather, thy Great Grandfather, and "his Father were Conſuls [o]? Art thou inſen-"ſible that thou were married to *Quintus Me-*"*tellus* [p], a brave Nobleman, and a worthy "Patriot, who no ſooner left the Threſhold "of his own Houſe, than he roſe ſuperior "to almoſt all his Countrymen in Merit, in "Glory, and Dignity: When thou thyſelf, "of noble Deſcent, by him were married in-"to an illuſtrious Family, why was *Cælius* "ſo

[o] How moving muſt this have been, in an Aſſembly to which the Memories of all theſe great Men were dear? There were few more illuſtrious Families in *Rome* than that of which this Lady was deſcended.

[p] This was one of the fineſt Gentlemen in *Rome*, and a Man of great Quality: *Cicero* cannot help however, throwing an oblique Reflection here upon him, that it may the more ſtrongly affect *Clodia*; for he inſinuates, that while he was within Doors, he was little better than any other of her quiet Huſbands. However, it is very probable, that the Ignominy of being a Cuckold, was not near ſo great then, as it is now.

" so much thy Intimate; Was he thy Cousin, " thy Relation, or the Bosom-Friend of thy " Husband[q]! He was none of these. What " could be the Reason, but Lust, hood-wink'd " Lust? If thou art unmoved at seeing the " manly Images of our Family, ought not my " Descendant, ought not the Example of that " *Quinta Clodia*[r], to have invited thee into a " Competition for the Female Glory of Do" mestic Virtue? Ought not *Clodia*, that " Vestal Virgin, who embracing her trium" phant Father, prevented his being torn from " his Car[s] by a spiteful Tribune of the People?

[q] The Antients carried their Notions of Friendship very far; so far sometimes as to lose Sight of the *Husband*, in preserving the Character of the Friend. Not to mention the famous Instance of *Cato*; *Plutarch*, in his conjugal Precepts, lays it down as a Maxim, that a Wife ought to have no private Friendships, but to treat all her Husband's Friends as her own.

[r] This was the Lady who gave a very extraordinary Proof of her Chastity, by pulling a Ship with her Girdle up the River, while it stuck fast in the Strand, and could not be moved by all the Force that was applied.

[s] There is somewhat in this Story, that to a Modern seems ridiculous and improbable. We are told in the Story of this Fact, " That the General, who was Father (*Suetonius* says Bro" ther) to this Lady, entered in a triumphant Manner, without " any Decree of the People, and against the Will of the Tri" bunes, into *Rome*; but that she found Means to jump into the " Chariot, and by sitting along with her Father all the Time, " till he got to the Capitol, prevented his being torn out of his " triumphal Car." But this is easily reconciled to Probability, by reflecting upon the prodigious Regard that was paid among the *Romans* to Vestal Virgins, who, as such, had a Right to all the Privileges of Matrons. Among their other Privileges, they had that of never being removed by the Magistrates out of their Seat

"ple? Why art thou affected more with the "Vices of a Brother, than with the Virtues "of a Father and a Grandfather, which have "devolved from me upon the Females, as well "as the Males of my Family? Did I tear my "Country from the Thoughts of a Peace with "*Pyrrhus*[t]? And ſhalt thou daily enter into "Intrigues of obſcene Amours? Did I bring "in the Water that ſupplies this City, that "thou mighteſt uſe it to thy inceſtuous Pur-"poſes? Did I lay a Road[u], that it might "ſerve as a Parade for thee and thy Train of "Gallants?"

BUT what am I doing, my Lords! I have introduced ſo grave a Character, that I am afraid the ſame *Appius* may ſuddenly turn to the other Side, and with his cenſorial Severity, begin to ſchool *Cælius*. But I ſhall ſpeak of that preſently, and in ſuch a Manner, my Lords, that I hope to vindicate the Morals of

Marcus

Seat in any public Aſſembly; and this probably, with the vaſt Regard paid to her as Prieſteſs, was the Reaſon why the Tribune was obliged to ſuffer her quietly to go along.

[t] This is a noted Story and became proverbial. See the firſt *Philippic*. The Fact was, that this old Man, though blind, was carried into the Senate Houſe, where he diſſuaded the Senate from accepting the Offers of Peace propoſed by *Cineas*, the Miniſter of *Pyrrhus*.

[u] This is the famous *Via Appia*, which is ſtill to be ſeen entire, except in thoſe Parts which have been ruined by Earthquakes.

Marcus Cælius to the ſevereſt Inquiſitors. But you, Madam, for now I ſpeak to you not in a borrowed, but my own Character, if you dream of proving your Actions, your Words, your Forgeries, your Machinations, your Arguments, there is a Neceſſity of your Accounting for, and laying forth, all this exceſſive Intimacy, this exceſſive Friendſhip, this exceſſive Familiarity. While our Accuſers talk ſo freely of Intrigues, Amours, Adulteries, the *Baiæ*, the Banquets, Collations, Songs, Concerts, and Pleaſure-Boats, they at the ſame Time own, that they have their Inſtructions from you. But ſince you was ſo blindly, ſo wilfully, ſo unaccountably obſtinate, as to be brought into the Forum [w], and before this Court, you muſt either diſown and diſprove all they have advanced, or confeſs there is no Credit to be given either to your Accuſation, or to your Evidence.

But if you would have me accoſt you in a more polite Manner, I will treat you thus; I will remove that grim, that almoſt ſavage old Fellow; I will pitch upon one of theſe Gentlemen preſent; your younger Brother rather

[w] Becauſe there her Perſon was expoſed to Inſults on Account of her infamous Character.

ther than any, who is quite a Maſter in this kind of Politeneſs; who has a mighty Liking for you, and from a ſtrange natural *Fearfulneſs*, and haunted, I ſuppoſe, by ſome Phantoms in the dark, lay every Night with you, like a *little Maſter* as he is with his *elder Siſter* *. Suppoſe then that he thus accoſts you, " Why, my Siſter, in this Flurry? Why " in this Diſtraction of Mind? Why ſhriek " out, and make ſo much ado about a Trifle? " You have gazed upon your handſome young " Neighbour; his delicate Complexion, his " graceful Shape, his Face and Eyes have ſmit " you. You wiſh to ſee him often; ſome- " times a Woman of Quality appears in the " ſame Gardens; all your Riches can't fix " in your Arms the young Gentleman, though " not yet emancipated from an old griping " Father. He ſpurns, he ſpits at, he under- " values your Preſents.——Go ſomewhere " elſe.——You have Gardens near the *Ty-* " *ber*; and have taken great Care to fit up an " Apartment near to where all our young

 " Gentle-

* I am very ſenſible, that to a Reader of Taſte, who has not the Original before his Eye, this Paſſage may appear too much modernized. But I will venture to ſay, that the Words cannot be tranſlated otherwiſe; that if *Cicero* had been to ſpeak this Paſſage in *Engliſh*, he would have uſed the ſame Expreſſion. The Original is *Puſio cum majore Sorore*. There is indeed an Inſinuation conveyed by the Word *Puſio*, which I neither chuſe to expreſs, nor is it neceſſary that it ſhould be expreſſed.

"Gentlemen bathe; from thence you may
"read their *Proposals*. Why do you teaze
"one who loathes you?"

Let me now, *Cœlius*, address you in your Turn, and here will I personate the Authority and Gravity of a Father: But in what Character of a Father am I to act? In that of the passionate unrelenting Sire in *Cæcilius*[y]:

——*Now all my Soul is in a Blaze,*
And my Heart labours with its swelling Passion.

Or, shall I assume that other Character;

O Wretch! O Reprobate!
But these Fathers have Souls of Flint.
What can I say, or what can I propose,
When thy foul Deeds defeat my best Intentions?
The Reproaches of such a Father would be almost intolerable.
Why did'st thou court the Neighbourhood of Whores?
From the gross Baits why didst thou not retire?
Why clasp a lewd Adultress to thy Bosom?

Here

[y] This *Cæcilius* was a Comic Poet, and dealt very much in Characters of the grave and morose Kind.

Here squander, dissipate, you may for me.
If griping Want shall seize thee, thou must mourn.
I have a Competency that will serve
To prop the stooping Remnant of my Years.

To this dis-spirited, decrepid old Man, *Cælius* might answer, that he had been enticed from the right Path, by no Lust of the Eye. But how can you prove that?——No Extravagance of Expence; no Diminution of Fortune; no running into Debt.——But the Thing was talked of.——But who can help being talked of in a City so full of Scandal? Is it surprizing that a Neighbour of this Lady should be scandalized, when her own Brother could not escape the Slanders of the Malicious? But to a gentle indulgent Parent, who should talk at this Rate; *Has he broke open Doors? They shall be repaired. Has he torn a Garment? It shall be mended.* The Boy has a ready Apology, for in such Circumstances, how easy is it for one to be vindicated? I speak nothing of this Lady; but if there is one of a Character different from her's, who has been a common Prostitute, who has always lived in an avowed Lewdness with some one or other, who orders her Gardens, Houses, and

Bagnios, to be thrown open to a promiscuous Traffic in every Impurity; who even maintains young Men, whose Purse makes amends for the sparing Allowances of closefisted Fathers; if she is wanton in Widowhood, insolent in Airs, profuse in Wealth, and if her Lusts should lead her into a *keeping Expence*, can I think a Man an Adulterer, who shall make some free Addresses to such a Lady?

I MAY be told; "Is it thus you train up "young Gentlemen? Did his Father recom"mend him, when a Boy, and deliver him to "you, that you might initiate his Youth into "Lewdness and Pleasures? Wilt thou be an "Advocate for such a Course of Life and "Studies?" My Lords, if there is a Man endued with such Fortitude of Soul, with such Dispositions to Virtue and Chastity, as to reject all Pleasures, as to finish his Career of Life with the Toils of the Body and the Pursuits of the Mind; a Man who has no Taste for Repose, none for Relaxation, none for the Pleasures of his Equals, none for Diversions, none for Banquets; who is persuaded that in Life there ought to be no other End proposed that does not unite the *Great* with the *Graceful*, I shall freely own, that he is furnished, that he is embellished with cer-

tain

tain ſupernatural Qualifications. Such as I take it were the *Camilli* [z], the *Fabricii*, the *Curii* and all thoſe Heroes, who, from a narrow Foundation, reared this Empire to ſuch Glory and Greatneſs.

But Virtues, ſuch as theirs, are not now to be found in the Lives, nay, ſcarce in the Writings of Mankind. Even the very Scrolls which contain this Severity of former Ages, are antiquated, not only with us who have profeſſed ſuch an Inſtitution, and ſuch a Method of Living, more by our *Actions* than our *Words*; but even with the *Greeks*, thoſe very learned Philoſophers [a], who when they could no longer practice what was honeſt and great in Life, were ſtill at Liberty to recommend it in their Speeches and Writings. Another Syſtem of Morality has prevailed, ſince new Cuſtoms were introduced into *Greece*.

[z] *Camillus*, when drawn into Exile by his Countrymen, ſuccoured his ungrateful native Country, when *Rome* was ſeized by the *Gauls*, and the Capitol beſieged. *Fabricius* refuſed Money, when offered him by *Pyrrhus*, and was ſo exceſſively poor, that by a Decree of the Senate, he was buried at the Charges of the Public. *Curius* triumphed over the *Samnites*, and diſtributed to every one of the People four Acres of Ground; chuſing only ſo many for himſelf, becauſe he thought theſe were ſufficient for any one.

[a] He here means the *Stoicks*.

For this Reaſon ſome of their Sages[b] maintained, that Pleaſure is the ultimate End of the Actions of the *Wiſe*; nor have even Men of Learning been averſe to that ſhameful Tenet. Others have thought[c], that Dignity ought to be united with Pleaſure, that they might have an Opportunity to *talk* Things, which in their own Natures had a direct Repugnancy to one another, into Union. They who maintained, that the only way to Glory was through Toil, are now left almoſt ſolitary[d] within their Schools, for many are the Blandiſhments that Nature herſelf has implanted within us, and which the Lethargy of Virtue indulges; many ſlippery Paths does ſhe point out to Youth in which they can ſcarce either ſtand or tread, without a Misfortune or a Fall; and great is the pleaſing Variety ſhe affords, with which Mankind not only in their Bloom, but even in their Maturity, are apt to be inchanted. There-

[b] Theſe were the *Epicureans*.

[c] He here has in his Eye one *Callipho*.

[d] And deſervedly, ſays *Manutius*, for having taught that thoſe Pleaſures which charm the Soul, are to be abſtained from, *Æliani Var*. Hiſt. lib. iii. cap. 32. " When one *Calliſtus*, a Strum-" pet, ſaid to *Socrates*, I, O *Socrates*, am greater than you; you " can deprive me of none of my Gallants, but I, if I have a " Mind, can deprive you of all your Scholars. You are in " the Right, replied *Socrates*, for you lead aſide People into a " Declivity, but I force them to aſcend to Virtue; the Way " to which is ſteep, and trod by few."

Therefore, if by Chance you find a Man whoſe Eye deſpiſes the Beauty of Order, who indulges no Senſation of Smell, Touch, or Taſte, and whoſe Ears ſhut out all Harmony, I, and a few others perhaps, may think that the Gods have *bleſſed* ſuch a Perſon, but many more will think that they have *curſed* him.

Let us therefore abandon this Path which is now deſart, uncouth, and choaked with Weeds and Briars; let ſome Allowances be made to Youth; let it enjoy more Liberty; let not Pleaſure be debarred in every Inſtance; let not Reaſon, uninfluenced and unbyaſſed *by Paſſion*, always take Place. To Paſſion and Pleaſure let Reaſon ſometimes give Way, provided, when that is the Caſe, they are regulated by Decency and Moderation. Let the young Man be tender of his own Chaſtity; let him not injure that of another; let him not diſſipate his Fortune; let him not be eat up by Mortgages; let him not invade another Man's Houſe, nor his Reputation. Let him not aim Slander at the Chaſte, Defilement at the Uncorrupted, nor Infamy at the Worthy. Let him terrify none by Violence, nor overreach them by Treachery; let him be free from premeditated Guilt. Laſtly, when he

ſhall obey the Calls of Pleaſure, when he ſhall allot ſome Part of his Time to the Diverſions of his Age, and theſe trifling Purſuits of Youth, let him ſometimes recal his Thoughts to the Concerns of his Family, the Concerns of the Forum, the Concerns of his Country, that he may ſeem to have diſcarded through Satiety, and deſpiſed from Experience, thoſe Objects which he had not before viewed with the cool Eye of Reaſon.

AND indeed, my Lords, there have been many great Men and illuſtrious Citizens in our Days, in the Days of our Fathers and Forefathers, in whom, when the Ebullitions of youthful Deſire have ſubſided, the moſt excellent Virtues have in more advanced Life ſprung up. I need not deſcend to Particulars, you yourſelves may recollect them, for I am unwilling, while I ſpeak of any brave and honourable Man[e], to join the *Mention* of his ſmalleſt Failing, to the *Praiſe* of his greateſt Perfection. Did I think myſelf at Freedom to do this, I might produce Inſtances of many great and accompliſhed Perſons, and yet touch on the youthful Licentiouſneſs of ſome, on the ex-

[e] He, perhaps, here means *Catulus* and *Cæſar*; whoſe Youths were ſtained with Vices, but who, in advanced Years, were famous for the oppoſite Virtues.

extravagant Luxury, the enormous Debt, and expenſive Pleaſures of others. Vices, which afterwards being effaced by many Virtues, might be excuſed by the craving Appetite of Youth.

BUT, *Marcus Cælius*, for I can now with more Boldneſs mention his honeſt Purſuits, ſince, preſuming on your Wiſdom, I have admitted of ſome Slips in his Conduct, can be taxed with no Luxury, no Extravagance, no Debt, no Lewdneſs in Revels or *Receſſes*. Age, far from diminiſhing, even adds to the Luſts of the Belly and the Palate [f]. But Intrigues, and that we call Dalliances, whoſe Cravings uſe to be a good deal mortified in Men

[f] Among the Luſts of the Palate the Ancients reckoned Drinking. This was an Exceſs in which they were ſtill more indulgent to old Men than the Moderns are; nay, from ſome of their Writings, one would be apt to imagine, that they thought Drinking an inſeparable Companion to old Age. *Plutarch* in his *Apophthegms*, brings in *Antipater*, ſaying, that *Deniades* the Orator, when he grew old, compared himſelf *to a Victim which was conſumed all to the Tongue and the Belly*. *Plato*, though he is abſolutely againſt young Men indulging themſelves in Wine, yet he is for allowing old Men to go ſo far as *even to forget their Cares, and endeavour to thaw their Blood into a florid Youthfulneſs*. See *De Leg.* ii. And one of *Plutarch*'s *Sympoſian* Queſtions is, *Why do old Men love Wine?* The divine *Homer* has kept up this Character in *Neſtor*, in a very humourſome Line:

Νέςιορα δ' ὐκ ἔλαθεν ἰαχὴ πίνοντά περ ἔμπης.

Which *Anſonius* tranſlates,

Concuſſit quamvis potantem Neſtora *clamor*.

Men of more ſedate Underſtanding (for they ſoon and ſuddenly fade,) theſe never engroſſed, never encumbered him. You heard him when he ſpoke for himſelf; you heard him before, when he ſpoke as a Proſecutor; I ſay this to defend his Perſon, and not to boaſt of his Genius; your Wiſdom directed you to obſerve the Nature of his Speech, the Command, the Copiouſneſs of his Periods and Expreſſions. There you obſerved in him not only the Effulgence of Genius, (which often, without Cultivation, has irreſiſtible Force) but a Language, if I am not prejudiced in his Favour, directed by Reaſon, founded upon laudable Studies, and poliſhed by Care and Vigilance.

And know ye, my Lords, that it is hard to find the Paſſions which are laid to the Charge of *Cælius*, and thoſe Purſuits which I have illuſtrated, united in the ſame Perſon. For it is impoſſible that a Mind engroſſed by Lewdneſs, by Amours, by Deſire, by Paſſion, often embarraſſed by Wealth, ſometimes checked by Want, can ſupport the Activity, nay, the Thinking that is required in forming an Eloquence, even ſuch as mine, however ſlender it may be.

Do

Do you imagine [g] there can be any other Reaſon why there are now, and ever have been, ſo few who have applied to the Study of Eloquence, though its Prizes are ſo tempting, its Practice ſo bewitching, its Praiſe, Popularity, and Glory ſo great? All Pleaſures muſt be ſpurned away; all delightful Purſuits abandoned; Diverſions, Laughing, and Entertainments; nay, my Lords, almoſt the very Company of our intimate Friends muſt be relinquiſhed. Theſe are the Hardſhips that deter Mankind from the painful Study of this Art, and not the Defects either of Genius or Education.

But if *Cælius* had abandoned himſelf to a ſcandalous Courſe of Life, would he, while a very Youth, have arraigned a Man of Conſular Dignity? Would a Perſon, if averſe to Application, and bewitched with Pleaſure, have

[g] *Cicero* every where takes Occaſion to extol the Dignity, and exaggerate the Difficulty of his Art. Several Inſtances of this the Reader has already had, in the Orations againſt *Cæcilius*, and for *Archias* the Poet. And indeed we can eaſily conceive, not only from the Beauty of his, but of other Orations of Antiquity, that the Study of Eloquence was one of the moſt difficult, both with Regard to the Exerciſe of the Body and the Mind. It was the Decay, therefore, of the Severity of Manners, that ruined this Art; for under the Emperors, a quite different Manner prevailed. But for this, ſee the Preface to this Tranſlation.

have daily gone through his Exercise on this Parade[h]? Would he have courted Enmity? Would he have brought Impeachments? Would he have ventured to incur a Capital Danger[i]? Would he, while all the People of *Rome* were Spectators, have, during so many Months, struggled either for Safety or Renown?

But is that Neighbourhood he affected, no ways rank? Does the World whisper? Do the Waters of the *Baiæ* murmur nothing[k]? Yes; they don't murmur only, but they roar out, that the Lewdness of this Woman is so barefaced, that she has not now recourse to Solitude, to Darkness, and the blind Haunts of criminal Intercourse, but openly avows the most scandalous Practices, before all the World, and in broad Day. But if any Man thinks, that even simple Fornication[l] is to

[h] *Hac Arie*, says my Author.

[i] By this our Author does not mean the Danger of his Life. For among the *Romans*, several Punishments besides that of Death were capital, such as Banishment, Fines, Branding; therefore *Cicero* means, that if he had failed in his Proof, he was liable to have been convicted in an Action of Calumny, the Punishment for which, by the *Roman* Law, was what they called Capital.

[k] This is a very ingenious Allusion of our Author; and in the Manner in which we may suppose he pronounced it, it must have had a great Effect upon the Audience.

[l] This Expression, I own, seems too modernized; a Fault I have still been careful to avoid; but if the Reader will consider the Original, which is *Meretriciis amoribus*, I hope he will pardon

to be denied to Youth, I own he is very ſevere: I dare not contradict him; but I will venture to ſay, that by ſuch an Aſſertion he condemns not only the Licenciouſneſs of this Age, but even the Cuſtoms and Indulgencies of our Anceſtors. For when was it not practiſed? When found fault with? When not tolerated? Or, in ſhort, when was there a Time in which a Thing allowable was diſallowed? Here will I fix the Nature of the Cauſe; I ſhall name no Lady, but leave that to your own Conjectures.

If a ſingle Woman ſhould ſet her Doors open to the Luſts of the World, and openly profeſs herſelf of the Order of Whores [m], and drive

don it. As to the Morality comprehended in the general Doctrine of this Oration, I ſhall leave it to be anſwered by the other Paſſages of our Author's Writings, after putting him in Mind, that *Cicero* here talks as a Counſel in a Cauſe very intereſting for himſelf; and therefore we may preſume that he advanced a great many Things on that Occaſion, which he would not upon any other; and which he would have confuted, had they been urged by a Party oppoſite to his Intereſt.

[m] This I have tranſlated literally. The Original is, *Palamque ſeſe in* meretricia vita *collocarit*. To underſtand this rightly, it may be neceſſary to inform the Reader, that a Woman who had a Mind to enter into this Order, was obliged by Law and Cuſtom, to profeſs or declare her Intention before the *Ædiles*. After they had done that, they might take Money. It is very probable that the Ceremony of this Profeſſion was fixed to a certain Day of the Year, and that ſeveral previous Acts of Devotion were required, ſuch as paying their Vows to *Venus*, &c.

Aphrodiſia hodie Veneris *eſt feſtus dies*;
Oratum ierunt deam ut eſſet ſibi propitia. PLAUT.

drive a Trade in making Entertainments for mere Strangers: If ſhe ſhall practiſe this in the City, in her Gardens, and amidſt the numerous Company at the *Baiæ*; in ſhort, if ſhe ſhould behave in ſuch a Manner, as that by her Geſture, nay, by her Dreſs and Equipage, and not only by her Eyes ſparkling, or her Tongue tipt with Luſt, but by Huggs, by Kiſſes on the Water, in the Pleaſure-Boat, and at the Banquet, ſhe appears not practiſed only, but inſolent in Lewdneſs [n]; if, I ſay, a young Gentleman ſhall be along with ſuch a Woman, give me leave to aſk you, *Herennius*, whether you would conſider him as an Adulterer, or a Gallant; as deſigning to ſtorm her Virtue, or to ſatiate her Venery?

Clodia, I now forget my Wrongs [o]; I now put off all Reſentment for the Anguiſh I bore; I paſs over your Acts of Cruelty to my Family while I was abſent; let not what I have ſaid be applied to you. But as the Proſecutors pre-

[n] The Original is, *non ſolum meretrix*, ſed etiam procax.

[o] Our Author was fully conſcious what a great perſonal Authority he had in all Courts, and how diſadvantageous it was for his Antagoniſt to be thought to entertain any perſonal Spite at him: Therefore he never fails to bring in his own Character, in his Pleadings, as often as he can, to influence the Judgment of the Court. As to the Spite which the *Clodian* Family bore him, *ſee his Oration for his own Houſe*, and his *Familiar Epiſtles*, lib. ii. 14.

pretend that they have the Impeachment upon this Affair from you, and that they are to prove the Fact by your Evidence, I demand of yourſelf whether, if there lives a Woman of ſuch a Character as I have juſt now deſcribed, mighty unlike indeed to you, but a profeſt, an avowed Proſtitute, you would look upon a young Gentleman who ſhould have an Affair with her, as an abandoned profligate Wretch? If you are not the Woman I have drawn, as I hope you are not, what can they object to *Cælius*? But if they ſhould admit that you are ſhe, why ſhould we dread a Charge which you deſpiſe? Give us therefore Liberty and Scope to make our Defence; for either your Chaſtity will clear *Cælius* from the Imputation of doing any thing flagrant, or your Impudence will be a ſtrong Plea in his, and other Gentlemen's Favour.

But as I ſeem now to have weathered the Shelves and Shallows of my Speech [p], the reſt of my Voyage appears to be ſmooth and calm. *Cælius* is charged with two of the moſt flagitious Crimes againſt the ſame Lady, with *Gold*,

[p] By this he means the delicate Subject which he had to handle, in extenuating the Gallantry of a young Gentleman, not over famous for Chaſtity; and expoſing the Character of a great Lady, infamous for Lewdneſs.

which he is ſaid to have borrowed of *Clodia*; and with *Poiſon*, by which he was to kill her. He, according to the Proſecutors, borrowed the Money, that he might give it to the Slaves of *Lucius Lucceius*, by whom he was to murder *Dio* the *Alexandrian*, who then lived with *Lucceius*. Heavy is the Charge, either to way-lay Embaſſadors, or to tamper with Slaves to murder their Maſter's Gueſt. This was a Deſign full of Guilt, full of Audaciouſneſs.

In this Charge give me leave to aſk, whether *Cælius* did, or did not acquaint *Clodia* with his Purpoſe in borrowing the Money? If he did not tell her, why did ſhe give it him? If he did, ſhe was intentionally equally criminal with him. What! did you dare to take Gold out of your Shrine? Did you plunder that plundering *Venus* [q] of yours of its Ornaments? Eſpecially as you knew to what a deteſtable Purpoſe that Gold was to be applied; to the Murder of an Envoy; to faſten an

[q] The Statue of *Venus* appears, from many Paſſages of the Antients, to have been an indiſpenſable Piece of Furniture in the Cloſets of Ladies of Pleaſure; and it commonly was very finely ſet out with Jewels: For one of theſe Ladies to aſk for a Jewel for her *Venus*, from her Gallant, was a genteel Way of aſking for a *Conſideration* to herſelf. *Clodia*'s *Venus* ſeems to have been particularly rich.

an eternal Stain of Infamy upon *Lucius Lucceius*, a Man of the greateſt Sanctity and Integrity: Sure your generous Soul ought not to have been acceſſary, your popular Roof * ſubſervient, nor your hoſpitable *Venus* aſſiſting to ſo deteſtable a Crime.

Balbus, aware of all this, has told you, that *Clodia* was in the dark, and being told by *Cælius*, that he borrowed the Gold to dreſs out the Plays. If he was ſo intimate with *Clodia*, as you pretend, by giving ſo many Inſtances of his Lewdneſs, ſurely he would have told her what he deſigned to do with the Gold; if he was not ſo intimate with her, ſhe did not ſupply him with it. Therefore, O extravagant Woman! if *Cælius* told you true, you was conſcious to the Crime which the Gold you gave was to perpetrate; if he did not tell you, then did you not give it.

WHY ſhould I confute this Crime by Arguments, which I may bring without Number? I may ſay, that the Manners of *Marcus Cælius* are far removed from the Blackneſs of ſo much Guilt; it is by no means credible that it ſhould enter into the Head of

* Becauſe the Houſe was open to all Strangers.

a Man of ſo much Capacity, and ſo much Wiſdom, to entruſt an Affair ſo heinouſly criminal, to ſtrange and unknown Slaves. There are Things which my own Cuſtom, and that of other Pleaders, give me a Right to demand, to interrogate the Accuſer: Where *Cælius*, met with the Slaves of *Lucceius*? How he got Acceſs to them? If by himſelf? How raſh he was? If by another? Name the Man. In the Courſe of my Pleading, I am at Liberty to go through all the lurking Suſpicions, and there would be found no Motive, no Place, no Means, no Confidant, no Reaſon to hope either to accompliſh, or to conceal the Crime, nor even the ſmalleſt Trace of ſo deteſtable an Action.

BUT for the Sake of Brevity, and leſt it ſhould be thought that I have laboured to prepare an Oration, I omit all theſe, as they are peculiar to an Orator, (though I might have made ſome Advantage of them, not through any Excellence of my Capacity, but by the Experience and Practice which I have at the Bar) for, my Lords, I have the Evidence of *Lucius Lucceius*[s], a Man of the greateſt Sanctity,

[s] *Cicero* enlarges vaſtly in this Oration, and indeed in all his others, upon perſonal Characters. If all the Characters he has

Sanctity, and Witness of the greatest Weight; a Man whom you easily allow worthy to be joined with you in the Oath of Integrity; who certainly must have heard, and had he heard, he neither would have slighted, nor put up with such a Crime committed by *Lucius Cælius*, against his Honour and Interest. Would a Man, endued with such Good-nature, such Affections, Arts, and Erudition, have slighted the Danger of the Person whom these very Studies endeared to his Soul? And would he, who would have resented such Villainy against a Stranger, have neglected to prevent it, when aimed at his Guest? Would the Man, who would have been afflicted, had it been perpetrated by those whom he did not know, have slighted it, had it been attempted by his own Friends? Would an Action, which had it been committed in a Field, or public Place, must have drawn his Reproaches, have been passed over by him as a Matter of Indifference, though committed in this City, and under his own Roof? Would a learned Man, when another very learned Man was to be taken off by Treachery, have winked at the Design, which he would not have passed by had it been

has drawn in this be just, there never appeared any Thing more ridiculous and unconnected, than this Charge against *Cælius*.

been aimed at a Clown? But, my Lords, why do I keep you any longer? Poſſeſs yourſelves of the Veracity and Weight of this Witneſs, on his Oath, and then weigh with Exactneſs every Tittle of his Evidence. Read the *Evidence*[t] of *Lucceius*.

The Evidence of Lucceius *is read in Court.*

WOULD ye wiſh for more? Do you imagine that Truth and Juſtice are in Perſon to give an oral Evidence? This is the Defence of Innocence herſelf; this is the Speech of Juſtice; this is the genuine Voice of Truth. The Charge has no Preſumption to ſupport it. The Crime has no Arguments to prove it. In the Buſineſs which is ſaid to be perpetrated, there is not the ſmalleſt Appearance of Conſultation, of Time or Place; No-body is produced as Witneſs; No-body named as acceſſary: The whole Charge proceeds from the infamous, the cruel, the guilty, the luſtful Houſe of an Enemy: but the Houſe which is aſperſed with that Imputation of heinous Guilt, is full of Integrity, Humanity, and Truth:

[t] The Reader is deſired to take Notice, that among the *Romans written* Evidence, though ever ſo well atteſted, was not of equal Authority with *oral*. And indeed if we had the Speeches made upon this Occaſion againſt *Cicero*, we would probably find this Circumſtance ſtrongly urged againſt him.

Truth: From this Houſe an Evidence is read to you upon Oath. But were even the Affair we are now debating dubious; which is more probable, that a raſh, impudent, ſpiteful Woman has forged a Crime, or that a grave, wiſe, prudent Perſon, when upon Oath, has given Evidence with the ſtricteſt Veracity?

The Charge of poiſoning now only remains to be diſcuſſed, of which I can neither ſee the Foundation, nor unravel the Deſign. For what Reaſon could *Cælius* have to endeavour to poiſon that Lady? That he might not pay back the Gold? Pray did ſhe demand it? To avoid the Diſcovery of his Guilt? But who charged him? Who would even have mentioned it, had not *Cælius* impeached a certain Perſon? But you have likewiſe heard *Herennius* own [u], that he ſhould never have dropt a Word in Prejudice of *Cælius*, had he not twice impeached his Friend, after being once acquitted of the ſame Crime. Is it then probable that ſo great a Crime was committed upon

[u] This alludes to the Affair of *Polla*, a Friend of *Herennius*, whom *Cælius* had accuſed. From this, and a great many other Paſſages of the Hiſtory of that Time, we may ſee, how frequent Accuſations upon Corruption were amongſt the *Romans*; ſo that there was ſcarce any Man who ſucceeded in his Sollicitations for an Office, who eſcaped that Charge.

upon no Motive? And do you not perceive that a Charge of the moſt heinous Nature is trumpt up, that there may ſeem to have been a Motive to perpetrate another Piece of Villainy?

To whom then did he commit the Execution of it? Whom did he make uſe of as his Accomplice? Whom as his Confidant? Whom did he truſt with the Management of a Villainy, that ſo nearly affected his Reputation and Safety? The Anſwer is, *The Slaves of a Woman*. And was this Man, whom you admit to have Parts, though you ſpitefully ſtrip him of every thing elſe, ſo ſtupid, as to put all that was valuable to him in the Hands of ſtrange Slaves? But what kind of Slaves too? For that is a material Circumſtance[w]. Why Slaves

[w] We find by this Paſſage, which contains a very ſenſible Reflection, in what Awe the *Romans* ſtood even of their Slaves, who by their Miſtreſſes were greatly indulged, for fear they ſhould divulge their Intrigues, and other Wickedneſſes; and indeed it holds true in all Countries, as well as in *Rome*, that Servants, to whom their Maſters intruſt their ſecret Vices, ceaſe to be Servants, and commence Maſters and Tyrants. This was an Obſervation made likewiſe by *Juvenal*, Sat. III. in theſe Words:

Quis nunc diligitur niſi conſcius, &c.

And again;

Nil tibi ſe debere putat nil conferet unquam
Participem qui te ſecreti fecit honeſti.

Plutarch,

Slaves who lived in a saucy bold Familiarity with their Mistress; Slaves, whom he knew

Plutarch, in his Thoughts on the Education of Children, has these Words: "Those who are plunged in Vice, dare not take "the Liberty of reprehending their Servants, much less their "Children." St. *Jerom* has the same Thought, when writing to *Salvina*, concerning the Continuance in a State of Widowhood: "I know, says he, that many who live very retiredly, have not "escaped Infamy on Account of their Servants; who were suspected, either for the sake of their rich Dress, their being corpulent and too blooming, their being of an Age fit for the "Purposes of Lust; or lastly, their discovering an overgrown "Arrogance, from a secret Consciousness of their being beloved, as we commonly say, *underhand*, which when most artfully "dissembled, frequently breaks forth in Instances of Disdain "and Contempt towards their Fellow Servants." In Houses, on the other Hand, where the Laws, Chastity, and Moderation, are observed, Servants are less indulged, and Masters less beloved; for, as the same Author writes to *Furia*, where sacred Chastity reigns, there Frugality is to be found. But where Frugality is, there the Profits of Servants are small; for whatever they don't get, they think taken from them; neither do they consider how much their Master's Income is, but how much they themselves receive. *Juvenal*, in the 9th Satire, has placed this Matter in a very noble and striking Light.

——————— *Sed prodere malunt*
Arcanum quam subrepti patare Salerni
Pro populo faciens quantum Lausella bibebat
Vivendum recte, tum propter plurima, tum de his.
Præcipue causis, ut linguas mancipiorum
Contemnas. Nam lingua mali pessima servi,
Deterior tamen hic, qui liber non erit illis.

He had formerly taken Notice of something of the same Nature in the Servants of his Time, in his 3d Satire, in these Words:

Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

Lisias to *Areopagiticus* speaks thus on the same Subject, πῶς οὐκ οὖν, &c. "what then! should I not be of all Mortals the "most miserable, if I was no longer to treat my Servants as "Servants, but to make them my Masters, through the remaining Part of my Life, by letting them into Secrets of this "kind; and thus by putting myself out of a Capacity, if they "should offend me, of punishing the Offence."

enjoyed Privileges above the Rank of Slavery. For who, my Lord, does not ſee this! or who is not ſenſible that in a Houſe, where the Miſtreſs of a Family is a common Proſtitute, where nothing is done that may be carried abroad; where a Traffic is carried on in Impurity, Luſts, Luxury, in ſhort in every unheard-of Crime and Scandal, that in ſuch a Houſe Slaves are not Slaves, ſince to them every thing is entruſted, and by them managed! Who deal in the ſame Pleaſures! Who are let into every dark Scene! And who even partake in ſome Meaſure of their daily Expences and Luxuries! Did not *Cælius* then ſee this? For if he was ſo familiar with the Lady as you would have him, he knew likewiſe that theſe Slaves were the Companions of their Miſtreſs. But if he did not enter into ſuch Familiarities as you charge him with, how comes he to be ſo very intimate with her Slaves?

But have they forged a Probability for their poiſoning Affair? Whence was it got[x]! How

[x] The whole of this Paſſage is an Imitation of that remarkable Part of his Oration for *Cluentius*, *Quod autem tempus veneni dandi in illo die! in illa frequentia, per quam porro datum! unde ſumptum! quæ deinde interceptio poculi! cur non de integro autem datum. Multa ſunt quæ dici poſſunt, ſed non committam ut videar*

How prepared! By what Means! To whom; and in what Place was it delivered! We are told that he had it at home, and that its Efficacy was tried upon a Slave [y], who was prepared for the Experiment; and by whose sudden Death he proved the Force of the Venom. Immortal Gods! why do you either sometimes wink at the most heinous Guilt of Mankind? Or why reserve present Villainy to future Punishment? For I myself saw, I drunk that Draught [z], the most bitter I ever tasted

videar non dicendo voluisse dicere res enim jam se ipsa defendet. "But on that Day, where was the Time proper for administering the Poison? Or where the Possibility of doing it before so large a Company? Besides, by whom was it given? Or from what Hand was it got? Where, in fine, is the Probability of the Cup's being intercepted? If it was so, why was it not administered afresh? Many Things might be said; but I shall not by Silence insinuate that I inclined to say them: No, the Affair is of such a Nature as to speak for itself." I cannot help observing on this Occasion, that it is not an easy Matter to discover what Parts of *Cicero*'s Works appeared most beautiful to himself; for these he is so vastly fond of, that he either repeats them precisely in the same Words, or else imitates them so closely, that there is scarce a Possibility of distinguishing the one from the other. Hence a Man may justly conclude his own Taste good, if he is pleased with such Passages in *Cicero*, as are either by him repeated in the same Words, or with little Variation.

[y] The Art of Poisoning is perhaps the only destructive one, not improved and refined upon by this Age. The Antients were greater Masters of it than *we, with all the Pains we take have Skill enough to be*; we see here the making it a Study, and barbarously trying its Experiments upon the human Frame, was not uncommon. The *Persians* however, and the *Egyptians*, were still more expert at it than the *Greeks*; and, if we may believe some latter Historians, the *Italian* Ladies of the last two Ages, particularly some of the Family of *Medicis*, were more ingenious in this Art than them all.

[z] This is an Allusion carried on with regard to the Poison and

tasted in my Life, when *Quintus Metellus* was snatched from the Arms, from the Bosom of his Country; and when that Man, who thought himself born for this Empire [a], was in the Bloom of Life, in the Vigour of Health, and the Perfection of Strength, on the third Day after he had been distinguished in the Senate, in the Rostrum, and in the Government, basely taken off from every good Man and this City; at the very Time of his Death, though in other Respects his Senses were clouded, yet the last Pang he felt was for his Country. When fixing his Eyes upon me, all in Tears, with a broken ghastly Tone, he intimated what a Storm was lowring over this City, and what Distractions were brooding in this Government; and when frequently striking that Wall which was common to *Catulus* and him, often did he name *Catulus*, often me, and often, very often, his Country; so that Death was not near so bitter to Him, as the Thoughts of his Country, and My being deprived of our best Protection.

HAD

and in a beautiful Figure. *Cicero* has here touched the true Pathetic, and thrown it into a fine Contrast with a ridiculous Story.

[a] This might have been more clearly expressed, by translating it, *for the good of this Empire*. The Original has it, *Qui se natum huic Imperio putavit.*

HAD not the ſudden Effects of a guilty Draught carried this Hero off, in what Manner, when Conſular, would he have oppoſed his Couſin in the Career of his Furies, ſince, in the Hearing of the Senate, when Conſul, he declared he would kill him with his own Hand, when but beginning and aiming at his deſperate Practices? Shall then a Woman who comes from that very Houſe, dare to mention the quick Operations of Poiſon? Is not ſhe afraid, leſt the Houſe itſelf ſhould whiſper ſome Diſcovery! Does ſhe not tremble at the Remembrance of the conſcious Walls, and of that fatal, that mournful Night! But let me return to the Charge itſelf: Though at the Mention of that great, that brave Man, the Tears I ſhed have weakened my Expreſſion, and the Grief I feel diſorders my Senſes.

BUT ſtill it is not ſaid whence this Poiſon came, and how it was prepared. They tell us that it was entruſted to *Publius Licinius*, a virtuous modeſt young Man, and the Friend of *Cælius*; that an Appointment was made with the Slaves, that they ſhould come to the *Senian*[b] *Bath*;

[b] The *Senian*, or the *Xenian* Baths, were uſed by Strangers.

Bath; that *Licinius* was likewiſe to come thither, and deliver to them the Box with the Poiſon. Here I firſt aſk, to what Purpoſe could it ſerve to carry it to the appointed Place? Why did not theſe Slaves come to the Houſe of *Cœlius*? If ſo great Intimacy, ſo great an Intercourſe ſubſiſted betwixt *Cœlius* and *Clodia*, what Suſpicion could it have raiſed, if the Lady's Slave had been ſeen at his Houſe? But if Averſion began now to get the better, their Intimacy was at an End, and the Breach proclaimed. This, this was the Source of all this mighty Concern, of all this Guilt, and of all theſe Crimes. Nay, but ſays our Antagoniſt, when the Slaves diſcovered to the Lady the Affair, and the criminal Practices of *Cœlius*, from the abundance of her Cunning, ſhe ordered them to promiſe him every thing. But that ſhe might have plain Proofs of the Poiſon when delivered by *Licinius*, ſhe ordered the *Senian Bath* to be the Place appointed, that ſhe might ſend ſome Friends thither to lye in Ambuſh, that when *Licinius* ſhould come in order to deliver the Poiſon, they might ruſh out and ſeize him.

I THINK,

I THINK, my Lords, there is a very eaſy Method of confuting all theſe Allegations. Why ſhould ſhe pitch upon the public Baths, where I don't think there is any Conveniency where Gentlemen in full Dreſs can be hid? For if they were placed in the Entrance of the Bath, they muſt be ſeen; but if they were to thruſt themſelves into the inner Part, that muſt be very incommodious for Perſons who had on Shoes and upper Garments; and they might not have been admitted, unleſs perhaps that powerful Lady had trucked her Farthing-Hire with the Bagnio-Keeper[c], and wheedled herſelf into his good Graces. And indeed I was mighty full of Expectation that I ſhould know who theſe *good* Men and *true* are, who are ſaid to be the Evidences that are to prove to a Demonſtration the ſeizing of this Poiſon; for as yet none of them are named. But I don't doubt but they are Men of great Weight; firſt, as they are intimate with ſuch a Lady;

[c] There are in Hiſtory a great many Keys to this Paſſage. One is, that *Clodia* was bilked by a young Fellow, who put her off with Farthings inſtead of Pieces of Gold, and hence ſhe was nicknamed *Quadrantaria*. But as the Original has *Quadrantaria Permutatione*, it would appear, as I have here tranſlated it, to allude to the *Bagnio-Keeper* trucking his Hire, which was a *Quadrans*, or a Farthing for every one who uſed his Bath, for her's, which was the ſame for every one who uſed her Body. This makes the ſenſe clear and conſiſtent, and the Satire extremely cutting.

a Lady; ſecondly, ſince they had undertaken to ſqueeze themſelves into a Bath, a Favour, that with all the Intereſt ſhe has, ſhe never could have obtained, but from Men of the ſtricteſt Honour, and the moſt conſummate Dignity. But what do I talk of the Dignity of ſuch Witneſſes? You have a Proof of their Valour and Fidelity. They lurked in a Bagnio [d]. Admirable Witneſſes indeed! Then they ruſhed out raſhly. Very grave Fellows upon my Word! For thus they have cooked up their Story, "He held the Box in his "Hand; he made an Eſſay to give it away, "but before he could do it, theſe noble "nameleſs Witneſſes of a ſudden ſtarted out; "but that as *Licinius* was ſtretching his Hand "out to deliver the Box, he drew it back; "and the Surprize which theſe Gentlemen's "ſudden Appearance gave him, made him "run away." Great is the Power of Truth, which of herſelf eaſily prevails againſt all the Abilities, the Cunning, the Induſtry of Mankind, and againſt all the Plots of confederated Malice.

BUT

[d] This was very mean among the *Romans*, and preſents us now with a very humorous Deſcription of the Abſurdity and Folly of the Charge againſt *Cælius*.

BUT all this idle Tale of that Female Dabler in old poetical Chimeras[e], how looſe, how improbable, how inextricably perplext is it? For how could ſo many Men, for they could not be few, both that the ſeizing *Licinius* might be done with Eaſe, and that the Thing might be proved by a Cloud of Witneſſes, ſuffer *Licinius* to ſlip out of their Hands? Where was the Difficulty of taking him when he drew back in delivering the Box, more than if he had delivered it? For they were placed there to lay hold on *Licinius*, that he might be taken in the Fact, either with the Poiſon about him, or after he had delivered it. This was all the Woman aimed at: This was all which they whom ſhe employed had to do. Nor indeed can I imagine why you ſhould ſay that they jumped out too raſhly and too haſtily. This was the only Thing required of them; for this Purpoſe were they placed there, that the Poiſon, the Plot, in ſhort, the Villainy of the whole Contrivance

[e] The Original has it, *Verum hæc tota fabella veteris & plurimarum fabularum poetriæ. A Poetria*; was a female Dabler in Poetry, who knew juſt ſo much of it as ſerved to expoſe her ignorance in Company. But *Cicero* here applies the Character of *Clodia*, her adopting the ridiculous Inconſiſtence of poetic Conceits to a Plot, by which the Liberty of a *Roman* Gentleman was to be affected.

trivance might appear to a Demonſtration. Could they have ruſhed out at a better Time, than when *Licinius* came in, than while he held the Box of Poiſon in his Hand? For had he actually delivered it to the Slaves, the Lady's Friends would have inſtantly ſtarted out of the Bath and ſeized *Licinius*; he would then have proteſted on his Honour, and have denied that he had delivered that Box; and if he had, how could they have convicted him? Would they have ſaid that they ſaw him? In the firſt place, they muſt have run the riſque of being themſelves convicted of a very heinous Crime; then they muſt have affirmed that they ſaw what, from the Place where they were hid, it was impoſſible they could ſee. It follows therefore, that they diſcovered themſelves at the very Inſtant when *Licinius* came, when he was producing the Box, when he was ſtretching out his Hand, when he was delivering the Poiſon. This then was the unravelling not of a Play, but of a Farce[f], in which, when there

[f] In the Original, *Mimi ergo eſt jam exitus non fabulæ*. The *Mimus* was a kind of *Harlequinade*, expreſſive of very indecent Poſtures. They were generally acted extempore, and gave Riſe, to the *Italian* Harlequins, whoſe Scenes were originally all acted extempore, as indeed all their Comedies were. In the *Mimus* there was no Manner of Connection or Plot; nothing hung together, and as ſoon as the Players were out of their Part, or their

there is no Meaning, a Fellow ſlips out of their Hands, the Caſtanets [g] rattle, and the Curtain [h] is drawn.

Let me therefore aſk why the Ladies Detachment ſuffered *Licinius*, while he was wavering, uncertain, retreating, endeavouring to make off, to eſcape out of their Hands, why did they not ſeize him? Why did they not prove to the ſtrongeſt Conviction, by his own Confeſſion, to the Eyes of many, and upon the very Face of the Thing itſelf, a Crime ſo heinous in its Nature? Were they afraid, ſo many againſt one; the Strong againſt the Feeble; the Briſk againſt the diſpirited, that they could not get the better? There is no Connection in the Thing, not a ſingle Circumſtance ſupports the Allegation, nor could the Crime be ever brought to an Iſſue. This whole Cauſe therefore is transferred from Arguments, from Preſumptions, from thoſe

their Humour run aground, then the Harlequin, or the principal Actor, who was generally a very active nimble Fellow, took to his Heels, and the reſt going off in Purſuit of him, left the Stage clear. This therefore was a very happy Compariſon, which *Cicero* here falls upon.

[g] In the Original it is, *Scabilla concrepant*. Theſe *Scabilla* were a kind of wooden Caſtenets, which was the Signal for the Scenes being cloſed.

[h] The *Romans* had a Curtain too in their Plays, which run acroſs the Stage.

Circumſtances by which the Truth is uſually cleared up to the Evidence of Witneſſes, ſuch Witneſſes [i], my Lords, as I wait for without the leaſt Apprehenſion, nay, with ſome Hope of Delight.

My Imagination longs to ſee, firſt the neat young Gentlemen, the Gallants of a rich, noble Lady, and then thoſe Heroes poſted by their She-Commander in Ambuſh, and keeping Garriſon in a Bagnio. Let me aſk then how, or in what Manner, they were concealed? Sure it muſt be a Cavity, or a Trojan Horſe [k], which admitted and concealed ſuch a Number of invincible Heroes, who were liſted to fight a Lady's Quarrel. I will oblige them to declare one Thing; Why ſo many and ſo brave Fellows did not either as he was ſtanding, ſeize, or as he was flying, purſue one Perſon unattended, and, as ye perceive, unable to reſiſt. This, take my Word, they can never be

[i] *Cicero*'s Argument hereafter proving, as before, the Abſurdity of the whole, is extremely concluſive. If, ſays he, the Whole of this Affair is void of all Probability; full of groſs Contradictions and Inconſiſtencies, it is in vain to ſupport it by oral Proof; for no Witneſs can make ſuch a Cauſe the better by ſwearing to a Fact that is abſolutely not only improbable but contradictory; ſuch a Witneſs may convince one that he himſelf is perjured, but not that the Fact is true.

[k] This is another beautiful and happy Alluſion of our Author's by glancing on the Character of *Clodia*, as if reſembling that of *Helen*, and comparing the Whole to the Story of the *Trojan* Horſe.

be able to account for, if they ſhall appear in this Court. I will give them leave to be as facetious and as witty as they pleaſe[1], nay, to be even eloquent over their Cups: But the Practice at the Bar and at the Boards is different; the Arguments urged before a Bench are not the ſame with thoſe on a Couch. Judges make a different Appearance from Rioters; and in ſhort, the Light of the Sun is of another Nature than that of Lamps. Therefore, if they ſhall appear, we ſhall ſoon rub off all their Effeminacy, and all their Impertinence. But if they take my Advice, they will play another Game, they will make other Court, they will diſplay their Talents in another Buſineſs. Let their Finery make a Figure in that Lady's Train. Let them out-ſpend every body elſe. Let them loiter, let them lie, let them dance Attendance; but let them not attack the Life and Fortune of an innocent Man.

But it is ſaid that theſe Slaves are made free by the Advice of Relations, Men of the

 greateſt

[1] This is a juſt and beautiful Picture of Nature, in all Ages and Countries, where the Thoughtleſs and Unheeding, in Affairs of great Conſequence, are very uſeleſs; but very diverting over a Bottle, or at an Entertainment. *Cicero* does not blame them for this Character; but if they want Senſe and Wit, he addreſſes them not to want Humanity and Good-nature likewiſe.

greateſt Eminence and Quality. At length it ſeems we have an Inſtance, in which this Lady is ſaid to have done ſomewhat by the Advice and Approbation of her Relations, who are Men of Spirit and Reſolution. But I ſhould be glad to know, what is proved by this Manumiſſion, whereby a Crime is either forged againſt *Cælius*, or an Opportunity of putting them to the Queſtion taken away, or a reaſonable Reward paid to Slaves, who are Maſters of a great many Secrets. But the Relations were pleaſed with this Step: How ſhould they be otherwiſe, ſince you yourſelf own that you communicated it to them not as a Story brought by others to you, but a Diſcovery of your own? Are we to be ſurprized if a Story deteſtably obſcene aroſe out of this fictitious Box? But nothing can be imagined too bad for ſuch a Woman to do. The Thing is talked of, and in every body's Mouth. You now, my Lords, conceive what I incline, or rather what I don't incline to ſay. If ſuch a thing was done, it is certain it was not done by *Cælius*. For what End of his could it ſerve? It has therefore been done perhaps, by ſome young Fellow, who has more of the Rake than the Fool in him. But if it is all an Impoſition, though it is indeed an immodeſt, yet

it

it is a diverting Fiction, yet it never could have met with any Countenance from the Opinion or Talk of the World, were it not that there is no Species of infamous Scandal, which does not appear to be suitable to her Character.

My Lords, I have now gone through and finished my Defence. You now understand the Importance of this Trial, and the Affair under your Consideration. You now proceed upon the Law relating to Violence; a Law that regards our Empire, our Majesty, our Country's Welfare, and the common Safety; a Law [m] carried through by *Quintus Catulus* [n], during an armed Dissention among our Citizens, when the Liberty of this Republic seemed on the Point of expiring, and a Law, which after the Combustion raised in my Consulate was quieted, extinguished the smoaking Remains of treasonable Conspiracy. Upon this Law the Youth of *Cælius* is demanded to fall a Sacrifice, not to the Justice of his Country, but to the Lusts and Lewdness of a Woman.

[m] This was the *Lex Plautia de vi*; which comprehended all Riots, and all Attacks upon the public Peace.

[n] It was *Catulus* who was Consul when this Law was passed; but it having passed after great Opposition, it was called after the Name of *Quintus Plautius*, the Tribune of the People, who brought it in.

And even from this Place the Condemnation of *Marcus Camurtus* and *Cesernus* [o], are brought as Precedents. What monstrous Folly, or rather Impudence, is this? Dare you venture, in parting from the Company of that Woman, to mention the Names of these Men? Dare you revive the Remembrance of such an infamous Crime, a Remembrance that Time has not extinguished, but only impaired? For upon what Charge, and for what Guilt were they condemned? Why, for being the Instruments of this Woman's Resentment, by making an infamous Assault upon the Body of *Vettius*. Therefore that the Name of *Vettius* might be heard in this Cause, that an old idle Story [p] might be furbished up a-new, the Case of

[o] It is plain that these two Men had been condemned by the Statute against Riots, for being Accessary to the Murder of the *Alexandrian* Envoys.

There is likewise great Reason to believe, that they were two infamous Instruments employed by *Clodia*, for violating the Chastity of one *Vettius*, who obstinately refusing to gratify her criminal Desires, incurred her Displeasure and fierce Resentment.

[p] In the Original it is, *Afrania Fabula*. Commentators have a great many Conjectures upon this Passage: The Principal are, That it alludes to one *Affranius* a Poet, who dealt much in Obscenities, but had a good deal of Wit. Others, that it alludes to *Caia Affrania*, a Woman famous for her Impudence, and a Dabler in Poetry. We are told by *Valerius Maximus*, that she was Wife to *Lucinius Bructio*; that she never was out of Law Scrapes, but that she always pleaded her own Cause before the Prætor, which she did with so loud a Loquaciousness, that her Name

of *Camurtus* and *Cesernus* is revived, who though they were in reality not guilty upon the Law against Violence, yet were ſo involved in that Crime, that it appeared it was impoſſible to extricate or diſentangle them from the Snares of the Law.

BUT why is *Marcus Cælius* brought here upon his Trial? He to whoſe Charge no Crime is laid, that can properly come within the Deſcription of this Law; nor any Crime of any other Kind, which, though without the Meaning of the Law, is within the Reach of your Juſtice. In his Dawn of Life he applied to that Learning and theſe Arts, by which we are trained to the Practice of the Forum, to the Service of our Country, to the Attainment of Honour [q], Glory, and Dignity. He enjoyed

Name became proverbial, eſpecially in the *Forum*. She muſt have been a very notable Woman, for ſhe lived to a good old Age, and, as we underſtand, retained her loquacious Talent to the laſt.

[q] The original Paſſage here, may be well worth the Reader's Conſideration, as it will ſerve to fix in his Mind the determined Senſe of certain Words, which every where occur in our Author; and which, without due Attention, appear to be ſynonimous. The Expreſſion in the Original is, *Ad honorem, gloriam, dignitatem*. *Homer*, in this Paſſage, and all ſimilar Paſſages in our Author, ſignifies an external Mark of Reſpect paid to an Object, by bowing the Knee, the Hand, *&c.* *Laus* implies a ſecret Reſpect, which is not expreſſed in Words, as *Laudatio* does that which is expreſſed by Words. *Gloria* is a Renown for great and ſignal Actions, which Renown is attended with Reſpect for the Performer. *Dignitas* is applied to a Perſon who unites all theſe in himſelf.

the Friendſhip of thoſe who were more advanced in Years than himſelf, whoſe Application and Modeſty he deſigned as the chief Patterns of his Conduct; and in his Intimacy with his Equals, he ſeemed to purſue Praiſe, in the Paths which had been trod by the beſt and the greateſt of Men.

WHEN Years had added a little more Strength to his Perſon, he went to *Africa*, where he ſerved under the immediate Inſpection of the Proconſul *Quintus Pompeius*[r], a Perſon of the ſevereſt Integrity, and the ſtricteſt Obſerver of every Duty in Life. In this Province, where his Father had ſome Effects and Eſtates, he acquired that *provincial* Experience which our Anceſtors[s] thought proper for all young Gentlemen of his Age. He left it highly approved of

[r] In the Original it is, *Quinto Pompeio Proconſuli contubernalis.* It is uncertain, whether our Author means here, that his Client lived in the ſame Tent, or was in the Retinue of *Quintus Pompeius*; or if he does not mean only that he ſerved in the ſame Camp; for the Word *Contubernalis* will imply all. It is moſt probable, that he means no more than that he was a Kind of Pupil to the Proconſul, who took care while they were encamped to have him always under his Eye.

[s] No Part of the *Roman* Polity was more commendable than the Care they took in the Education of their Children. As every *Roman* was intitled to the higheſt Poſts in the Government, ſo the Parents, who were able to afford it, as in the Caſe here of *Cælius*, qualified their Sons by early initiating them into that Courſe of Life, in which their Ambition might one Day be gratified.

of by *Pompey*, as you will learn from himſelf. He was ambitious from old Precedents, after the Example of thoſe young Men, who have afterwards appeared our greateſt Heroes, and our moſt eminent Citizens, that he might ſignalize his Parts before the People of *Rome*, by the Impeachment of ſome illuſtrious Offender [t].

I COULD have wiſhed that his Paſſion for Glory had led him into ſome other Courſe; but theſe Complaints are now over; he impeached my unfortunate Colleague, *C. Antonius* [u], to whom an eminent Service to his Country was unavailing; but the Notion of intended Treaſon proved prejudicial. He afterwards yielded to none of his Equals, either as to the Multiplicity of his Affairs in the Forum, of Buſineſs and Cauſes which he managed for his Friends, or in the Affections and Eſteem of

[t] This one ſhould think now, an ungrateful ill-natured Way of riſing to Power; yet there was nothing recommended a *Roman* Patriot more to his Fellow Citizens, than a frequent Exerciſe of the Right of impeaching illuſtrious Offenders. The Nature of their Laws very much favoured this Practice, and it was very difficult for the greateſt Men amongſt them to ſkreen themſelves from a Proſecution, however eaſy it might be, by corrupting the Judges, or the People, for them to be acquitted.

[u] This was the ſame *Antony* who was *Cicero*'s Colleague at the Time of *Catiline*'s Conſpiracy, whom *Cælius* accuſed of corrupt Practices upon *Antony*'s returning from the Province of *Macedonia*, where he had been Proconſul.

of his Relations. Advantages, which, as they can be attained only by the Vigilant, the Sober, and the Induſtrious, ſo he gained them all by Labour and Diligence.

In this, what we may call the *Turn*[w] of Life, for I will conceal nothing, as I have the greateſt Dependance upon your Good-nature and Wiſdom, the Carear of his youthful Glory met with a ſmall Rub, from his new Acquaintance with a Lady, unhappily his Neighbour, and himſelf unpractiſed in Pleaſures, which when a little too long confined, checked, or curbed in the Beginning of Life, ſometimes all of a ſudden pour themſelves out, and break forth with all their Force. From this Life, or let me rather ſay from this Scandal, (for there was a great deal more Talk about it than it deſerved) or from whatever it might be, he emerged, he wholly raiſed himſelf above it; and ſo far is he now from deſerving the Infamy of her Familiarity, that

[w] Orig. *In hoc flexu quaſi etatis*. This is a beautiful Alluſion to the turning the Goal in the Races of Chariots during the Exhibition of public Shows. As the Turning is that Part of the Career which requires the moſt Addreſs to manage, ſo in the Career of Life, there are certain Turns, eſpecially betwixt Youth and Manhood, in which it requires great Addreſs to avoid meeting with a Rub.

that he buffets the Stream of her Spite and Malice.

And that he might quite wipe away every Imputation of Effeminacy and Sloth, he did a Thing much againſt my Inclination and my Endeavours to prevent it, yet he did it; he impeached a Friend of mine of Corruption. After he was acquitted he renewed the Charge; he minded none of us: He is more hot than I could wiſh him to be. But I don't ſpeak with regard to his Wiſdom, which is ſeldom poſſeſſed by one of his Years; I ſpeak of the Impetuoſity of his Spirit, his Eagerneſs to get the better, and the Paſſion of his Soul for Glory; all which, with Men of our Years, ought to be more confined; but in Youth, as in Vegetation, they prognoſticate what a Ripeneſs of Virtue, and what a plentiful Harveſt is to ſpring from their Induſtry. And indeed young Men of great Genius have need rather of a Curb from, than a Spur to Glory at that Age, if it be fed by Applauſe, from their eminent Parts a great deal more is to be lopped than ingrafted. Therefore if *Cælius* appears too fiery, too fierce, too head-ſtrong, either in creating or proſecuting his Animoſities; if the moſt Inconſiderable here are in the leaſt

diſguſted

disgusted by the Splendor of his Habit [x], the Numbers of his Friends, the Richness of his Equipage, and the Delicacy of his Person, let me tell them, that all these will soon subside, Age, and a certain Period of Life, will soon correct them.

PRESERVE therefore, my Lords, to the Service of his Country, a Citizen whose Accomplishments are virtuous, whose Principles are virtuous, and whose Friendships are virtuous. This will I promise to you; and for this do I answer to my Country, provided I myself have given Satisfaction to the State, that his Conduct shall be never different from Time. This I promise both on account of the Dependance I have on his Friendship, and because he has laid himself under the severest Obligations to fulfil it.

FOR it is impossible that he who has impeached a Man of Consular Dignity upon a Violation

[x] The *Romans* generally, when they appeared under Trial, wore very mean Habits. It is uncertain whether *Cicero* means to obviate a Prejudice which might lie against *Cælius*, who perhaps was very gaily dressed upon his Trial, or if it was to excuse him for the general Delicacy and Luxury for which he was distinguished.

The Expression in the Original is *purpuræ genus*; for the *Romans* minded more the Colour and Brightness of their Cloaths, than the Fineness of the Materials which composed them.

Violation of the Laws of his Country, ſhould be a turbulent Subject of the State. It is impoſſible that he, who would not ſuffer the ſame Perſon to go free after he was acquitted, ſhould ever himſelf with Impunity employ the Arts of Corruption. The Common-wealth, my Lords, has of *Marcus Cælius* two Impeachments, as Hoſtages that he will never endanger her, and as Pledges that he will always ſerve her. Therefore, I beg and conjure you, my Lords, that in the City in which within theſe few Days *Sextus Clodius*[y] was acquitted, whom for two Years ye have ſeen either the Tool or the Leader of Sedition, who with his own Hand burnt down a conſecrated Temple, the Regiſter of *Rome*, and the Archives of her Government, a Man deſtitute, diſhonourable, deſperate, inconſtant, and inconſiderable; whoſe Mouth, whoſe Tongue, whoſe Hand has been polluted through all his Life; who deſtroyed the Monument of *Catulus*, demoliſhed my Houſe, burnt that of my Brother; who in the Palatium, and in the View of all *Rome*, raiſed the Slaves to maſſacre our Citizens, and burn the City. Do not in the ſame City ſuffer him to be acquitted through

[y] This is the ſame we read ſo much of in the Oration for *Milo*.

through the Intereſt, and *Marcus Cælius* to be ſacrificed to the Luſts of a Woman, leſt it ſhould appear that the ſame Woman, and her *Huſband-Brother* [z], have had the Intereſt to deliver a ſcandalous Ruffian, and to ruin a moſt excellent young Man.

AND while you view his Youth, do you place before your Eyes the ſtooping Age of this wretched old Man, propt by this his only Son, hoping nothing but for him, fearing nothing but on his Account. Support him, if ever ye knew the Duties of a Son, if ever ye felt the Earnings of a Parent now imploring your Mercy, ſubmitting to your Power, and here proſtrate, not to ſooth your Pride, but to touch your Compaſſion. Let the Sorrows which both feel, awaken within you every Sentiment of filial Piety, and every Pang of paternal Love. Let not, my Lords, your Severity, ſooner than his own Deſtiny, deſtroy the one, who by the Courſe of Nature is now dropping into Diſſolution; nor let it, like a nipping Wind, or ſudden Blaſt, blight the other juſt blooming.

PRE-

[z] This is a bitter Sneer upon *Claudius*, whom our Author elſewhere calls a *Jupiter*, for his having the ſame Woman both a Siſter and a Wife.

The reſt of this Peroration is ſo extremely beautiful, that it is no Wonder the Event was favourable to Cælius, *who was acquitted.*

Preserve the Son to the Parent; the Parent to the Son; thus ſhall ye not appear to have deſpiſed an old Age now almoſt hopeleſs and helpleſs, and to have refuſed to cheriſh, nay, to have nipped and blaſted a Youth of the moſt promiſing Hopes, whom if you preſerve to yourſelves. to his Friends, to his Country, you preſerve a Man devoted, dedicated, attached to you and your Children; and you, my Lords, you ſhall chiefly reap the mature and laſting Fruits of all his Toils, and all his Labours.

THE

ARGUMENT.

OUR Author has in the following Oration ſo copiouſly treated the Subject upon which it was pronounced; that there is very little either Occaſion or Room for an Argument. It may be ſufficient to inform the Reader, that he will find Cicero *in this Oration talking in a very different Strain from what he does in ſome of the preceding.* Cæſar *was now dead, and* Cicero *commenced a firm intrepid Patriot. As ſuch he oppoſed* Anthony, *whom he thought the moſt dangerous and likely Man to purſue and finiſh* Cæſar's *Deſigns. Accordingly the Intention of this Oration, which was pronounced in the Senate, was to put the Senate upon its Guard againſt* Anthony, *who was jealous that our Author's Intereſt might very much influence the Senate againſt him.*

This Oration was pronounced in the Year of Rome 709, *and of our Author's Age* 63.

M. T.

CICERO's

FIRST

ORATION

AGAINST

M. ANTONIUS.

BEFORE I touch [a], Fathers Conscript, upon these public Concerns, which I now intend to submit to your Consideration, I shall in a few Words lay before you my Conduct both in my Departure and my Return.

WHEN

[a] Our Author here, does not, as he commonly does, introduce his Oration with an Exordium; this Oration being of the deliberative Kind: And *Cicero* knew that the Hearers came prepared for the Occasion, and were apprized of the Importance of the Case.

When I had ſome Grounds to hope that the Government was at laſt reverted to your Order and Authority, I determined to remain on a kind of a Conſular and Senatorial Watch [b]; nor did I once go off my Poſt, nor did I once caſt off my Eyes from the Concerns of my Country, ever ſince the Day on which we met in the Temple of *Tellus*, where I did all I could to lay the Foundation of Peace, and for that Purpoſe I revived an ancient Uſage of the *Athenians*. I likewiſe adopted the *Greek* Term, formerly uſed by that People in compoſing the Commotions of their City; and I delivered my Sentiments for burying all Remembrance of Civil Diſcord in perpetual Oblivion.

Specious on that Occaſion was the Language of *Marcus Antonius* [c], ſtrong was his public

b This has an Alluſion to a Soldier's ſtanding Centry, and obſerving a particular Poſt or Charge. Such a Manner has a prodigious Influence upon the Hearers, and no body who reads it now, but muſt be touched with the pathetic Sentiment that it contains.

c After *Cæſar*'s Death, *Anthony* managed with great Addreſs, and even out-witted our Author, and the other Friends of the republican Syſtem of Government. He pretended a mighty Zeal for the Liberties of *Rome*, and appeared ſo warm, that he not only out-did the greateſt Patriots in Zeal, but ſent his only Son as a Pledge to the Conſpirators, of their being in Safety to come to the Senate.

Our

public Spirit; and a Reconciliation with our most

Our *Shakespeare* has wonderfully hit on the Character of *Anthony*, in his celebrated Play of *Julius Cæsar*, which, as it may be a Key to the Reader in the following Orations, I shall here transcribe.

After Cæsar *is killed*, Anthony *is introduced*.

Ant. O mighty *Cæsar*, dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy Conquests, Glories, Triumphs, Spoils,
Shrunk to this little Measure?——Fare thee well.
I know not, Gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let Blood? Who else is rank?
If I myself, there is no Hour so fit,
As *Cæsar*'s Death's Hour; nor no Instruments
Of half that Worth as those your Swords made rich
With the most noble Blood of all this World.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled Hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your Pleasure. Live a thousand Years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No Place will please me so, no Mean of Death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and master Spirits of this Age.
Bru. O *Anthony*! beg not your Death of us:
Tho' now we must appear bloody and cruel;
As, by our Hands, and this our present Act,
You see we do; yet see you but our Hands,
And this the bleeding Business they have done:
Our Hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
(And Pity to the general Wrong of *Rome*
As Fire drives out Fire, so Pity Pity)
Hath done this Deed on *Cæsar*: For your Part,
To you our Swords have leaden Points, *Mark Anthony*;
Our Arms exempt from Malice, and our Heart
Of Brother's Temper, do receive you in
With all kind Love, good Thoughts, and Reverence.
Cas. Your Voice shall be as strong as any Man's
In the disposing of new Dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
The Multitude, beside themselves with Fear;
And then we will deliver you the Cause,
Why I, that did love *Cæsar* when I struck him,
Proceeded thus.
Ant. ————I doubt not of your Wisdom.
Let each Man render me his bloody Hand;

First

most worthy Citizens, was confirmed by him and his Children. Every thing that then fol-

P 3

lowed

First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your Hand;
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;
Tho' last, not least in Love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all—alas, what shall I say?
My Credit now stands on such slippery Ground,
That one of two bad Ways you must conceit me;
Either a Coward, or a Flatterer.
That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true;
If then thy Spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy Death,
To see thy *Anthony* making his Peace,
Shaking the bloody Fingers of thy Foes,
Most Noble! in the Presence of thy Corpse?
Had I as many Eyes, as thou hast Wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy Blood,
It would become me better, than to close
In Terms of Friendship, with thine Enemies.
Pardon me, *Julius*,—here wast thou bay'd, brave Hart;
Here didst thou fall, and here thy Hunters stand
Sign'd in thy Spoil, and crimson'd in thy Death.
O World! thou wast the Forest to this Hart;
And this, indeed, O World, the Heart of thee.
How like a Deer, striken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lie?
Cas. Mark Anthony.———
Ant. Pardon me, *Caius Cassius*;
The Enemies of *Cæsar* will say this;
Then in a Friend, it is cold Modesty.
Cas. I blame you not for praising *Cæsar* so;
But what Compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in Number of our Friends,
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your Hands; but was indeed
Sway'd from the Point, by looking down on *Cæsar*.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this Hope, that you shall give me Reasons,
Why, and wherein *Cæsar* was dangerous.
Brut. Or else this was a savage Spectacle.
Our Reasons are so full of good Regard,
That were you *Anthony*, the Son of *Cæsar*,

You

lowed was agreeable to this Beginning. He sum-

You ſhould be ſatisfied.
Ant. That's all I ſeek;
And am moreover Suitor, that I may
Produce his Body to the Market-place,
And in the Pulpit, as becomes a Friend,
Speak in the Order of his Funeral.
Brut. You ſhall, *Mark Anthony*.
Caſ. Brutus, a Word with you ———
You know not what you do; do not conſent
That *Anthony* ſpeak in his Funeral.
Know you, how much the People may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?
Brut. By your Pardon,
I will myſelf into the Pulpit firſt,
And ſhew the Reaſon of our *Cæſar*'s Death.
What *Anthony* ſhall ſpeak, I will proteſt
He ſpeaks by Leave, and by Permiſſion;
And that we are contented, *Cæſar* ſhall
Have all due Rites, and lawful Ceremonies;
It ſhall advantage more than do us wrong.
Caſ. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Anthony, take you *Cæſar*'s Body:
You ſhall not in your Funeral Speech blame us,
But ſpeak all good you can deviſe of *Cæſar*;
And ſay you do't by our Permiſſion:
Elſe ſhould you not have any Hand at all
About his Funeral. And you ſhall ſpeak
In the ſame Pulpit whereto I am going,
After my Speech is ended.
Ant. Be it ſo:
I do deſire no more.
Brut. Prepare the Body then, and follow us.
[*Exeunt Conſpirators.*

Manet Anthony.

Ant. O pardon me, thou bleeding Piece of Earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe Butchers.
Thou art the Ruins of the nobleſt Man,
That ever lived in the Tide of Times.
Woe to the Hand that ſhed this coſtly Blood!
Over thy Wounds now do I propheſy,
(Which, like dumb Mouths, DO OPE their ruby Lips,
To beg the Voice and Utterance of my Tongue)

A Curſe

summoned the principal [d] Members of the State to assist at the Consultations which he held in his House upon the public Emergencies. To this Assembly he made excellent Proposals; nor at that Time was there any thing discovered in *Cæsar*'s Journals [e], but what every body knew of, and he answered every Question put to him with the greatest Gravity and Consistence.

A Curse shall light upon the Limbs of Men;
Domestic Fury, and fierce civil Strife,
Shall cumber all the Parts of *Italy*;
Blood and Destruction shall be so in Use,
And dreadful Objects so familiar,
That Mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their Infants quartered by the Hands of War:
All Pity choak'd with Custom of fell Deeds;
And *Cæsar*'s Spirit, ranging for Revenge,
With *Ate* by his Side, come Hot from Hell,
Shall in these Confines, with a Monarch's Voice,
Cry Havock, and let slip the Dogs of War;
That this foul Deed shall smell above the Earth
With carrion Men, groaning for Burial.

[d] In the *Latin* it is *Principes Civitatis*. *Cicero* very often uses the Word *Princeps*; but always when applied in a political Sense to signify a leading Man. However, as it was a techinal Kind of Word, it may not be amiss to give here his own Definition of it in his Oration for *Sextius*.

Horum (optimatium) *qui voluntati commodis, opinioni, in gubernanda republica serviunt, defensores optimatium ipsique optimates gravissimi & clarissimi cives nominantur &* Principes *Civitatis*.

[e] Our Author here seems to play upon the Word *Commentaries*, alluding to the History which *Cæsar* wrote under that Denomination. Perhaps, if the *English* Language had not already adopted the Word *Commentaries* to signify the History of *Cæsar*, this might have been as well translated *Memoirs*.

ARE any Exiles restored? One [f], answered he, and but *one*. Are any Immunities granted? *None*, said he. He even wanted that we should agree to the Motion made by the illustrious *Servius Sulpitius*, that no Bill, containing either a Decree or a Grant of *Caius Cæsar*, after the Ides of *March*, should be posted up. I pass over many other illustrious Actions; for I now hurry on to mention an unparalleled Action of *Marcus Antonius*. He utterly abolished out of the Constitution the *Dictatorship*, which had for some Time possessed itself of regal Power. Upon this Point we did not so much as declare our Sentiments. He produced an Act of the Senate ready drawn up in the Manner in which he wanted it

[f] This Person was *Sextus Clodius*, whom we heard so much of in the Oration for *Milo*: It seems he was living in Banishment in the Time of *Cæsar's* Dictatorship, having been found guilty upon the Law against Riots at the Time of that famous Trial. (See *Asconius's* Argument, and the Oration for *Milo*.) We have a Key to the History of his being recalled in the 14th Book of the Epistles to *Atticus*, where we meet with a Letter from *Anthony* while Consul, to *Cicero*, by which it appears that *Cicero* had applied to *Anthony* for his good Offices with *Cæsar*, for *Clodius* being recalled from Banishment. The Passage is as follows:

Ut Cæsare petes ut Sextum Clodium restitueret; impetravi; erat mihi in animo etiam tuum, sic uti beneficio, si tu concessisses quo magis laboro, ut tua voluntate id per me facere nunc liceat.

"You beg of *Cæsar*, says he, that he would recall *Sextus* "*Clodius*; I have obtained it; I had such a Thing in my "Thoughts even when you applied, provided you had given "Con ent; I labour now the more earnestly for it; as I now "can do it with your Leave."

it ſhould paſs; which being read, we zealouſly and implicitly complied with his Motion, and by another Act we returned him Thanks in the moſt magnificent Terms. A certain Beam of Light now ſeemed to ſpring by the Abolition not of Royalty only, to which we had actually been ſubjected, but by delivering us from the Dread of its ever being reſtored. Great was the Pledge which he gave to his Country, of his being willing that ſhe ſhould retain her Liberty, ſince he utterly eradicated out of the State the very Name of Dictator, though it had been often legal; ſo great was his Abhorrence of the late perpetual Dictatorſhip.

THE Senate, a few Days after, ſeemed to be free from every Apprehenſion of Bloodſhed. The Fugitive Impoſtor, who had uſurped the Name of *Caius Marius*, was dragged by the Hook to Execution[g]. Theſe Tranſactions were

[g] There is a very contemptuous Expreſſion here in the Original: *Uncus impactus eſt, a Hook was drove into him*; alluding to the Ignominy of dragging a very obſcure Offender, who was a Priſoner of State, by a Hook to the *Scalæ Gemonianæ*, and hurling him into the *Tyber*. This was ſometimes performed in Effigy. We read of a very wicked Miniſter being ſerved in that Manner. *Juvenal*, ſpeaking, Sat. x. of *Sejanus*.

> *Pone domi lauros, duc in capitolia magnum*
> *Cretatumque bovem*; Sejanus *ducitur unco,*
> *Spectandus.*

This

were carried on in common with his Colleague; the rest were done by *Dolabella* only; but had *Antonius* been present, I am presuaded they would have been in common to both. For when an universal Contagion [h] had insinuated itself into the City, and was daily extending its infectious Influence, and the very Men who had performed a *Funeral* without an *Interment* [i], were erecting a Monument in the *Forum*; and desperate Citizens, with Slaves of the same Dispositions, threatened every Day louder and louder the Destructions of the Buildings

This somewhat resembles our Execution in Effigy. *Horace* mentions, Lib. i. Ode 31, the *Uncus Severus*. *Juvenal* again, Sat. 13. the *Uncus nigri Carceris*. *Ovid* in *Ibim*.

Carnificisque manus populo plaudente traheris
Inflexisque tuis ossibus uncus erit.

[h] The History alluded to here, is as follows: After *Cæsar*'s Death, the Populace hearing of the Donations he had bequeathed, and artfully spirited up by certain Agents perhaps of *Anthony*, idolized his Memory. For this Purpose they reared a Pillar twenty Feet high in the *Forum*, and inscribed to PARENTI PATRIÆ: On this Pillar they sacrificed for a long Time; made Vows before it; and decided certain Law-Suits by one of the Parties swearing by the Name of *Cæsar*. But as these were but the very Dregs of the People, *Dolabella*, who was at that Time Colleague with *Anthony* in the Consulate, razed the Pillar to the Ground; those Slaves who had been instrumental in rearing and worshipping it, he crucified, and the Citizens he threw from the *Tarpeian* Rock.

[i] The People tumultuously, as the Faction of *Clodius* had done before, (see the Oration for *Milo*) burned the Body of *Cæsar* with the Forms and Seats, &c. which they plucked from the Courts of Justice that surrounded the *Forum*. Thus, though the Body of *Cæsar* had a Burial, yet it had not those Rites performed which constituted a Funeral.

Buildings and Temples of this City; yet ſo ſtrict was the Eyes that *Dolabella* kept, both on the profligate Inſolence of the Slaves, and the unnatural Pollution of the Citizens; and ſuch the Reſolution he diſcovered on demoliſhing the execrable Pillar they had erected, that to me it is ſurpriſing a ſubſequent Conduct ſhould be ſo little of a Piece with the Tranſaction of that ſingle Day.

For behold, by the firſt of *June*, the Day on which he ſummoned us to meet, every thing was altered. Nothing done by the Senate; many Things and thoſe of great Conſequence, by himſelf, in the Abſence, and againſt the Inclinations of the People. The Conſuls elect declared, that they durſt not venture to come into the Senate; the Deliverers of their Country were baniſhed from the City, whoſe Neck they had freed from a ſervile Yoke; yet were they praiſed by the Conſuls themſelves in all their Aſſemblies, and in their private Converſation. The *Veterans* [k], as they are

[k] There is a very great Diſcrepancy among the Commentators upon this Paſſage. Some think that *Cicero* calls them Veterans by way of Deriſion, with a Sneer. But *Græviu*s interprets the Words *Qui Appellebantur*, to ſignify *who were called in*. This is more agreeable both to Hiſtorical Truth, and to what *Cicero* hints afterwards when he ſpeaks of *Anthony*'s *Council at Law*, which could be probably no other than theſe Veterans, whom he called in to avenge *Cæſar*'s Death, under whom they had ſerved, and under whom they had obtained Allotments of Lands.

are called, whom this Body had ſo well provided for, were ſpirited up, not to guard their preſent Poſſeſſions, but to hope for future Plunder. As I choſe rather to be an Ear, than an Eye-Witneſs of ſuch Events, and had obtained the Privilege of an unlimited Deputation [l], I departed with a Reſolution to aſſiſt in the Senate on the Calends of *January*, which in all probability was to be the firſt Day of our next Seſſion.

HAVING thus, Fathers Conſcript, laid before you the Reaſons of my Departure, give me leave, in a very few Words, to acquaint you with the Motive of my Return; which has in it ſomewhat more ſurprizing. After, not without Reaſons of my own, I had avoided going to *Brunduſium* [m], and quite ſtruck off from the high Road to *Greece*; on the 1ſt of *Auguſt* I landed at *Syracuſe*, becauſe I had heard the Paſſage from thence into *Greece* mentioned

[l] This Deputation *Cicero* obtained from the Conſul *Dolabella*, and it gave him a Right to certain Marks of Reſpect and Privilege, which he otherwiſe muſt have been deprived of.

[m] *Brunduſium* was the Sea-port where the moſt commodious Paſſage was over to *Greece* and *Epirus*. Our Author has here a very broad Inſinuation, as if *Anthony*, or ſome of *Cæſar*'s Abettors, hearing of his Intention to travel into *Greece*, had way-laid him to cut him off at *Brunduſium*, where it was probable he would take ſhipping.

mentioned as the beſt. Yet that City[n] though I have a very great Friendſhip for her, with all her Intreaties, could not prevail with me to ſtay above a Night. I was afraid that ſo ſudden a Viſit to my Friends, if I ſhould tarry with them any time, might give ſome Umbrage. But when I was driven by Streſs of Weather from *Sicily* to *Lucopetra*, a Promontary in the Territory of *Rhegium*, I ſet ſail from that Place, with a Deſign to go over; but I had made but very little Way, when a Southerly Wind drove me back to the ſame Port.

As it was late at Night, I lodged at the Houſe of *Publius Valerius*, my Companion and Friend, and paſſed all next Day likewiſe with him, waiting for a Wind. A great many of the Corporation of *Rhegium*, and ſome of them come lately from *Rome*, came to ſee me. From theſe I firſt got a Copy of *Antonius*'s Speech, which gave me ſo much Pleaſure in reading, that I began to have ſome Thoughts of returning.

[n] We have ſeen in the Oration againſt *Cæcilius*, in the firſt Volume, how popular *Cicero* was among the *Sicilians*, and how eaſily he might have made a Party there. Perhaps it is not very much in Favour of his Courage and Patriotiſm, that at a Juncture ſo critical to the Liberties of his Country, he did not take Care to make a better Uſe of his Intereſt there, than we find by this Paſſage he did.

ing. Soon after the Edict [o] of *Brutus* and *Cassius* was brought me, which, perhaps because I love them more on a public than a private Account, I thought was highly equitable. They likewise told me (for it often happens that they who want to bring any good News, make some Additions of their own to render it still more agreeable) that Matters were to be made up, that there was to be a full Session of the Senate by the 1st of *August*. That *Antonius* having discharged his wicked Advisers, and dropt his Pretensions to the Provinces of *Gaul* [p], would again submit to the Authority of the Senate.

So

[o] This Manifesto was probably published by them, as a counter one to that published by *Anthony*. In Book xvi. of our Author's Epistles to *Atticus*, Ep. 7. he says, *Antonii editum legi a Bruto, & horum contra; scriptum proclare; sed quid ista edicta valeant, aut quo spectant plane non video.*

"I have got from *Brutus*, and read, the Manifesto by *Anthony*, and theirs published against him; it is indeed prettily drawn up; but what the Significancy, or what the Purposes of these Edicts are, to tell you the Truth, I can't see."

We have in *Velleius* an Account, that *Brutus* and *Cassius* published a Manifesto, offering, that if it could be of any Service for securing the Peace of their Country, and preventing the Civil Wars from being renewed, they would willingly live in perpetual Banishment.

[p] One of the great Grounds of the Civil War that broke out upon *Cæsar*'s Death, was by *Anthony*'s endeavouring to transfer to himself the Government of the two *Gauls*; the one of which had been decreed to *Numantius Plancus*, the other to *Decimus Plancus*. These Pretensions on the Part of *Anthony* being dropped, there was great Reason for our Author's entertaining Hopes of an Accommodation being brought about.

So ſanguine were my Hopes upon this, that neither Sails nor Winds [q] were ſufficient to anſwer my Impatience; not that I thought I could be here in Time, but I wiſhed not to be among the laſt to congratulate my Country. In a ſhort Time I arrived at *Velia*, where I ſaw *Brutus* [r]; with what Anguiſh I ſaw him I will not ſay. Ill, I thought, did it become me to dare to return to that City from which *Brutus* was retiring, or to ſeek my Safety where *Brutus* could not find his. But in a far different Manner was he affected from me; for ſupported by the Conſciouſneſs of the great, the gallant Action he had performed, much did he complain about our Misfortunes; nothing about his own.

FROM

[q] Our Author never miſſes any Opportunity to put his Patriotiſm in the ſtrongeſt Light; but I could have wiſhed that a Man of his Importance had thought fit to have ſtaid by the Helm of the Government at this tempeſtuous Time, rather than have committed himſelf to the Winds and Waves, to ſeek a ſafe Retreat in a foreign Country, and to the ſame Winds and Waves as ſoon as he could have a ſafe Abode in his own Country. In this he acted a good deal like a Scholar and a ſpeculative *Virtuoſo*; but I doubt much if he acted as a Patriot of Conſular Dignity.

[r] This Interview is exceeding moving, and our Author's Reflection cannot fail of touching every Breaſt, which is capable of entertaining the leaſt Sentiment of a brave unfortunate Man. How amiable does this Character of *Brutus* appear; how much more amiable would it have appeared, had he killed any Tyrant, but one who had the Virtues, the Qualities, the Dignities, and the Soul of *Cæſar*!

From him I firſt knew the Nature of the Speech, delivered on the 1ſt of *Auguſt* to the Senate by *Piſo*, who, he told me, was but ill ſeconded by thoſe who ought to have acted otherwiſe. Yet as the ſame *Brutus* owned, and could any thing be of greater Weight? And as every body, I afterwards ſaw, declared to me, it appeared that he had acquired great Glory. I therefore made Diſpatch, that I might ſecond him, who was unſeconded by thoſe who were in the Aſſembly? not that I could be of any Advantage to him, (for that I did not expect to be, nor indeed could I contribute to it) but that if I ſhould happen to ſhare in the Lot to which Humanity is ſubjected, (for a great many Things out of the ordinary Courſe of Fate and Providence * ſeemed

* This is a fine Praiſe of our Author's own public Spirit, and at the ſame Time an oblique Reflection upon *Anthony* and his Faction, as if they thought him too dangerous a Man to live.

The Original here is curious, and deſerves the Reader's Attention; the Words are as follow: *Sed ut ſi quid mihi humanitus accidiſſet, multa autem impendere præter naturam prӕterque fatum hujus tamen diei vocem hanc teſtem reipublicæ relinquerem meæ perpetuæ erga ſe voluntatis.*

Aulus Gellius has given us an inſtructive Commentary upon theſe Words, which I cannot help tranſcribing.

An utrumque idem valere voluerit fatum & naturam, *& duas res* ἀνθ᾽ ἑνὸς ὑποκειμένȣ πεπρωμένην καὶ φυσιν; *an verò diviſerit ſeperaritque, ut alios caſus natura ferre videatur, alios fatum, conſiderandum equidem puto. Atque id maxime requirendum, qua ratione dixerit accidere multa humanitus poſſe* præter fatum; *quando ſic ratio,*

ſeemed to threaten) that I might at leaſt bequeath to my Country my Speech on this Occaſion, as an eternal Evidence of the Affection I owe her: As, *Fathers Conſcript*, I hope you approve of my Conduct in both Steps, before I enter upon the Affairs of the Public, give me leave to enter a ſhort Complaint [t] upon Yeſterday's injurious Behaviour of *Marcus Antonius*, to whom I am well diſpoſed, as I always profeſſed myſelf to be, on account of ſome Obligations I lie under to him.

But what then could be the Cauſe, why Yeſterday I was ſo rudely preſſed to aſſiſt in the Senate? Was I the only one who was abſent? Are ye not often a much thinner Houſe? Was your Buſineſs of ſuch Conſequence, that

 there

tio, & ordo, & inſeparabilis quædam fati neceſſitas conſtituitur, ut omnia intra fatum claudenda ſint; niſi illud ſane Homeri *ſecutus eſt:*

Μὴ καὶ ὑπὲρ Μοῖραν δομον Ἄϊδος εισαφίκηαι.

Ne præter fatum accidas Plutonis ad ædes.

Nihil autem dubium eſt quin violentam & inopinam mortem ſignificaverit; quæ quidem poteſt recte videri accidere præter naturam. Sed cur id quoque genus mortis extra fatum *poſuerit, neque operis hujus eſt explorare, neque temporis.*

[t] Our Author touches very gently here, upon the monſtrous Inſult offered him by *Anthony*: But in the following Oration the Reader will find a Kind of Apology for this gentle Treatment.

there was a Neceſſity of carrying thither even the Sick? *Hannibal* ſure was at the Gates[u]; or ye were on a Debate about a Treaty with *Pyrrhus*; a Debate to which, we are told, the great *Appius*, old and blind as he was, was carried: You had Supplications under your Conſideration; and in Debates of this Kind there are generally abundance of Senators preſent, not from any View of ſaving their Forfeitures[w], but of gratifying the Parties whoſe

[u] The Conſternation *Rome* was in at the Approach of *Hannibal*, and the Deliberation upon a Peace with *Pyrrhus* King of *Epirus*, were Events ſo famous in the *Roman* Hiſtory, that they became proverbial to imply any great Event.

[w] As an Explication of this Paſſage will give the Reader ſome Light with Regard to the Conſtitution of the *Roman* Senate, we judge this Account will be very acceptable to him.

The Conſul ſometimes obliged the Senators to lodge certain Pledges in their Hands, which they were to loſe whenever they refuſed Obedience to the Commands of the Conſul. A little after *Cæſar* expoſtulates the Matter thus: *Quis autem unquam tanto damno ſenatorem coegit. Aut quid eſt ultra pignus, aut multam.* *Who*, ſays he, *ever compelled a Senator to Compliance by a Loſs ſo conſiderable? In what other Shape can he be puniſhed in this Caſe, than by a Fine, or the Loſs of his Pledge?* They not only forced the Senators by theſe Pledges to attend the Senate, but likewiſe to humour them in other Reſpects. *Plutarch* gives us the following Account of this Fact: "Next Day, ſays he, *Anthony* "holding a Senate, and deſiring *Cicero* to attend, *Cicero* did not "attend, but took his Bed, feigning to be indiſpoſed on the "Road. It was conjectured that *Cicero* ſuſpected ſome Snare, "from ſome Intelligence he got by the Way. *Anthony* took this "as a great Affront, and ſent Soldiers, with Orders either to "bring him, or ſet the Houſe in which he was on Fire; but "when Number interceded for him, and pleaded in his Behalf, "*Anthony* was ſatisfied, by making *Cicero* loſe his Pledge." Thus far *Plutarch*. But this Account is quite inconſiſtent with *Cicero*'s own, who, though he endeavours to heighten and exaggerate the injurious Treatment of *Anthony*, neither mentions the

whoſe Honours are under Debate; the ſame thing likewiſe happens when a Triumph is the Queſtion. So unconcerned are the Conſuls in a Point like this, that a Senator is almoſt at Liberty to be abſent. As I was no Stranger to this Cuſtom, and a good deal fatigued with my Journey, and uneaſy in my own Thoughts, as a Friend, I ſent a Perſon to him to make my Excuſe. But in your Hearing he declared that he would come in Perſon to my Houſe, with Workmen. This indeed, was too paſſionate, and by far too indecent a Declaration: For what Crime could incur ſuch a Puniſhment, as could warrant him to declare in this Aſſembly, that he would employ the Workmen of the Public to demoliſh a Houſe erected at the public Expence by a Decree of the Senate? Whoever before laid a Senator under ſo expenſive a Compulſion? Or is there any Penalty known beyond that of a Forfeit or a Fine? But had he known what I ſhould have ſaid, had I been preſent, he ſurely would have abated ſomewhat of that compulſive Severity.

 Do

the ſending of Soldiers, nor the Orders to ſet the Houſe on Fire, nor his taking the Pledges. *Cicero* only complains, that *Anthony* had threatened to employ Workmen to break down his Houſe; neither does he affirm that his Pledges were taken, but only complains of *Anthony*'s threatning a Thing ſo harſh, ſince other Senators had refuſed Obedience to the Conſul, and only were fined, or loſt their Pledges on that Account.

Do you imagine, Fathers Confcript, though you were forced into Compliance, that I fhould have given my Vote for decreeing that parental Obfequies fhould be mixt with public Thankfgivings: That inexpiable religious Rites fhould be introduced into the Government: That Supplications fhould be directed to a dead——I will not fay who. Had he been a *Lucius Brutus*, who with his own Hand freed his Country from regal Slavery, and through a Succeffion of almoft five hundred Years, tranfmitted a Reprefentative capable of being fired with the fame noble Sentiments, and performing a like glorious Exploit, never fhould I be brought to confent that the Dead fhould be joined in the Veneration due to the Immortal Gods, and that the Man who no where has a Monument for the Parental Obfequies [x], fhould be honoured with the Rites of public Supplication. This Opinion, Fathers Confcript, I fhould have delivered, that I might be able eafily to vindicate myfelf to the *Roman*

[x] From *Tertullian*, *Pliny*, *Feftus*, and our Author, we could produce a great many Paffages relating to thefe Parental Obfequies, which *Cicero* calls *Parentalia*; but that would be a Piece of ufelefs Labour, fince we know that they were only Feafts held, and Sacrifices offered in Memory of the Dead. They were called *Parentalia*, becaufe performed on Account of Parents and Relations.

Roman People, in caſe of any heavy Blow, through War, through Peſtilence, or Famine; Part of theſe we already feel, and more I am afraid now threaten us. But the Immortal Gods, I hope, will pardon the People of *Rome*, who do not approve of it, and the Senate, who were compelled to decree it.

WHAT! Are we debarred from ſpeaking to the other Grievances of the Republic? No. I will, I will ever aſſert my Dignity, and deſpiſe Death. Let me but have Acceſs to this Aſſembly, and then be mine all the Dangers attending my Freedom of Speech. Much do I wiſh, Fathers Conſcript, that I could have been preſent on the 1ſt of *Auguſt*; not that my Preſence could have aught availed, but that the Conſular, who was worthy of that Honour and of this Republic, might not have ſtood unſeconded as he then did. Therefore, great is my Sorrow, that the Men who have enjoyed the higheſt Honours of their Country, did not ſupport *Lucius Piſo*, who moved for ſo excellent a Reſolution. Did the People of *Rome* diſtinguiſh us with Conſular Dignity, that when placed on the higheſt and moſt conſpicuous Step of Honour, we ſhould ſet at naught her Conſtitution? No Conſular expreſſed,

preſſed, nay, durſt not look, an Approbation of what *Lucius Piſo* propoſed.

A Curse on the Slaves that are ſo through Choice; it is too much that we have been ſo through Neceſſity. I don't inſiſt on all thoſe who are on the Conſular Benches delivering their Opinion. The Caſe of thoſe, whoſe Silence I pardon, is different from theirs whoſe Opinion I demand. I am indeed ſorry for thoſe whom the *Roman* People ſuſpect to fall below their own Dignity, not through Fear only, though that would be ſhameful, but ſeverally for ſeveral Cauſes.

Therefore, in the firſt place, I return my moſt ſincere Thanks to *Lucius Piſo*, who did not reflect on what he *could*, but on what he *ought* to do for the Service of his Country: In the next place, Fathers Conſcript, I beg of you, that if you dare not venture to ſecond my Speech and my Example, you may at leaſt, as ye have hitherto done, afford me a favourable Hearing. Firſt then I give it as my Opinion, that the Acts of *Cæſar* ſhould be kept, not that I approve of them; for who indeed can? But becauſe I think we ought to have the higheſt Regard to Peace and

Tran-

Tranquility, I wiſh that *Anthony* was here, but without his Backing. He, I think, has a Privilege to be indiſpoſed, though Yeſterday I could not be ſo far indulged by him. He would inſtruct me, or rather, *Fathers Conſcript*, You, in what Manner he defends the Acts of *Cæſar*. Shall the Acts of *Cæſar* contained in his looſe Journals, in his Notes and Pocket-books produced by *Anthony*, nay, not produced, but only ſaid to be extant, be valid? And ſhall thoſe he engraved on Braſs, by which he admitted the Commands of the People and perpetual Laws, be held as naught?

My Opinion indeed is, that the Laws of *Cæſar* are moſt properly his Acts. If every Promiſe he made is to be ratified, muſt every thing that he promiſed to any one, be ratified, though he could not perform it, as in Fact he made many Promiſes to many Men, which he did not perform? Might it not ſometimes have happened that he has made a great Number of the ſame Promiſes to a Number of People? Yet ſince his Death a much greater Number of his Promiſes have been found out, than ever he granted Gratuities or Bounties in his Life. But theſe are what I am neither

for changing nor altering; nay, with the greatest Zeal do I ſtand by his noble Acts. I wiſh the Money were ſtill in the Temple of *Ops* [y]. It was indeed ſtained with Blood [z]; yet ſince it is not returned to the rightful Proprietors, it might be ſerviceable to us at this Juncture. Yet let even that be diſſipated, if the Acts of *Cæſar* will have it ſo. Is there any one thing that may ſo properly be called the Acts of a Man, who in peaceful Robes poſſeſſed Power and Command in the Government, as a *Law* which he paſſed? If one aſks for the Acts of *Gracchus*, the *Sempronian* Laws are inſtantly produced. If of *Sylla*, the *Cornelian*. Nay, more: In what Acts did *Pompey*'s third Conſulate conſiſt? Why, in his Laws. Had you aſked of *Cæſar* himſelf what he had acted within the City in a civil Capacity, he would have anſwered, That he had paſſed many excellent Laws. But as to his Notes, he would either have altered them, or not have given them; or if he had given them, he would not have accounted them his Acts. But even that I give up; ſome Points I likewiſe wink at;

[y] In the Temple of *Ops* was the Treaſury. *Ops* was the Mother of the Gods. She is ſometimes called *Cybele*, ſometimes *Bona*, and ſometimes *Matula*.

[z] *Pompey* being dead, and all his Party ruined, their Effects were confiſcated, and depoſited in the Temple of *Ops*, to be uſed by the *Roman* People if Neceſſity ſhould require.

at; but in the moſt important ones, which I conceive to be *the Laws*, I apprehend that we ought never to ſuffer an Abolition of *Cæſar*'s Acts.

Was ever a Law of greater Importance [a], or greater Utility, or more wiſhed-for when the Conſtitution was in its Purity, than that, by which it was enacted, that the *Prætorian* Provinces ſhould not be held but for a Year, and the Conſular for two. If this Law ſhall be aboliſhed, can you imagine that *Cæſar*'s Acts are inviolated. How! Are not they diſannulling all *Cæſar*'s judicial Laws, by that Law which is now depending in relation to a third Decury of Judges [b]? And can is be ſaid that

[a] The Law which our Author here takes Notice of, is, perhaps, one of the ſoundeſt Maxims that can enter into any free Government; which is, *that Power ſhall never remain too long in the Hands of one Man.* This *Cæſar* himſelf was ſo ſenſible of, that it appears he preſerved it as a Maxim of his Government; and indeed it was the Diſregard of this Maxim in ſucceeding Times, that produced all the Convulſions of State under the Emperors; for when the Magiſtrates and Generals, ſent to foreign Provinces, had their Commiſſions prolonged beyond a certain Number of Years, they found Means to make ſuch a Party in their Province, that they commonly diſpoſſeſſed the reigning Emperor.

[b] *Cæſar* had enacted, that in all judiciary Proceedings, the Judges ſhould be elected out of two Orders only, *viz.* the Senatorian and Equeſtrian; but *Anthony* wanted to introduce a third Decury or Order, which was to conſiſt of military Men, which *Cicero* juſtly objects to. The qualification that was to intitle them to ſit in a judicial Proceeding was their being Centurions, or

that you preserve his Acts, while you abolish his Laws? Unless you look upon every thing, which by way of Memorandum he set down in a Pocket-book as his Act, and to be inviolably preserved, however unjust and useless it may be, and that which he enacted in the most regular and full Assemblies of the People, to be no Act of *Cæsar*'s? But of whom is this third Order of Judges composed? *Of Centurions*, says he. But how! By the *Julian*, before that, by the *Pompeian*, by the *Aurelian* Laws, was this Order precluded from acting in a judicial Capacity? *But*, says he, *they must be qualified by having a certain Estate before they could act.* Yes; but this affected not only *Centurions*, but even *Roman* Knights. And for that very Reason it was, that the bravest and the worthiest Men who are at the Heads of Corps, do now sit, and have long sat

or having the Command of a certain Number of Soldiers. *Anthony* reasoned in this Manner: *Cæsar*, said he, allowed *Roman* Knights to be Judges, therefore Centurions being *Roman* Knights are to be Judges. This *Cicero* is not against, provided they had the Qualifications required by the Law of *Pompey*, which was, that they should possess a certain Share of Property; if a *Roman* Knight had not that Qualification, he could not act as a Judge. This is a Proof of how much Importance the *Romans* thought an Independency of Fortune was in the Courts of Justice, towards the Preservation of their Liberties and Properties. *Anthony* wanted to have this Qualification removed, because then, as he had the Army at his Disposal, and was at the Head of it, he could have carried any Jobb he had a Mind, by filling the Bench with needy Offices, who depended on himself.

ſat upon the Bench. *I don't mean theſe,* ſays he, *but let every Man who has been at the Head of a Corps, have a Power to judge.* But if ye did make a Motion, that whoever had ſerved on Horſeback, which is the more reputable Service, might ſit on the Bench, ye could gain no one to your Opinion; for in a Judge, Regard ought to be had to his Fortune and Dignity. Theſe, ſays he, I don't mind; I even add to their Number Subaltern Officers from the Legion compoſed wholly of Gallic Veterans, otherwiſe my Party thinks there can be no Safety for them. Diſgraceful Honour to thoſe whom you unknowingly raiſe to the Bench of Juſtice; for the Title of his Law is, that thoſe Gentlemen ſhould be made Judges in the third Decury, though at the ſame time they are not at Liberty to judge freely. Immortal Gods! What a Miſtake was this in thoſe who hatched that Law, for in proportion as each ſhall appear a dirty Tool, ſo the more earneſtly will he endeavour to waſh out his Stains by judging with Severity, that he may ſeem to be worthy of being a Member in the creditable, rather than to be thrown rightfully into the diſgraceful Decuries.

Another Law is promulged [c], by which they who are convicted either of riotous or treasonable Practices may, if they please, bring an Appeal to the People. But whether is this a Law; or is it not rather an Abrogation of all Laws? For is there a Man now whose Interest the passing of this Law can serve? Nobody is prosecuted upon these Laws; and we have reason to believe, that none ever will, for surely Men will never be brought to a Trial for what they have done in Arms. But we are told this is a popular Affair. I wish he would suffer something to be popular; for all the Citizens of *Rome* have but one Voice and one Mind with regard to the Safety of their Country. Whence then does all this Eagerness proceed for passing a Law, which in every Degree is scandalous, and in none popular? For what can be more scandalous, than that when a Man shall encroach by Force on the Majesty of the *Roman* People, and be lawfully condemned for his Offence, he should have a Power to have Recourse to that Violence, for which

[c] This is very just and artful Reasoning in our Orator. It is, says he, by Means of the People, that most Riots are committed; if, therefore, the Leader of a Riot has Power to appeal to the People, he is sure to be acquitted, because they are Parties on his Side; therefore, concludes he, this is a mere Solecism in Law and Polity.

which he had before been lawfully condemned?

But why do I talk more of the Law, as if this was the Queſtion, Whether *any body would appeal.* The Deſign and Import of the whole is, that no Man ever ſhall be proſecuted upon theſe Laws. What a ſtupid Accuſer muſt he be, who would expoſe himſelf to a Mercenary Mob, after a Criminal is convicted? Or what Judge would venture to give Judgment for the Proſecuted Perſon, that he himſelf the next Minute might be dragged before Mechanics whom they impeached kept in Pay? No Appeal, therefore, is eſtabliſhed by that Law. But two Laws and Proceedings of the moſt ſalutary Nature are aboliſhed. For what elſe is it than an Exhortation to young Fellows to become turbulent, ſeditious, and pernicious Citizens? For to what deſtructive Extremities may not Tribunitial Madneſs be puſhed, if the two Forms of proceeding upon the Charges of Force and Treaſon ſhall be aboliſhed.

What! Shall we invalidate the Laws of *Cæſar*, which order that one convicted of riotous or treaſonable Practices, ſhould be cut off from

from the Benefit of Water and Fire? If ſuch an Appeal ſhould be allowed, are not the Acts of *Cæſar* diſannulled? Yet, Fathers Conſcript, I, who never approved of his Acts, am of Opinion, that for the Sake of Unanimity we ought to preſerve them, ſo that I thought it unſeaſonable to invalidate the Author, not only of thoſe Laws which *Cæſar* enacted in his Life-time, but even of thoſe which you ſee to be produced, and ſtuck up after his Death.

By the *Dead*[d] are the Baniſhed recalled. By the *Dead* are the Privileges of *Rome* beſtowed, not on private Perſons only, but upon Nations and whole Provinces. By the *Dead* Numbers of Corporations have their Tribute remitted. We therefore confirm whatever upon a ſingle, but an unqueſtionable Evidence, has been produced from his Houſe; and ſhall we think of ratifying the Acts of *Cæſar*, yet aboliſh his Laws, thoſe Laws which he himſelf, in our Sight, repeated[e], pronounced, enacted;

[d] *Cicero* here, by the Repetition of the Word *Mortuo*, humorouſly expoſes the Abſurdity of *Anthony*'s Conduct, by ſhewing that all theſe Innovations were not owing to *Anthony*, but *Cæſar* who was dead.

[e] The Words we read here were the Preamble, as appears, to all the Bills which the *Roman* People paſſed. The Caſe is much the ſame, as if the *Engliſh* Government ſhould, without Conſent of the Parliament, paſs a Bill, enacted by and with Conſent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, &c.

enacted; Laws which he valued himſelf upon paſſing; Laws in which he thought the Syſtem of our Government was comprehended; Laws which concern our Provinces and our Trials? Are we, I ſay, to repeal ſuch Laws, yet ratify his Acts? Yet may we at leaſt complain of thoſe Laws which are only propoſed; as to thoſe which we paſs, we are deprived even of the Liberty to complain. For theſe, without any previous Promulgation, were paſſed before they were drawn up. They aſk, why I, or, *Fathers Conſcript*, any of your Body ſhould be afraid of bad Laws, while we have virtuous Tribunes of the People? We have, ſay they, thoſe who will interpoſe, thoſe who by Oath are ready to protect the Conſtitution, therefore ought we to be quite void of Fear. But what do you talk to me, ſays he, of Interpoſitions, or religious Rites? Why! thoſe upon which the very Safety of our Conſtitution depends, thoſe we have neglected, as thinking them too ſtale and too ſtupid. The Forum ſhall be ſurrounded, all its Paſſages ſhut up; Soldiers ſhall be poſted in Numbers of Places as Guards. What then! Whatever is carried on in that Manner ſhall be Law, and you ſhall ſee it engraved on Braſs. Suppoſing the following legal Form of Words to be inſerted,

ſerted, "The Conſuls in form require the "Concurrence of the People;" for ſuch was the Right of requiring ſuch Concurrence, and "The People in form conſented." What People? The People who are excluded. By what Form? By that which is totally aboliſhed by Force of Arms. This I ſpeak, becauſe it may poſſibly happen; becauſe it is the Duty of Augurs to foretel what may be ſhunned: If the Fact ſhall not happen, my Speech ſhall be of itſelf confuted. I ſpeak of the Laws that are propoſed, which it is now in your Breaſt to diſpoſe of. I point out Faults; amend them. I ſpeak of Force and Arms; remove them.

Dolabella[f] you ought not to be angry with me, while I ſpeak in my Country's Cauſe; though I can ſcarce believe you will, for I know your Good-nature. They tell me that your Colleague in this, which he thinks his good Fortune, though, to ſay no worſe, to me would he appear more fortunate, was he to imitate the Conſulate of his Anceſtors and his Uncle; but they tell me that he is grown paſſionate. Well do I know how undeſirable it

[f] This whole Addreſs to *Dolabella* is extremely artful and moving. He was *Anthony*'s Colleague, and *Cicero* ſeems to have a particular Regard for him.

it is that a Man ſhould at once be in Arms and in a Paſſion, eſpecially as the Sword now can act without Controul. But I will advance, as I think, Law and Equity too, to which, I ſuppoſe, *Anthony* will not reject. If I ſhould hereafter contemptuouſly inveigh againſt his Life or Morals, ſo as to render him my bitter Enemy, I am prepared. But never ſhall I quit the Manner which I have ever obſerved in public Affairs, which was to deliver my Sentiments with Freedom. I beg, in the firſt place, that he may not be angry; then if I can't obtain that, let him ſhew ſuch Reſentment only as becomes one *Roman* Citizen to another. Let him uſe Arms if they are abſolutely neceſſary, as he ſays, for defending his Perſon. But never let theſe Arms injure thoſe who ſpeak what they think relates to the Intereſt of their Country. What can be more juſt than this Requeſt?

But if, as I am told by ſome of his Friends, he falls in a Paſſion at every Speech, even though it is no ways abuſive, if it oppoſes his Pleaſure, let us bear with a Friend's Humour. But I am told by the ſame Perſons, YOU, you who are a Foe to *Cæſar*, are not to take the ſame Liberties as *Piſo*, his Father-in-Law. At

the ſame Time they dropt a Caution, which I ſhall take; nor, Fathers Conſcript, is Sickneſs a more ſufficient Excuſe than Death, for not attending this Houſe.

BUT by the immortal Gods, while I behold you, *Dolabella*, whom I love with my Soul, I cannot refrain my Tongue from mentioning the Failures of you both; for I believe you to be honourable Men whoſe Views are elevated, whoſe Ambition, as ſome too creduloully ſuſpect, is not for Money, which the Greateſt and the moſt Eminent always deſpiſe, nor for a formidable Intereſt, nor a Power intolerable to *Romans*, but Popularity and Glory; but true Glory conſiſts in Approbation, for virtuous Actions, and ſignal Services, performed for your Country, in which the Voice of the Public, as well as of every worthy Man, concurs.

Dolabella, I would point out the Fruits of virtuous Actions, did I not perceive that you are diſtinguiſhed by having taſted them. Can you recollect, upon a Review of your whole Life, that any Day gave you a greater Pleaſure than that, on which the Forum being expiated; the Aſſembly of the Wicked diſperſed; the Leaders

Leaders of Iniquity puniſhed; the City delivered from her Apprehenſions of Flames and Maſſacres; you retired to your own Houſe? What Rank, what Degree, what Station did not then mingle their Zeal in the full Meaſure of thy Applauſe and Congratulation; I too received the Thanks of the Worthy. I received their Compliments on your Succeſs, becauſe they thought that by my Counſels thoſe Actions were performed. Call to Mind, *Dolabella*, I conjure you, that Applauſe of the Theatre, when all Men forgetting and forgiving all you had done to diſoblige them, declared that your late Services had cancelled all her Reſentment of your paſt Conduct? Can you tamely and patiently ſtoop from ſuch a Height of Glory?

As for you, *Marcus Antonius*, I ſpeak to you though abſent; do you not prefer that ſingle Day, when the Senate met in the Temple of *Tellus*, to all thoſe Months, during which, thoſe who think different from me, imagine you happy? How you then talked about Unanimity! From what Apprehenſions did you deliver the Veterans? From what Anxiety the City? Laying aſide Reſentment, forgetful of the Auſpices, yourſelf declaring them as Augur, you on that Day firſt admitted your Col-

league to be your Colleague. Your little Son, by yourſelf delivered into the Capitol, was the Pledge of Peace.

WAS ever Day more agreeable to the Senate; more agreeable to the People of *Rome?* Or was ever any Aſſembly more full and frequent than that? Then did we behold ourſelves delivered by the braveſt of Men, becauſe, as they intended, Peace had followed Liberty. The next, the following, the third, and ſome ſubſequent Days, never did you fail to preſent ſome endearing Token of Love to your Country: But your Chief was the Abolition of the Dictatorſhip. This was branded by you, by you, Sir, as a Mark of eternal Infamy to the *Dead Cæſar*, in the ſame Manner, as for the Treaſon of a ſingle Perſon of the Name of *Marcus Manlius*, by a Reſolution of the *Manlian* Race, no *Patrician* was afterwards permitted to aſſume that Name. Thus ſo ſtrongly did you deteſt one Dictator, as utterly to aboliſh the very Office. And after all this Patriot-Conduct, did you repent yourſelf for having acquired ſuch Fortune, ſuch Dignity, ſuch Renown, and ſuch Glory? Whence then this ſudden Change! Sure I cannot ſuſpect that you are under pecuniary Influence;

fluence; let every Man ſpeak as he pleaſes, though there is no Neceſſity to believe him; but never did I know you guilty of ought that was mean or dirty. True! Domeſtics ſometimes uſe to corrupt their Maſters; but your Integrity I know, and I wiſh you could be as free of Suſpicion as you are of Guilt.

MORE am I afraid of this, that miſtaking the true Path to Glory, you think it glorious that you alone are more powerful than all beſides, and chuſe rather to be feared, than beloved by your Country. If thus you think, abſolutely do you miſtake the Road to Glory. It is glorious to endear yourſelf as a Citizen; to perform noble Services to your Country; to be the Object of her Praiſe, her Veneration, and her Love: But odious, deteſtable, weak, and momentary, it is to be the Object of her Fear and Hatred. Even in the Play we find that the Maxim, *Let them hate while they fear*, was deſtructive to the very Man who ſaid ſo. I wiſh, *Anthony*, you had called to Mind your Grandfather, whom you have heard me ſo frequently mention. Doſt thou think that he would have purchaſed Immortality itſelf at the Expence of being the dreaded Maſter of licentious Power? This was his Life,

this his Prosperity, in *Liberty* to be *equal*, in *Dignity* to be *superior* to others. Therefore, to pass over the prosperous Part of your Grandfather's Life, rather would I chuse to be him in all the Agony of his latter End, than to be *Cinna* the Tyrant, who cruelly put him to Death in all the Insolence of his Power. But why think I to make an Impression on you by Words? If the Fate of *Cæsar* cannot persuade you to wish rather to be loved than feared, nothing can my, or any Man's Word avail or affect. They who imagine that *Cæsar* was happy, are themselves miserable. No Man is happy who holds his Life on such Terms, as that whoever kills him shall meet not with Impunity only, but immortal Honour.

Relent, therefore, I entreat thee; cast thine Eyes upon thy Ancestors, and so rule the State, as that thy Countrymen may bless the Day which gave thee Birth. Without this no Man can possess either Happiness or Renown. Many are the Instances which you both have had of the public Judgment; and it gives me great Concern that they have been so ineffectual; what else could those Shouts mean, which at the Shews of Gladiators,

broke

broke from innumerable Multitudes? What the Crowding of the People? What the unbounded Applauſe poured out on the Statue of *Pompey*[g], and upon the two Tribunes who oppoſe you? Do theſe but faintly expreſs the incredibly unanimous Wiſhes of the whole *Roman* People? How! Did the Applauſe, let me rather call it the Evidence and the Judgment of the *Romans*, at the Play of *Apollo*[h], appear trifling to you? Happy they, who when armed Force prevented their being perſonally preſent, yet were preſent, and clung to the Heart and the Soul of every *Roman!* Unleſs you are to imagine that the Applauſe and the Palm was beſtowed ſixty Years after his Death upon *Accius*, and not upon *Brutus*; who though abſent indeed in Perſon from his own Shews, yet in that magnificent Entertainment, received the warmeſt Wiſhes of the *Roman* People for his Proſperity; thus did they ſooth their Grief for his Abſence by Shouts of uninterrupted Applauſe.

 I INDEED

[g] It appears from all the Circumſtances of the Hiſtory of this Period, never was there a more fickle, inconſtant, proſtitute mercenary Set of Men, than the People of *Rome* in thoſe Days. One Day we find them burning the Houſes of the Slayers of *Cæſar*; another Day paying religious Adoration to his Memory; and in this Paſſage we find them all united in applauding the Action and celebrating *Brutus* as their Deliverer from Tyranny.

[h] Theſe Plays were exhibited at the Expence of *Brutus*, who was Prætor, who did not think fit at that Time to be preſent in Perſon at *Rome*.

I INDEED am one of thoſe who have ever deſpiſed the Shouts beſtowed on Citizens by the Populace, but when they are beſtowed by the higheſt, the middling, and the loweſt Ranks; in ſhort, by the whole Body of the People, eſpecially when they who uſed meanly to court popular Favour, were obliged to hide their Heads; this I cannot call *Applauſe*, but a juſt *Approbation*. But if theſe Circumſtances, which are indeed of the higheſt Importance, appear to you but trifling, will ye deſpiſe the Proof which you had how dear the Life of *A. Hirtius*[1] was to the People of *Rome*? It was ſufficient to him that he obtained the Approbation of the *Roman* People which he ſtill retains, that to his Friends he is more than any Man alive agreeable; that to his Family he is dear, even to an Exceſs of Paſſion; but where, in our Memory, was ever the Concern of the Worthy, and the Apprehenſions of the World, ſo much intereſted as in him? Surely never. How then, Immortal Gods! are ye at a loſs to interpret theſe Intimations, or to form a Judgment in what Manner they, to whom the Life of the deſerving Patriot is ſo dear, regard your Lives.

I HAVE

[1] *Hirtius* was then Conſul Elect, and happening to fall ſick of a Fever, the *Romans* were in great Conſternation.

I have now, Fathers Conſcript, obtained the End I propoſed by my Return, becauſe I have now ſpoke what in all Events muſt be a Proof of my Conſtancy, and have been heard by you with Favour and Attention. This is an Indulgence, which, if I can without bringing myſelf and you into Danger, I will often uſe; otherwiſe I will, in the beſt Manner I can, lie by; not ſo much to ſerve myſelf as my Country. Enough almoſt have I lived either for Nature or Glory. If any Additions are made to either, not I, but you and the State ſhall reap the Advantage.

THE

ARGUMENT.

AFTER Cicero *had delivered the last Oration against* Anthony, *the latter went to his Villa, where he studied during seven Days for a proper Answer to* Cicero. *On the 13th of the Kalends of* October *he summoned together a Senate in our Author's Absence, who thought it unsafe to be present, by Reason of a strong Party of* Anthony's *Ruffians guarding all the Avenues, and lining the Senate-House under Arms; there he made a bitter, but a very stupid Invective against* Cicero, *if we may believe the latter.*

This following Oration is wrote in answer to that Invective; but notwithstanding all the Painting and the Incidents it contains, as if Anthony *had been present when it was delivered, it is certain that the Oration itself never was delivered. It is perhaps the severest and the keenest Invective ever wrote, and conceived in such Terms, with so thorough a Contempt, with so strong a Detestation of* Anthony, *that it is no wonder if the latter could ever forgive it.*

Our Author in the first place vindicates himself from several Objections made to his personal and

and moral Character by Anthony: *And as he proceeds in his Vindication, takes Care to lay the Folly and the Villainy of his Antagonist's Conduct very open. He treats him with less Ceremony than ever he did* Clodius *or* Catiline, *whom he admits to have had Parts; but* Anthony, *according to him, joined the most blundering Understanding, and the most clumsy Wit to the worst Heart that ever Man possest. He lays open all his criminal Excesses of Debauchery, whether in Gaming, in Drinking, in Whoring, or Gluttony, with every other Species of Vice that can enter into the Composition of human Nature. He shews him to be a greater Tyrant in his public Character, than any that ever went before him; he holds him forth as guilty of Bribery, Corruption, Forgery, Murder, and Rapaciousness, to support his ill-got Power, and to pay off his Debts; and thus he traces him from his early Youth to that very Day.*

But the Reader is not to expect here that a Translator can have the Room for the same Flow of Language and Turn of Periods, as in the other Orations, where the Subject is general; for all this Oration is personal, close, and invective. The Art of the Orator is disguised by the Vehemency with which he is supposed to speak, and the Stile by no Means of that florid exuberant Kind,

which

which distinguishes the Orations of Cicero. *There are likewise many proverbial Expressions and Allusions introduced through the whole, which though extremely beautiful to a* Roman, *lose their Effect with us.*

This Oration being published was fatal to Cicero, *as were the* Philippics *of* Demosthenes *to him. In what great Esteem the second* Philippic *of* Cicero *was with the Antients, we learn from* Juvenal's *tenth Satyr; where speaking of these two great Men, his Words run thus:*

Eloquio sed uterque periit Orator, utrumque
Largus et exundans Letho dedit, Ingenii Fons.
Ingenio Manus est, et Cervix cæsa, nec, unquam
Sanguine Causidici manduerunt Rostra Pusilli.
O Fortunatam Natam me Consule Romam,
Antonii Gladios Potuit Contemnere, si sic
Omnia Dixisset; Ridenda Poemata Malo
Quam te conspicuæ divina Philippica Famæ
Volveris a prima quæ proxima——

The Coalition betwixt Anthony *and* Octavius Cæsar, *gave him up to the Sword of the former; and the implacable Malice of* Fulvia, *the Wife of* Anthony, *was such, that she thrust out his Eyes with a Bodkin after his Death upon the Murderer's presenting her with his Head.*

M. T.

M. T. CICERO's SECOND ORATION AGAINST M. ANTONIUS.

TO what Fatality attending me[a], Fathers Conſcript, ſhall I aſcribe it, that for theſe Twenty Years

[a] The Words in the Original are, *Quonam meo fato*, and one Copy has it *facto*, which Reading is diſapproved of by moſt of the Commentators. The Antients defined *fatum* thus, *Omnium connectionem ſeriemque cauſarum, qua ſit omne quod ſit*. The Connection and Series of all Cauſes, by Means of which all Things happen that do happen. The Words in the Original are what Rhetoricians call Exordium *ex abrupto*, in which he enquires into

Years [b] no Man has been the Enemy of this State, who has not at the same Time declared War against me also? Unnecessary it is for me to descend to Particulars, which you yourselves may remember. More severe was their Punishment than I could have wished. I am surprized, *Anthony*, that you dread not their Fates [c], as you tread in their Paths. Yet the Conduct of others [d] gave me less Surprize; for none of them chose to be my Enemy, all of them were attacked by me on Account of the State. But you, unprovoked even by Words, that you may appear more audacious than *Catiline*, more furious than *Clodius*, have by your Calumnies even attacked me [e]; and thought that your Enmity with me would be your

to the Causes why, since his being engaged in the State, an[illegible] obtaining the Consulship, none who have plagued and harra[illegible] the State, have failed to be open and avowed Enemi[illegible]

b These are the twenty Years which intervened betwixt *Cicero*'s Consulate and the killing of *Cæsar*, which happened under the Consulate of *Mark Anthony*.

c *Catiline*, who had conspired against the Republic, and against *Cicero*, was slain in a Battle, bearing Arms against his native Country. His Accomplices in that Con[s]piracy were, by a Decree of the Senate, killed in Prison. *Clodius*, who was an inveterate Enemy to *Cicero*, and who, by his Factions, had forced him into Banishment, was slain by *Milo*.

d He here means *Clodius*, *Catiline*, *Vatinius*, *Piso*, and *Gabinius*, with regard to whom *Cicero* was the Aggressor.

e *Anthony* was the Aggressor, and that too without a Cause; for he wanted to compel *Cicero* to come into the Senate-House even when faint, and his Strength exhausted by his Journey.

your ſtrongeſt Recommendation to profligate Citizens.

WHAT can I think; That I am deſpiſed? I ſee nothing in my Life, in my Character [f], in my Actions, nor in my Capacity, ſlender as it now appears, which *Anthony* can detract. Did he imagine that his Attempt to deſpiſe from me would be moſt ſucceſsful, becauſe made in the Senate? An Aſſembly which, though it has beſtowed on many eminent Citizens the Praiſe of ſucceſsfully *ſerving* their Country, yet me alone has it diſtinguiſhed with the Praiſe of *ſaving* it [g]? Did he intend to

[f] In the Original the Words are *in gratia*, and point undoubtedly at the Inſtances of Kindneſs which the *Roman* People ſhewed to *Cicero*; which were not only many in Number, but remarkable by their Quality; for when he was forced to quit the City, and go into Exile, by *Clodius*, and the two Conſuls, *Piſo* and *Gabinius*, almoſt the whole Equeſtrian Order, changed their Garments, (among the *Romans* a Sign of Sorrow) and twenty thouſand of the Youth of greateſt Note, cloathed in homely Dreſs accompanied thoſe who were to intercede for his Reſtitution; and a full Senate decreed a Change of Dreſs, as in a general Mourning. When he was on his Return from Exile, the Senate and all the People went forth to meet him, and conducted him with the greateſt Shouts, and as it were in Triumph, from the *Porta Capena* to the Capitol; and when he was approaching the Town, in his Return from *Greece*, the Confluence of People was ſo great, that a whole Day was conſumed in receiving their Addreſſes and Congratulations. *See* Plutarch *in his Life of* Cicero.

[g] When *Cicero* had freed the Republic of the Danger that threatened it from the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, the Senate decreed a Thankſgiving in Honour of him; and *Marcus Cato* being aſked his Sentiments of the Matter, pronounced *Cicero Pater Patriæ*, the Father of his Country; an Honour till that Time never conferred on any in a free State.

to dispute with me the Prize of Eloquence? This indeed is doing me a Favour. For can I have a fairer, a fuller Advantage, than both to plead for myself and against *Anthony*? But this, I have found it out, is his End: He thought, that to his Confederates, Men like himself, he could never bring full Evidence that he was the Enemy of his Country, unless he lived at Variance with me. Before I answer other Points, I shall take the Liberty to touch in a few Words upon our Friendship, which he charges me with violating, a Charge which I take to be of the blackest Nature.

He complains that I appeared, I don't know when, against his Interest. Ought I not to appear against a Stranger in favour of my Friend and Relation[h]? Ought I not to appear against the Power of an Interest gained not by the Semblance of Virtue, but the Bloom of Youth? Ought I not to appear against an Injury, by him committed through the Partiality of a scandalous Interposer[i], and not the Decision

[h] Who this Friend and Relation was, *Cicero* neither tells us, nor can we, from any Circumstances mentioned, so much as guess at him; but the Stranger spoke of was *Quintus Fabius Bambalio*, a freed Man, whose Daughter *Anthony* had married. *Cicero* appearing for his Friend against this *Bambalio*, *Anthony* was angry with him, and reproached him with having violated the Laws of Friendship.

[i] Some Tribune of the People had it seems been bribed by *Anthony* or *Bambalio*, to interpose against *Cicero*'s Friend.

cision of the Prætor[k]? But this I suppose you have mentioned with this View, that you may recommend yourself to the lowest Rank of the People[l]; that you yourself are Son-in-law to a Man who had been a Slave, and that your Children are the Grandchildren of *Quintus Fadius*, who had been a Slave also. But (you say) you had put yourself as a Pupil under my Care[m], (for that was your Expression) you had frequently resorted to my House. Surely, had you done that, your Reputation had been more fair, and your Chastity less polluted. But you neither did it, nor had you intended to do it, would *Curio* have permitted it.

You said, that in my Favour you dropt your Pretensions to the Augurship. Amazing Presumption! intolerable Impudence! At the Time when *Cneius Pompeius* and *Quintus Hortensius*, for only two could do it, named me, at the Request of the whole College, to be

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[k] The Words in the Original are, *Jure prætorio*; now the *Jus prætorium* was a Power assumed by the *Prætors*, of mending, helping, supplying, and correcting the civil Law, as Necessity should require. This Power was likewise called *Jus Honorarium*.

[l] This is the Plebeian Order.

[m] It was customary, when Boys had taken the *manly Gown*, to give them in Charge to Men of Learning and good Morals, in order to be instructed in the Duties of Life, and get them formed to Virtue and Humanity.

an Augur, you was insolvent, and sensible that there was no Safety for you but in the Ruin of your Country. But could you stand for the Augurship at a Time when *Curio* [n] was not in *Italy?* Or even when you was made an Augur [o], could you have carried one Tribe but by the Interest of *Curio?* And even his Friends were convicted of Violence for being over-zealous in your Favour.

But I am under an Obligation to you. What Obligation? Yes! and that Obligation I was always ready to acknowledge. I chose rather to own myself obliged even to you, than to appear to an unthinking Person, ungrateful. But what was this Obligation? That you did not murder me at *Brundusium* [p]? That is saying,

[n] This was *Curio*'s Son who is here pointed at, and who, by his Intimacy with *Anthony*, became so corrupted and so profligate, that in order to support his Debaucheries, and carry on his wicked Designs, he contracted great Debts; which when he was resolving to cancel, his Father banished *Anthony* from his House, upon which he betook himself to *Clodius*, and when Designs were forming against him, retired into *Asia*.

[o] There was at *Rome* a most splendid College of Augurs, who were nine in Number, elected not only from the Patrician, but likewise from the Plebeian Order, and their Dignity was perpetual.

[p] After *Pompey* was vanquished in the Battle of *Pharsalia*, *Cato* of *Utica* endeavoured to persuade *Cicero*, at the Request of his Friends, to take upon him the Command of the Fleet; but *Cæsar* pursuing him, *Cicero* fled to *Brundusium*, with a Design to go into *Italy*; and as *Anthony* was sent thither before him by *Cæsar*,

ſaying, you did not kill a Man, preſerved and reſtored to *Italy* by Order of the Conqueror, who, as you yourſelf uſed to boaſt, had dignified you with a chief Command among his Robbers [q]. But admitting you could have killed me: What, Fathers Conſcript, is this other than the Boon of Robbers, whoſe Language it is that they ſave the Lives of thoſe whom they do not murder? Had this been a Merit, they whom you uſed to name the moſt eminent of Mankind, and who killed the Man who preſerved them [r], never could have acquired ſo much Glory. But what is the Merit of refraining your Hand from the Commiſſion of deteſtable Guilt? In which Caſe it was not near ſo agreeable to me that I was ſpared by you, as it was grievous that it was

 in

Cæſar, he might have killed *Cicero*, ſince he refuſed both the Authority of *Pompey* and of *Cæſar*. *See* Appian, *Lib.* II. *Bell. Civil.*

[q] Here *Cicero* bears hard both upon *Cæſar* and upon *Anthony*; for he inſinuates, that that War might more juſtly be ſtiled a Robbery than a lawful War; becauſe it was carried on *contra patriam*, againſt the native Country of thoſe who were engaged in it: A Circumſtance, of all others, the moſt aggravating among the *Romans*, that People ſo juſtly famed for their ſtrong Paſſion for Liberty; and becauſe in that War, among the Reſt of the Robbers, *Anthony* bore the chief Command, and was, in Conſequence of that, ſent into *Italy* by *Cæſar*, with a View to ſubject it by Force of Arms.

[r] Here *Brutus* and *Caſſius* muſt be excepted, ſince they had never ſubmitted to *Cæſar*'s Authority; but all the reſt, who had a Hand in his Murder, had been ſaved by him. *See* Appian, *Lib.* II. *Bell. Civil.*

in your Power to have murdered me with Impunity.

But admit it to be a Favour, since it is all the Favour one can receive from a Robber, yet in what Respect can you term me ungrateful? Ought I not, for fear of appearing ungrateful to you, to bewail my expiring Country[s]? But in what I then complained of (a Complaint woeful and wretched indeed, but indispensible with me in this Station[t], to which by the Senate and the People of *Rome* I am

[s] *Anthony* was endeavouring to destroy the Constitution; since he only wanted to assume to himself the Power which *Cæsar* had usurped, but likewise to reverse the Laws made by *Cæsar*: This provoked *Cicero*, and stirred him up to oppose every Measure of *Anthony*'s, which had the least Tendency to ruin the Commonwealth. This, in fine, made him expostulate with *Anthony* in the following Manner: *An de interitu reipublicæ queri non debui, ne in te ingratus viderer?* As if he had said, "Must I then, O *Anthony*, because you once spared my Life at *Brundusium*, that Life which you had indeed the Power, but not the Right to deprive me of; must I, I say, on that Account, truckle to your Humour? must I, for that Reason, either tacitly applaud, or tamely view your Attempts on the Freedom and Happiness of *Rome?* Am I obliged, in Consequence of that Circumstance, to sacrifice the noblest and most worthy Principle of my Nature, namely, *the Love of my Country*, to the Whim and Caprice, to the ambitious Views, or even to the most virtuous Friendship of a single Man. Mistaken Mortal, I disdain the horrid Thought; I prefer a greater to a smaller Good, public to private Happiness, the Interest of a Community to the Favour of an Individual. Yes! the Love of my Country is an Obligation, sacred, indefeasible, and eternal; all interior and less holy Ties shall yield to this. The Gods themselves cannot dissolve my Obligation to it. Cease then, *Anthony*, to think, that the small Favour of Life once preserved by you, either can or will supercede it."

[t] *Cicero* was a Senator, and a Man of Consular Dignity, than which there was not a more honourable Station in *Rome*.

I am raiſed) did I throw out aught that was abuſive? Did I utter an Expreſſion but what was cool and friendly? Yet what a Self-denial was there in refraining from Abuſe, when I was complaining againſt *Mark Anthony*, eſpecially as you had diſſipated the Remains of the State[u]? When within your Houſe every thing had been proſtituted to an infamous Venality? When you had confeſſed that Laws relating to you, and which never had been promulged[w], were by your Means paſſed? When, as Augur, you had aboliſhed the Auſpices, and as Conſul had excluded the Interpoſition of the Tribunes? When you had been ſcandalouſly attended with Guards? When, ſunk in Luſt and Liquor, you perpetrated the moſt ſhameful Pollutions within a Houſe remarkable for its Purity? But I, as if I had been contending with a *Marcus Craſſus*[x], with whom

[u] He here probably means the public Money laid up in the Temple of *Ops*, which remained of the Largeſſes of *Cæſar*, and which *Anthony* claimed to himſelf; or *Cicero* may here likewiſe mean the four thouſand Talents, which *Anthony* got from *Caliphurnia*, *Cæſar*'s Wife.

[w] Before any Law was paſſed, it was propoſed or promulged for twenty-ſeven Days, with theſe Words, *Velitis jubeatis Quirites, ut lex illa*, &c. and then the Law was ſaid to be promulged.

[x] The Enmity between this *Craſſus* (who was a very rich Man, and ſlain in the *Parthian* Wars) and *Cicero* was very ſtrong and inveterate, becauſe he imagined he had been engaged in the Conſpiracy of *Catiline*, but he was afterwards reconciled to *Craſſus*, at his Son's Requeſt.

whom I have had many and ſevere Bickerings, and not with an infamous Bully, while I bitterly bewailed the Ruin of my Country, ſpared the Perſon of the Man.

To Day therefore I will take Care, that he ſhall underſtand what Favour I then ſhewed him. This Wretch, void of all Humanity, and ignorant of the Decency required even in low Life, read over the Letters which he pretended I wrote to him. For who, that has the leaſt Knowledge of what paſſes among Men of Worth and Figure, upon a Grudge happening to fall in, ever publickly expoſed and read over the Letters that were ſent him by his Friend? To take away the Intercourſe of abſent Friends, what is it elſe but to take from Life the ſocial Pleaſure of Living? In Letters how many Jokes uſe to be, which, if expoſed, would ſeem very ſilly! How many ſerious Things, yet by no Means, fit to be expoſed!

Having ſaid thus much of thy Brutality, let me now proceed to thy amazing Stupidity. What have you to object to me, My Man of Eloquence? for ſuch you appear to *Muſtella Tamiſius* and *Tiro Numiſius* *, who at this Inſtant are

* Any farther Account we cannot give of theſe Men, than that

are ſtanding with their Swords in their Hands, in the Sight of the Senate; therefore I too ſhall think you eloquent, if you will ſhew me how you can prove them to be other than Aſſaſſins. But then, what can you object, ſhould I deny that ever I ſent you ſuch Letters? Upon what Evidence canſt thou convict me? Upon that of my own Hand-writing? In this you have a very profitable Dexterity [z]. But how can You do it? For they are wrote by my Secretary. Now do I hate thy Tutor, who, notwithſtanding all his great Wages, which I ſhall ſoon make appear, could not infuſe into thee a Grain of Knowledge.

For what can ſhew leſs, I will not ſay of an Orator, but of a rational Creature, than to throw out a Charge againſt an Antagoniſt, which if the Latter ſhall deny but upon his bare Word, the other ſhall be ſo puzzled, that he cannot proceed? But I do not deny it. Yet by that very Fact I convict you not only of being void of Humanity, but of common Senſe. For is there a Word in all theſe Letters, that is not

that they were Paraſites of *Anthony's*, and of a low and deſpicable Character.

[z] He here inſinuates, or rather aſſerts in plain Terms, that *Anthony* had counterfeited *Cæſar's* Hand, and done it with ſuch Art, that many of *Anthony's* Forgeries were miſtaken for genuine Acts of *Cæſar*.

not full of Kindneſs, Good-manners, and Friendſhip? But all your Pique is, that in theſe Letters I did not ſhew how much I diſliked you, that I addreſſed you as my Fellow-Citizen, and a Man of Worth, and not as a Ruffian and a Robber. Yet, with all the Provocation I have met with from you, which I might juſtly reſent, never did I expoſe your Letters, by which you beg that I would give you leave to recall a certain Perſon from Baniſhment, and which you ſwear you never will do without my Conſent. My Conſent you obtained: For why ſhould I oppoſe thy Audacity [a], which neither the Authority of this Order, nor your Reputation with the *Roman* People, nor any Laws could reſtrain? But after all, what did you require of me, if the Perſon for whom you interceded was recalled by *Cæſar*'s Law? But he deſigned, forſooth, a Compliment to me! though at the ſame Time, as the Law was paſſed, no Thanks were owing even to himſelf.

But, Fathers Conſcript, I have a great deal to ſay, both for myſelf, and againſt *Anthony*. While I plead for myſelf, I beg you to hear me with

[a] *Cicero* had no Mind vigorouſly to oppoſe *Anthony*, ſince he knew that *Clodius* was to be brought back, in Conſequence of a Law already paſſed by *Cæſar*.

with *Indulgence*; and when I plead against him, I will take Care that you shall hear me with *Attention*. At the same Time I entreat, that if you have had Proofs of my Moderation and Decency in every Step of my Life, as well as in my Pleading, think not that I forget what is owing to my own Character, if in my Answer I shall use him according to the Provocation I have received. I will treat him as Consul, no more than he has treated me as Consular. Yet his profligate Life, his wretched Administration, and the Manner in which he was created, takes from him all Right to be Consul; but that I am Consular, is beyond all Dispute.

To set his own Consulate before you in the best Light, he objects to mine. A Consulate that titularly was mine, but *virtually*, Fathers Conscript, it was yours. For what did I resolve, what did I execute, but by the Advice, Authority, and Decision of this Order? And shalt thou, not only eloquent but wise as thou art, presume to reproach me with my Conduct, before those, whose Counsels and Wisdom gave it a Sanction? Did ever Man impeach *my* Consulate besides thyself and *Publius Clodius*?

Whose

Whoſe Fate, as it has overtaken *Curio* [b], now awaits thee, becauſe in thy Houſe is the Inſtrument that proved fatal to both.

My Conſulate does not pleaſe *Mark Anthony*: Yet did it pleaſe *Publius Servilius* [c]; give me Leave to name him, who is laſt deceaſed, firſt in the Liſt of the Conſular Perſons of that Time. It pleaſed *Quintus Catulus*, whoſe Authority in this State ſhall never die; it pleaſed the two *Luculli, Marcus Craſſus, Quintus Hortenſius, Caius Curio, Marcus Lepidus, Calphurnius Piſo, Marcus Glabrio, Lucius Volcatius, Caius Figulus*, with *Decius Silanus*, and *Lucius Murena*, who were then Conſuls elect. What pleaſed theſe Conſular Men, pleaſed alſo *Marcus Cato*, who as he left the World that he might avoid much that he foreſaw, never ſaw you a Conſul. But chiefly did my Conſulate pleaſe *Cneius Pompeius*, who when he firſt came from *Syria* as ſoon as he ſaw me, complimenting and embracing me, owned it to be owing to my Friendſhip that he was again to ſee

[b] *Appian* tells us, that this *Curio* (when he was marching with two Legions into *Lybia* againſt *Varus*, who favoured *Pompey*, and againſt *Juba* King of *Mauritania*, who favoured *Varus*) was cut off with his Army at the River *Bagrada*.

[c] This *Publius Servilius* conquered the *Iſidauri* in *Italy*, and thence had the Name of *Iſidauricus* beſtowed on him. He died in extreme old Age, under the Conſulſhip of *Cæſar* and *Anthony*.

see his Country. But why do I dwell upon single Persons? So much did it please a full assembled Senate, that there was not a Man who did not return me Thanks as to a Father, who did not own that to me he owed his Life, his Children, his Fortune, and the Deliverance of his Country.

BUT since our Country is now bereaved of so many great Men as I have now named; let me proceed to the Living; two of whom, of Consular Dignity, still are with us. *Lucius Cotta*, a Man of the most consummate Capacity and Prudence, for that very Conduct which you blame, decreed a Thanksgiving in the most magnificent Terms, with the Assent of those very Men of Consular or Senatorial Dignity, whom I now have mentioned; an Honour that since the Building of this City, never was conferred upon any Man in the Robes of Peace, besides myself.

WITH what Energy, with what Resolution, with what Majesty did *Lucius Cæsar*, your maternal Uncle, pronounce Sentence upon the Husband of his own Sister, and your Stepfather? Though he ought to have been the Pattern and Director of all your Counsels, of all your Conduct in Life, yet did you chuse to

re-

resemble your Step-father rather than your Uncle. I, though not his Kinsman, yet while I was Consul, followed his Advice. Thou, though the Son of his Sister, yet didst thou ever consult with him upon aught that related to the Public? Immortal Gods! with whom does he consult? Why with Men whose very Birth-days make a Noise.

To Day *Anthony* does not appear [d]; why? He celebrates a Birth-day in his Gardens. Whose is it? I will name no Man: Suppose it a Buffoon's, a Parasite's, or a Pimp's. Detestable Stain to Humanity! unsufferable Impudence, Infamy, and Lust! Thou, whilst thou hast a leading Senator, a distinguished Citizen, so near a Relation, never consult with him about thy Administration, but with those who having no Property of their own, drain thee of thine! So like a Patriot is thy Consulship conducted, so like a Traitor was mine.

Art thou so thoroughly lost at once to the Virtue of Chastity, and the Sense of Shame, as that thou darest to advance this in that very Temple, where I consulted with the Senate, once

[d] *Anthony* did not on this Occasion come into the Senate, because he was probably hindered, not by his own, but by the Birth-day of some Parasite or other.

once the glorious Head of a ſubjected World; but where thou haſt poſted thy abandoned Ruffians with Swords in their Hands? But thou haſt preſumed to ſay; (for thy Preſumption is boundleſs,) that the Mount of the *Capitol*, when I was Conſul, was filled with armed Slaves; meaning, I ſuppoſe, that I forced the Senate into the ſcandalous Decree which it then made. What a Wretch thou art! Whether thou art ignorant of thoſe Things, as well as of every Thing beſides that is good, or if thou art not ignorant of them, for talking with ſuch Inſolence in this awful Aſſembly! For was there a *Roman* Knight, was there a Youth of Quality, was there a Man of any Rank beſides thyſelf, who reflected that he was a Citizen, who was not on the Mount of the *Capitol*, while the Senate was aſſembled in this Temple? Who amongſt them did not inliſt himſelf? inſomuch, that even Clerks were wanting to write down, and the Regiſters were too ſcanty to contain their Names. For when abandoned Ruffians confeſs[e] their Intentions of being the Parricides of their Country; when they are forced by the Diſcoveries of their Accomplices, their own Hands, and their almoſt ſpeaking Letters,

to

[e] Beſides many others who confeſſed, there was one *Caparius*, who, upon a public Promiſe of Protection, diſcovered the whole Conſpiracy.

to own, that they had conſpired to fire the City, to murder the Citizens, to deſolate *Italy*, to deſtroy the Commonwealth: Who muſt not then be rouſed to the Defence of the public Safety? Eſpecially as the *Roman* People had then ſuch a Leader, as were there now ſuch another at their Head, muſt have made thee to ſhare in the ſame Doom which then befel them.

He affirms, that I did not deliver the Body of his Step-Father to be buried [f]. This Accuſation never was brought againſt me even by *Clodius*, whom, as my Enmity with him was on my Part well grounded, I am ſorry you outdo in every Manner of Wickedneſs. But what could poſſeſs you to remind us, that you was educated in the Houſe of *Lentulus*? Was you apprehenſive that we could not imagine you ſhould be naturally ſuch a Monſter without the Aſſiſtance of Education?

But ſuch was thy Stupidity, that through all thy Diſcourſe thou waſt ſtill confounding thyſelf: So that what you *ſpoke* was not incoherent only, but entirely foreign and contradictory to

[f] *Anthony* it ſeems had objected to *Cicero*, that he refuſed Burial to the Corps of *Lentulus Sura*. But *Plutarch* tells us in his *Antonius*, that this Story is falſe.

to what you *meant*; thus through the Whole of your Speech you did not ſeem to be diſputing with me, but with yourſelf. You acknowledged that your Step-father was involved in that unnatural Treaſon, yet you complain that he ſuffered. Thus, what was properly my Act, you have approved; what was that of the whole Senate, you have condemned. For to me it was owing that the Guilty were ſeized; to the Senate, that they were puniſhed. This Maſter of Eloquence therefore does not underſtand that in his Pleading he praiſes his Antagoniſt, and reproaches his Judges.

Give me now leave to enquire, by whoſe (I will not call it *Preſumption*, for he affects to be thought preſumptuous) but by whoſe Stupidity an Imputation more hard of Digeſtion to him, though no Man can match him in it, the Mount of the *Capitol* happened to be mentioned, while an armed Force is poſted even amidſt our Benches? Immortal Gods! in this Chapel of *Concord*, in which, during my Conſulate[g], the moſt Patriot Meaſures were re-

 ſolved

[g] Our Author, through all his Orations, is ſtill affecting to bring in the Mention of his Conſulate; in this Paſſage it occurs very naturally, ſince nothing can be more ſhocking than to ſee the Deliberations of a public Body over-awed by open Force; but *Cicero*, one ſhould think, ought to have been a little tender of touching

ſolved on, Meaſures to which we owe our Exiſtence at this Day, Guards are poſted with Swords in their Hands. Accuſe the Senate, accuſe the Equeſtrian Order at that Time connected with the Senate, accuſe every Rank, every Citizen; but you muſt confeſs, that at this Inſtant this Aſſembly is beſet by Barbarians. It is not Audaciouſneſs that puts ſuch an impudent Speech in thy Mouth, but thy not perceiving the abſolute Inconſiſtency of the Circumſtances. Believe me, thou art completely ſtupid. For what can be more like an Idiot, than, while thou thyſelf haſt levied an armed Force that is deſtructive to thy Country, to charge another with riſing in Arms to protect her?

BUT you once attempted to be witty, Kind Heaven! how clumſily you cut your Jokes! And let me tell you, it was partly your own Fault; for you have a Lady, an Actreſs, who might have inſtilled ſome Wit into you.

To the long Robe let Arms give Way[h].

How!

touching upon that Point; for even in the Caſe of *Catiline*, the Deliberations of the Senate were by no means free. There was a Body of *Roman* Knights, who were ſtill at Hand, and, as he himſelf inſinuates, were ready to have done whatever he had a Mind ſhould be done; nay, we find that they went ſo far, as even to offer to kill *Cæſar*, for delivering his Sentiments freely.

[h] This is the famous Diſtich which has occaſioned ſo many ſevere Sneers upon our Author's poetical Character: And indeed it

How! and did they not then give way? The long Robe afterwards indeed gave way to thy Arms. Let us therefore enquire which Conduct was preferable; that the Force of Traitors ſhould yield to the Liberties of the *Romans*, or that Liberty ſhould yield to thy Arms. But I will not anſwer thee more in Stanzas, I will only ſay in ſhort, that thou art void of all Knowledge, either in Poetry or any other Part of Literature. That I never was wanting in my Duty, either to the Public, or to my Friends; yet by the Works of every Kind which in my Hours of Leiſure from thoſe more important Concerns of Life, I compoſed, that the Fruits of my Labours and Learning were of ſome Advantage to the Youth, and did ſome Honour to the Reputation of my Country. But this is foreign at preſent, let me proceed to what is more important.

it is amazing that a Man ſo quick-ſighted in the Characters of others, ſhould be ſo blind to his own, as not only to miſtake his Genius, but obſtinately to perſevere in his Miſtake, by renewing his Attempts to verſify, and defending his Compoſitins. It would appear that *Anthony* had been a little ſevere upon him for this, and his Anſwer to him here is by no Means the moſt ſhining Part of this Oration, and far from the delicate Raillery which he is Maſter of on other Occaſions.

You have affirmed, that it was by my Advice that *Publius Clodius* was killed [i]. What muſt the World have thought, had he been kill'd, when in the Sight of all *Rome*, you purſued him in the Forum with a drawn Sword, and had compleated the Work, but that he threw himſelf under the Steps of a Bookſeller's Stall, and by barricading it, ſtopt your Purſuit? But what do I talk? I own, that I indeed countenanc'd you; but you yourſelf don't pretend that I adviſed you in what you then acted. But *Milo* could not have ſo much as my Countenance, for he finiſhed his Buſineſs before any body ſuſpected that he had undertaken it. Yet I muſt be his Adviſer; as if *Milo* was a Man, who could not without an Adviſer have done a Service to his Country. But, you ſay, that I appeared joyful. What! was it proper, that amidſt ſo univerſal a Joy, I ſhould be the only dejected Perſon in all *Rome*.

YET, though it was not quite ſo legal to do it, a Tryal was appointed upon the Caſe of *Clodius*; for to what Purpoſe was a new Law

i Our Author here repeats a great deal of what he has ſaid in his Oration for *Milo*, which the Reader may conſult.

Law enacted for trying a Man who had killed another, when a Tryal in ſuch a Caſe was regulated by the Laws in Being? However, the Tryal went on. What then! When that Affair was depending, no body charged me; that was a Taſk reſerved for you a great many Years after it was over. But as to what in a Cloud of Words you have dared to advance, as if by my Means *Pompey* was divided from *Cæſar*'s Friendſhip, and therefore it was owing to me that the Civil War broke out; you are not indeed abſolutely in the Wrong, but miſtaken in a very material Point, which is, that of Time.

While *Bibulus*, that excellent Patriot, was Conſul, I omitted nothing, I did, I endeavoured all I could to take *Pompey* off from his Connection with *Cæſar*. But in this, *Cæſar* was more ſucceſsful than I[k]; for he ſeparated *Pompey* from my Friendſhip. But after *Pompey* had entirely thrown himſelf into *Cæſar*'s Hands, why ſhould I have endeavoured to take him off? It had been fooliſh to have

 hoped,

[k] This was the great Failure of *Cicero's* Politicks. He had done a great deal for *Pompey*, nay, to a Degree of Adulation; yet he took his Meaſures ſo ill, that he put *Pompey*, who, it would appear, had ſtill a ſecret Contempt for him, upon a Neceſſity of dropping him, which proved the Cauſe of all his ſubſequent Miſfortunes.

hoped, it had been presumptuous to have attempted it.

But, say you, two Junctures happened, in which I advised *Pompey* to oppose *Cæsar*, You have my leave to blame both these Measures if you can. The first was, that the five Years Command of *Cæsar*[1] should not be prorogued: The other, that *Pompey* should not suffer any Regard to be had to *Cæsar*'s Absence. In either of which Measures had I succeeded, never had we fallen into these Calamities. Yet, at the same time, after *Pompey* had transferred his own Power, and that of all the *Roman* Empire, to *Cæsar*, when he began too late to be sensible of what I had early foreseen; and when I perceived that an unnatural War was to break out against my Country, with unwearied Pains did I labour to promote Peace, Harmony, and a Reconciliation; to many is the Exclamation I then used known. *I wish, O* Pompey, *that you never had contracted, or never had broken your Friendship with* Cæsar. *The one had been consistent*

[1] This was a great Error in *Pompey* and *Crassus*. They obtained, by their Interest in the Senate, a Prorogation of *Cæsar*'s Command in *Gaul*, which gave him an Opportunity of gaining Glory and Riches, and garbling his Army, and hardening it so in the Field, as to be an Over-match for the Forces of the Republic.

ſiſtent with your Patriotiſm[m], *the other with your* Prudence. Such, *Mark Anthony*, were my Counſels, both with regard to *Pompey* and the State. Had they been purſued, ſtill had the Conſtitution ſtood, and you muſt have fallen by your Crimes, your Indigence and Infamy.

BUT theſe are Inſtances of an old Date; one is later, *that* Cæſar *was killed by my Advice*. I am here, Fathers Conſcript, apprehenſive of a very ſcandalous Charge, ſince it may appear as if I had ſet up this Shuffler to load me not only with my own Merits, but thoſe of others. For who ever heard of my Name among thoſe who were upon the Concert of that glorious Action? Yet whoſe Name, amongſt all who were, was concealed? Concealed did I ſay? Whoſe Name was not immediately publiſhed? I ſhould be more ready to charge ſome with falſely boaſting that they were in the Secret, than with concealing it if they were.

[m] Our Author, though perhaps he was ſenſible that *Pompey* was no more a Patriot than *Cæſar*; yet, as he had been guilty of no Overt Act againſt the State, and was the General of the Republic; *Cicero* here mentions his *Gravitas*, which I have ventured to tranſlate Patriotiſm, as thinking that that was *Cicero*'s real Meaning.

Besides, how probable is it, that among ſo many, partly Men of no Figure, partly young Men, who concealed no body, my Name ſhould have been kept a Secret? For if thoſe Deliverers of their Country had wanted Promptors to that Action, needed I to have prompted the two *Bruti*, who each had the Statue of *Lucius Brutus* every Day in his Eye, and one of them that of *Ahala* beſides? Would Men deſcended of ſuch Progenitors, have aſked Advice of Strangers, rather than of their own Friends, abroad rather than at home? How *Caius Caſſius*, born of a Family impatient not only of Sovereignty, but of Superiority in any other Perſon, wanted, very probable indeed, that I ſhould prompt him, though he would have done the Thing without his illuſtrious Partners in *Cilicia*, at the Mouth of the River *Cydnus*, had not the other landed upon a Bank oppoſite to where he intended.

Was it my Perſuaſion, and not the Ruin of his illuſtrious Father, the Death of his Uncle, the bereaving him of his Honours, that prompted *Cneius Domitius* to recover Liberty? Did I perſuade *C. Trebonius*? I would not have ventured even to have reaſoned with him on ſuch a Subject; and therefore his Country

owes

owes him greater Thanks, in that to the Friendſhip of one Man, he preferred the Liberty of all *Rome*, and choſe to be the Expeller rather than the Partner of Uſurpation. Was *L. Tillius Cimber* [n] determined by my Advice? Though I rather was ſurpriſed that he ſhould perform, than of Opinion that he would undertake ſuch an Action; and for this Reaſon did I admire him, that, regardleſs of Favours, he regarded the Commonwealth.

WHY ſhould I mention the two *Servilii*? [o] Shall I call them *Caſcas* or *Abalas*? Can'ſt thou imagine that they alſo were fired by my Perſuaſion, rather than Love for their Country? Tedious it would ſeem to recount the reſt. That their Number was ſo great, was to their Country's Honour, and their own Glory.

BUT mark in what Manner this penetrating Perſon has convicted me: When *Cæſar* was killed, ſays he, *Marcus Brutus*, holding aloft his bloody Dagger, call'd out upon *Cicero* by

[n] *Seneca*, in his Epiſtles to *Lucullus*, ſays, that this *Cimber* was a notorious Drunkard, and that, nevertheleſs, the Secret of *Cæſar* the Dictator's Death was as much entruſted to him, as it was to *Caſſius*, who all his Life had drank nothing but Water.

[o] *Publius Servilius* the Father, was Conſul in the Year of the City 674, and having taken the Towns of the *Iſauri*, he aſſumed the Sirname of *Iſauricus*. His Son was twice Conſul,

by Name, and congratulated him on the Recovery of Liberty. But why did he ſingle out me? Becauſe I was Acceſſary? Take Care that the Reaſon of his calling upon me was not, that as he had performed an Action which might match what I had done, he called me above all Men, to witneſs, that he there appeared as the Rival of my Glory. But, thou conſummate Driveler, doſt thou not underſtand, if what thou chargeſt me with, the entering into a Deſign to kill *Cæſar*, be a Crime, that it is equally criminal to rejoice at his Death? For where is the Difference of the Adviſer and the Approver of an Action? Or what matters it whether I wiſhed to ſee, or was glad to find it done? Is there therefore a Man, excepting thyſelf, and they who rejoice at this Uſurpation, who was either againſt its being effected, or condemned it when it was? The Crime therefore was univerſal; for all good Men, as much as they could, were acceſſary to the Death of *Cæſar*. In ſome the Reſolution, in others the Spirit, to others the Opportunity was wanting; but in none the Will.

But mark the Stupidity of the Man, rather let me ſay the Brute, for ſuch were his

Words:

Words: MARCUS BRUTUS, WHOM I NAME TO DO HIM HONOUR, HOLDING UP THE BLOODY DAGGER, CALLED ALOUD UPON CICERO: THEREFORE MAY WE CONCLUDE THAT HE WAS ACCESSARY. Therefore you call me a Villain, because you *suspect* that I *suspected* somewhat: Yet this Man who reared the reeking Dagger, is by you named *to do him Honour!* Be it so. Let the Stupidity be in thy Words. How much greater is that of thy Sentiments and Actions? Decide, my worthy Consul, the Merits of the Cause of the *Bruti*, *Caius Cassius*, *Cneius Domitius*, *Caius Trebonius*, and the rest? Sleep out thy Liquor, let me advise thee, and dispel the Fumes of the Wine. Must Torches be brought to arouse thee slumbering over so weighty a Cause? Canst thou never understand, that thou must determine whether they who committed that Action were Murderers, or the Asserters of Liberty?

YET attend but ever so little, snatch one lucid Interval to think as a sober Man. For I, who confess myself to be their Friend, am charged by you as being their Accomplice; I deny that there is any Medium; I confess, that if they were not the Deliverers of the *Roman*

Roman People, and the Preſervers of this Conſtitution, they were worſe than Aſſaſſins, worſe than Murderers, nay worſe than Parricides; in as much as a Man's killing his natural Father, is not a Crime of ſo deep a Dye, as that of killing the Father of his Country. Thou, wiſe and deliberate as thou art, how ſay'ſt thou? If they are Parricides, why were they conſtantly made honourable mention of by thee, both in this Aſſembly, and before the People of *Rome*? Why had *Brutus*, upon thy Motion, a Diſpenſation from the Laws, of being *above* ten Days abſent from the City? Why, with the amazing Applauſes of *Brutus*, were the Plays of *Apollo* perform'd? Why Provinces allotted to *Caſſius* and to *Brutus*? Why Quæſtors added? Why the Number of their Deputies augmented? Theſe were thy own Acts and Deeds, therefore are they not Murderers. It follows, that in your own Judgment they are Saviours of the State, ſince no middle Denomination can be found.

WHAT's the Matter? Do I diſconcert you? Perhaps you do not perfectly underſtand what is ſo clearly laid down. The whole of what I have been ſaying, is this: Since by thee they have been acquitted of Guilt, by thee they

they have been adjudged worthy of the highest Rewards. Therefore now I will change the Strain of my Diſcourſe; I will write to them, that in caſe they ſhould be aſked, if what you object to me is Truth, they ſhould not diſown it. For I am afraid that it may be thought diſhonourable in them to conceal it from me, or ſcandalous in me to decline it when invited. For, O Holy *Jove!* was there ever a greater Action performed not only in this City, but in this World? Any Thing more glorious, any Thing that can more endear the Actors to all the Ages of Poſterity? Doſt thou ſhut me up with Heroes, into the *Trojan* Horſe of this great Deſign[p]? I will not diſown it.

I EVEN return you Thanks, whatever your Intentions are; for ſo glorious is the Action, that I ſlight the Malice which you endeavour to raiſe againſt me, when I reflect on the Honour that attends it. For can there be a more glorious Fate, than that of the Men whom you declare you have expelled and baniſhed? Is

[p] It is ſaid, that the *Grecian* Princes were ſhut up in a wooden Horſe, and that they ſallied out thence in order to overturn *Troy*. *Vide* Virgil II. *Lib. Æneid.* Pliny *Book* VII. thinks that the *Trojan* Horſe was a Machine intended for deſtroying and beating down Walls, and that it was the ſame with the *Aries* made by *Epeus*.

Is there a Place ſo deſert, ſo barbarous, as, when they ſhall approach it, not to court and entertain them? Are there Men in the World ſo ſavage, as not to think their beholding them, the greateſt Bleſſing of their Lives? What Poſterity ſhall be found ſo unmindful, what Records ſo ungrateful, as not to crown their Memory with immortal Renown? Yet you enroll me in this glorious Number.

But there is one Thing which I am afraid of; namely, that you cannot prove your Aſſertion: For had I been in the Concert, I ſhould have aboliſhed out of the State, not the Tyrant only, but Tyranny itſelf: And had that Stile, as it is given out, been mine, believe me, I ſhould not only have diſpatched one Act, but the whole Play. But if it is a Crime to have wiſhed for the Death of *Cæſar*, how can you, *Anthony*, anſwer for it, when it is notorious, that at *Narbonne*[q] you entered into that Plot[r] with *Caius Trebonius*, and because

[q] This City is the moſt ancient of all *Gaul*, and gives its Name to the whole Province in which it lies.

[r] When the Conſpirators were conſulting among themſelves about the killing *Cæſar*, it was debated among them, whether they ſhould invite *Anthony* to accompliſh their Deſign; but *Trebonius* oppoſed the Motion, pretending, that he was no Stranger to the Sentiments of *Anthony* with Regard to this Matter, ſince he had already endeavoured to puſh him on to it, at

cause you had been once in that Design, we saw you when *Cæsar* was killing, called aside by the same *Trebonius*. Indeed (you see how unlike a Foe I deal) in that you once could entertain a good Design, you have my Approbation; in that you did not betray it, my Thanks; and in that you did not execute it, my Pardon. The Execution required a MAN.

BUT should any one bring you to a Tryal, and apply to you the Saying of *Cassius*, WHAT PURPOSE COULD IT SERVE? Beware, I entreat you, that you be not puzzled. Though indeed, as you yourself owned, it *serv'd the Purposes* of every Man who was resolved not to be a SLAVE. But your's above all, who are so far from being a *Slave*, that you are a *King*. Who at the Temple of *Ops* paid all your immense Debts? Who, by Means of the Notes I have mentioned, squandered a prodigious Sum? Thou, to whom such a Treasure was carried from *Cæsar*'s House. Thou, whose House is the most lucrative Shop for counter-

at that Time when *Cæsar* was returning from *Gaul*. He represented at the same Time, that *Anthony* refused to comply with what he proposed, but that he had nevertheless kept the Secret faithfully. For which Reason it was again debated among them, whether they should kill *Anthony* along with *Cæsar*; but *Brutus* opposed this, because he thought that an Affair undertaken in Defence of Liberty, and the Laws of one's Country, ought, if possible, to be managed in a popular Manner.

counterfeit Notes and fictitious Writings, the infamous Market-place for Lands, Towns, Privileges, and Revenues.

WHAT then but the Death of *Cæsar* could have relieved thy Necessities, and paid thy Debts? You seem to be disconcerted about something. Are you apprehensive lest this Charge may be thought to extend itself to you? I will rid you of your Apprehensions. No body will believe it; it is not for you to do a Service to your Country. The Heroes in that gallant Action were the most illustrious Men in this Republic. I say only, that you was pleased with it [s]; I do not charge you with committing it. Thus have I answered the most heinous Part of my Accusation, let me now proceed to the other.

YOU objected to me, my Behaviour in *Pompey*'s Camp, and what was done at that Juncture. A Juncture, in which had my Advice and Authority prevailed, thou must at this Time have been *opprest with Want*, and we

[s] *Anthony* had Reason to be pleased at the Death of *Cæsar*, since from it he reaped great Advantages; for in Consequence of it, he drained the Treasury, and using too much Freedom with his Pocket-Books, and Memorandums, disposed of Provinces to whom he had a Mind.

we in the Enjoyment of Liberty; nor would the State have loſt ſo many Generals [t], and ſo many Armies. For I own, that when I foreſaw what actually happened, I was as much dejected as other good Patriots, had they foreſeen the ſame, would have been. It afflicted me, much did it afflict me, Fathers Conſcript, that this Conſtitution, once preſerved by your Conduct and mine, was in a ſhort Time to be ruined. Not that I was ſo uninſtructed, ſo unexperienced in the World, as that my Spirit ſhould be broken through a Paſſion for a Life, the Continuance of which but conſumed me with Anguiſh, while the Loſs of it would have delivered me from all Troubles; but I was willing to preſerve alive thoſe excellent Men, the Lights of the Republic, of ſo many Conſular, ſo many of Pretorian Dignity, ſo many honourable Senators, beſides the whole Flower of our Nobility and Youth, and an Army of worthy Citizens; had theſe lived, even though it had been upon unequal Terms of Peace (for any Peace to me ſeemed preferable to a Civil War among my Countrymen) this Day WE had been in the Poſſeſſion of the Government.

[t] In that Civil War, ſome very great Men periſhed, *viz.* *Pompey*, *Cato*, *Pelleius*, and *Africanus*.

HAD my Advice prevailed, and had not they whoſe Preſervation I had chiefly in my Eye, fluſhed with the Hopes of Victory, oppoſed it, to ſay no more, thou never hadſt remained in this Order, or rather in this City. But my Language, ſay you, made *Pompey* look upon me but very coldly. Did he ever love any Man more than he loved me? Was there a Man with whom he oftener talked, whom he oftener conſulted? This indeed was very extraordinary, that two People differing upon the moſt important Points of Politics, I ſhould ſtill continue the ſame Intercourſe of Friendſhip. But his Views and Sentiments were known to me, and mine to him. I had an Eye firſt to the Safety, next to the Dignity of my Countrymen; his chief View was providing for their immediate Dignity. And as both of us had a fixed Point of View which we purſued, therefore our Diſagreement was very moderate. But the Sentiments of that incomparable, that almoſt Divine Perſon, with regard to me, are known to thoſe who accompanied him to *Paphos* [u] in his Flight from *Pharſalia*: Never did he mention

[u] *Pompey*, after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, fled to *Paphos*, a Town of *Cyprus*, built by *Appagenor*.

tion me but with Honour, never but with Marks of the moſt friendly Regret, and confeſſing that I foreſaw *more*; but that he had hoped for *better* Events. And dare you preſume to inſult me by the Mention of that Man, while you own, that I was the Friend of his Perſon, and you the Purchaſer of his Eſtate?

BUT I paſs over that War, in which you was but too ſucceſsful. I will not take Notice even of the Jokes in the Camp [w], which you lay upon me. The Camp indeed was a Camp full of Care; but Men, even while their Situation is perplexed, if they are Men, ſometimes unbend their Spirits. But ſince he at once blames me both for my Dejection and my Mirth, it is a ſtrong Preſumption that I went into no Extreme of either. You deny that I have received any Legacies. I wiſh

U 2 that

[w] *Cicero* had a very facetious, but at the ſame Time a very ſatirical, Turn. Of the Truth of this we have ſeveral Proofs, *viz.* when *Pompey* ſaid to him, *Sero venis Cicero*, he replied, *Non ſero, nihil enim video paratum.* In like Manner, when *Pompey* ſaid *Victoria in manu eſt mei*, *Cicero* added, *Si tibi negotium eſſet cum mulieribus.* And after the Battle of *Pharſalia*, when one *Nonnius* exhorted his Countrymen to take Courage, becauſe there were ſtill ſeven of the *Roman* Eagles remaining; *Cicero* anſwered, *Recte admones ſi adverſus Graculos pugnaremus.* Theſe are ſome Inſtances of *Cicero*'s Wit: Whether it is of the true and genuine Kind, I leave the Reader to judge for himſelf.

that Charge of yours was true; then muſt many more of my Friends and Relations have been now alive. But how could that come into your Head? For I have been Maſter of more than 156000 *l.* by Legacies. Though in that reſpect I own, that you have been a great deal more lucky than I. None but Friends mentioned me in their Wills, that ſome Advantage might attend my Grief for loſing them. *Lucius Rubricus Caſſinas* [x], a Man whom you never ſaw, made you his Heir. See now what Affection he had for you, when without knowing the Colour of your Hair, he paſſed by his own Brother's Son in your Favour. He does not ſo much as mention in his Will, *Quintus Fuſius*, a *Roman* Knight of the greateſt Worth, in the greateſt Friendſhip with himſelf, whom he had often publickly promiſed ſhould be his Heir; and he named as his Heir you, whom he never ſaw, with whom, at leaſt, he never was in Company. If it is not giving you too much Trouble, I would aſk you, what kind of a Man in his Perſon was *Lucius Turſelius?* How tall was he? Of what Corporation, and of what Ward? I cannot tell, ſay you, but I can

[x] *Caſſinum* is a Town in *Campania*, ſituate near the Place where the *Via Appia* and the *Via Latina* run into one another.

can tell you what Eſtates he had. Therefore he diſinherited his Brother, and made you his Heir. He likewiſe, to the Prejudice of the true Heirs, has laid his Hands upon the proper Effect of a great many other People who were abſolute Strangers to him. But my greateſt Surpriſe is, that you ſhould have the Preſumption to mention *Heirſhips*, when you yourſelf was not Heir even to your own Father.

WAS it to pick up theſe Stories, thou Madman, that you *held forth* for ſo many Days at another Perſon's Country Seat? Though indeed your Intimates give out, that you hold forth not to improve your Underſtanding, but to evaporate your Wine; and to complete the Farce, you appointed a Maſter, one who in your and your Companions Eyes, is a Rhetorician, with Liberty to ſpeak againſt you as much as he pleaſed. A very pleaſant Fellow indeed! But it is a very eaſy Matter to find Subject enough againſt you and your Friends. Obſerve however the Difference betwixt you and your Grandfather [y]. He ſpoke gradually, coolly, and to the Purpoſe; you

[y] His Grandfather was that celebrated Orator *Mark Anthony*, ſo much ſpoke of by *Cicero* in his Book *De Oratore*.

ſpeak haſtily and ſlightly, and what you ſay, is not to the Purpoſe.

BUT what Wages have you paid to your Maſter in Rhetoric? Hear, hear Fathers Conſcript, and perceive the Wounds of your Country. You have allotted two thouſand Acres of the *Leontine* Lands, Tax-free, to *Sextus Clodius*, Profeſſor of Rhetoric; you gave him thoſe extravagant Wages, that you might remain a Dunce. Frontleſs Fellow, did you do this by Virtue of *Cæſar*'s Journals? But in another Place I will talk of the *Leontine* [z] and *Campanian* Lands, of which he has robbed the Public, that he might pollute them with his Scoundrel Tenants. For now, as I have ſaid enough in anſwer to his Charge againſt me, give me Leave to touch a little upon this Corrector and Amender of mine; for I will not exhauſt my Subject, that if we ſhould happen oftener to mount the Stage, as muſt be the Caſe, I may ſtill fight with new Weapons; an Advantage for which I am obliged to his inexhauſtible Fund of Guilt and Wickedneſs. Have you a Mind that I ſhould examine your Conduct when you was but a Lad?

[z] *Leontium* is a Town of *Sicilia Septentrionalis*, famed for its Land's being fertile.

Lad? With all my Heart: Let us begin at your firſt ſetting out.

Do you remember, that before you put on the manly Gown you was bankrupt? That, ſay you, is not my Fault, but my Father's: I grant it; for the Excuſe is full of filial Duty. But your Impudence appeared in your ſitting in one of the fourteen Rows in the Theatre, when by the *Roſcian* Law[a] there was a particular Place ſet apart for Bankrupts, even though they had become ſuch not through their Miſmanagement, but their ill Luck. You appeared in the Gown of a Man, but you quickly changed it with the Dreſs of a Woman. At firſt you was a common Whore; the Wages of your Proſtitution were fixed and high; but *Curio* ſoon interpoſed; he took you out of the Profeſſion of a Proſtitute; and as if he had cloathed you in the Array of a Bride, he ſettled you in ſure and certain Wedlock!

[a] In the Conſulate of *Lucius Metellus*, and *Quintus Martius*, and the Year of the City 682. *Lucius Ruſcius Otho*, a Tribune of the People, enacted a Law, that fourteen Forms ſhould be ſet apart for the *Roman* Knights on the Theatre. But thoſe of them who, either through their own Miſmanagement, or bad Luck, had loſt their Eſtates, had no Right to ſit in theſe Forms.

No Boy bought to ſatiate Luſt was ever ſo much in his Maſter's Power, as you was in *Curio*'s. How often did his Father thruſt you out of his Houſe? How often did he place Sentinels to prevent your croſſing his Threſhold? Yet you, favoured by Night, prompted by Luſt, and compelled by Hire, was let down through the Roof; Diſorders which that Family could no longer bear with. Are you not conſcious that I mention no more than I very well know? Reflect upon the Time when *Curio* the Father lay diſconſolate in his Bed; when his Son proſtrate in Tears at my Feet recommended you to my Care; begged that though he ſhould inſiſt upon above forty-eight thouſand Pounds, yet that I ſhould protect you againſt his own Father; for that he was engaged for you to that Amount. At the ſame time burning with Paſſion, he declared, ſince he could not bear the Pangs of a Separation from you, that he would go into Baniſhment.

At that Juncture I compoſed, or rather I cured theſe afflicting Diſorders of that flouriſhing Family: I perſuaded the Father to pay his Son's Debts. To clear in the World, by

means

means of his private Eſtate, a Youth who gave the greateſt Hopes of being endowed with every Accompliſhment of Senſe and Wit; and by his paternal Power and Authority, to debar him not only from being intimate, but from keeping Company with you. Had you called to Mind what I did at that Time, had you not truſted to thoſe Swords, would you have dared to challenge me by your Railing?

I SHALL paſs over your Proſtitution, and your ſcandalous Intrigues; there being ſome Circumſtances which I cannot with Decency mention, though the Knowledge of this gave you the greater Liberty, ſince the Charge which lies againſt you cannot be urged by any Antagoniſt, who has a Senſe of Decency. But obſerve the remaining Courſe of his Life; and this I ſhall very quickly run over: For my Mind hurries me to ſpeak of his Actions during the Civil Wars, and amidſt the moſt afflicting Calamities of his Country, and of what he is daily now perpetrating: To the Relation of theſe, though you are much better acquainted with them than I am, yet continue, I entreat you, your Attention: For in ſuch Actions the Paſſions ought to be fired,

not only by knowing, but by recollecting them. I ſhall however enter upon the middle Stage of his Life, leſt it may be too late before I reach the laſt.

DURING his Tribuneſhip, this Man, who boaſts of his Kindneſs to me, was intimate with *Clodius* [b]. He was the Firebrand of all his incendiary Proceedings. As to what he then contrived at his Houſe, I ſhall ſay nothing, he himſelf beſt underſtands my Meaning. From thence he went to *Alexandria*, in Defiance of the Authority of the Senate, of the Government, and of religious Rites. But he had *Gabinius* [c] for his Leader, with whom he could not but do every Thing in the beſt Manner. When, or how did he return thence? He went from *Egypt* to the farther *Gaul*, before he went to his own Houſe. But what Houſe? Every body at that Time had a Houſe of his own, but you had none. A Houſe did I ſay! Was there a Place on Earth, where you could ſet your Foot, except *Miſenus* alone,

b *Anthony* was very intimate with *Clodius* the Tribune of the People; but when he ſaw he had many Enemies, he left him and ſailed into *Greece*.

c This *Gabinius* was a very covetous Fellow, and was ſent Proconſul to reduce *Ptolemy* King of *Egypt*.

alone, which, like another *Sisapo* [d], you and your Companions possessed?

You left *Gaul* to stand for the Quæstorship. Dare you say you visited your Mother before me? *Cæsar* had then wrote to me, that I would suffer you to make Satisfaction; therefore I would not suffer you so much as to mention any Apology. I was afterwards your Patron, and I countenanced you when you stood for the Quæstorship; at which Time indeed you attempted, with the Approbation of all *Rome*, to kill *Publius Clodius* in the *Forum*: And though this Attempt was the Effect of what you yourself had resolved, and not of what I suggested, yet you professed that you never could satisfy me for the Injuries you had done me, unless you killed *Clodius*. I am therefore surprized why you say that *Milo* dispatched him through my Instigation, when I never gave you the least Encouragement, when you voluntarily made the very same Offer. Though if your Resolution had still continued, I should have chose that that Action should be looked upon as honourable for

[d] *Sisapo* was a Town in *Corduba*, in *Spain*, famous for its Mines of Red-Lead. *Cicero* mentions it here by Way of Infamy. It alludes, probably, to some Proverb taken from the Collusion among the Farmers, in whose Hands it was, or from their working under Ground.

for you, rather than advantageous for me. You was made Quæstor, and instantly without any Decree of the Senate, without any Allotment, without any Law, you hurried over to *Cæsar*; for that you thought to be the only Course by which, upon this Earth, Want, Debt, Villainy, and desperate Circumstances could find Shelter. There, when by his Profusion and your own Rapine you had glutted yourself (if it can be said you was glutted with what you were immediately to disgorge) you flew, needy as you was, into the Tribuneship, that you might, as far as you could, imitate the Conduct of your Husband[e] in that Office.

LEARN now, I beseech you, not what relates to the Impurity and Intemperance of his domestic Disgrace, but to his impious and unnatural Conduct against us and our Fortune; or, which is the same thing, against the whole State; because you will find, that from his Wickedness all our Calamities had their Birth; for, when under the Consulate of *Lucius Lentulus* and *Caius Marcellus*, you shewed a Willingness to support your weakened and almost falling Country, on the first of *January*,

[e] *Viz. Cicero.*

nuary, and desired to favour *Caius Cæsar* himself, could he have been brought to a right way of Thinking: Then did *Anthony* oppose the venal, the prostitute Tribuneship, to disconcert your Designs, and subjected his own Neck to that Ax, under which many for less Crimes had fallen. But, *Mark Anthony*, against you, the Senate, while it was flourishing, and so many of its Lights unextinguished, decreed that Punishment which, by the Usage of our Ancestors, was commonly decreed against an Enemy of his Country. And have *you* presumed to speak against *me* before the Senate, though by this Order I have been adjudged to be the Preserver, and you the Enemy of the State? The Mention of this your Guilt, has been indeed omitted, but not the Remembrance of it abolished, while Mankind, while the Glory of the *Roman* People shall remain; that Glory, which if not extinguished by you, must be eternal, so long shall that pestilentious Opposition of yours be mentioned. Was there a partial, was there a rash Step taken by the Senate, when you, a single Youth, restrained that whole Order from decreeing what related to the public Safety? This was not once, but often; nor would you admit of any Representations, or

any

any treating upon the Authority of the Senate. Yet what was their Intention, but to prevent you from utterly aboliſhing and ruining the Government; when neither the Requeſts of your leading Citizens, the Advice of your Elders, nor the Debates of a numerous Senate, could ſhake your venal, your *determined* Reſolution? Then after many previous Temptations, that Blow was neceſſarily inflicted on you, which before you few had felt, but none without ſuffering by its Weight. Then did this Order put Arms againſt you into the Hands of the Conſuls, and our other Commanders and Powers, which you never could have eſcaped, had you not inliſted yourſelf in *Cæſar*'s Army.

YOU, *Mark Anthony*, you, I ſay, was the Chief who furniſhed *Cæſar*, whoſe Paſſion was to throw every thing into Confuſion, with a Pretext of making War upon his Country. For what other Pretext had he? What Motive did he alledge for his outragious Conduct and Actions, except the Neglect of the Interpoſition, the ſetting aſide of the Tribunitial Power, and the Limitations impoſed upon *Anthony* by the Senate? I ſhall not ſay how falſe, how trifling all this is, eſpecially as it is impoſſible

impossible for any Man ever to have a justifiable Reason for taking up Arms against his Country. But to say nothing of *Cæsar*, yet you must allow that the Cause of this most detestable War was grounded in your Person. How wretched are you if you understand, how much more wretched if you do not understand that this is committed to History, that this stands upon Record, and that no Posterity in all After-ages shall ever be ignorant or unmindful of this Fact: That the Consuls were driven from *Italy*, and with them *Pompey*, the Light and Ornament of the *Roman* Empire, all the Consulars, whose State of Health would suffer them to join in that Rout and Flight: That they who either were, or had been Prætors, the Tribunes of the People, a great Part of the Senate, the whole Body of their Youth; in a Word, that our Government was driven or exterminated from its Abodes!

Thus, as the Growth of Trees and Vegetables shoots from the Seed, you are the Seed of this most calamitous War. Ye mourn the Slaughter of three *Roman* Armies: They were slaughtered by *Anthony*. Ye bewail the Loss of our most illustrious Citizens: It was

Anthony

Anthony likewiſe who ſnatched them away. The Authority of this Order is aboliſhed: It is aboliſhed by *Anthony*. All the Scene of Calamity that afterwards appeared to our Eyes (and what Species of Calamity has not appeared?) if we reaſon rightly on the Matter, was owing to *Anthony* alone. As *Helen* to the *Trojans*, ſo to this Republic was *Anthony* the Cauſe of War, Calamity, and Deſtruction. The reſt of his Conduct, as Tribune, was of a piece with its Commencement. He effected all that the Precaution of the Senate, while the Conſtitution was inviolated, had taken Care ſhould not be effected. But how villainouſly he exercifed his Villainy, you yourſelves ſhall judge. He reſtored many who had been condemned, but never mentioned his Uncle. If he was ſevere, why did not his Severity extend to all? If he was pitiful, why did not his Pity reach his own Relations? But the reſt I omit. He has reſtored *Licinius Denticula*[f], his Playfellow, who was condemned as a Gameſter, as if indeed it was unlawful to play with one who was condemned; but

[f] *Cicero* here puts *Anthony*'s Vices into a very deteſtable Light; he ſhews that *Anthony*, as he himſelf expreſſes it, was villainous even in the Exerciſe of Villainy, becauſe he ſuffered his own Uncle to live in Baniſhment, yet reſtored a common Sharper.

but this he did that he might take the Advantage of the Law's difcharging thofe Debts which he had loft in Play.

WHAT Reafon did you alledge before the People of *Rome* for his being reftored? To be fure an Information had been granted againft the Party in his Abfence! Sentence was paffed before the Caufe was opened! There was no exprefs Statute againft playing at Dice; he was overpowered by Force and Arms; in fhort, as was faid of your Uncle, the Trial was under a pecuniary Influence. None of thefe was the Caufe: But he was a good Man, and a worthy Patriot: That's nothing to the Purpofe: But when he reftored the moft infamous of Mankind, a Man who did not fcruple to play in the *Forum* at Dice [g], a Man who was condemned upon the Statute prohibiting that Game, does he not himfelf avow his Paffion for Play?

BUT in the fame Tribunefhip when *Cæfar*, after his marching into *Spain*, had delivered *Italy* to be trampled upon by this *Anthony*, what

[g] This appears to have been an aggravating Circumftance among the *Romans*; for we find, by a Law paffed by *Sylla*, that all Gaming was prohibited, except it was for Improvement in perfonal Exercife; fuch as throwing the Spear, Running, Jumping, Wreftling, and Boxing.

what a Progreſs did he make over the Country! What a Review of our municipal Cities[h]! I know that I am now treating of Facts, that of all others are moſt publickly in Every-body's Mouth, and what I either now ſpeak, or am to ſpeak, is better known to thoſe who were then in *Italy*, than to me who was not. Yet will I point at the Facts particularly; though all that I can ſay, muſt fall ſhort of what you yourſelves know. Was ever ſo lewd, ſo polluted, ſo ſcandalous a Conduct heard of in this World?

A TRIBUNE of the People was carried in a Car, Lawrel'd *Lictors* led the Proceſſion, and an Actreſs was borne about in an open Sedan. As the Citizens and Men of Credit in the Towns were obliged to meet her on the Road, they did not accoſt her by her own notorious and theatrical Name, but by that of *Volumnia*. A Waggon followed, full of Bawds, and the lewdeſt of Attendants, while the ſlighted Mother followed the Strumpet of her polluted Son, as if ſhe had been his Bride: Wretched Woman, unhappy in the Fruitfulneſs of thy Womb!

[h] The Words in the Original are *Luſtratio Municipiorum*; which ſignifies, a Reviewing of the Municipal Cities, with a Deſign to know who were fit for his Purpoſe, and who not.

Womb! With the Traces of this Lewdneſs did he mark all our Corporations, our Præfectures, our Colonies, and in ſhort, all *Italy*.

DOUBTFUL and dangerous it is, Fathers Conſcript, to blame his other Actions[i]. He is a Man of the Sword, and his Sword he has glutted with the Blood of his Countrymen far unlike himſelf. Happy he was, if any Happineſs can ever aſſociate with Guilt. But as I muſt beware of reproaching his Veterans, and leſt he ſhould provoke their Indignation againſt me, I will ſay nothing of the Nature of the War. Though after all, the Caſe of the Soldiers is quite different from yours; they followed, but you ſought a Leader; you returned victorious from *Theſſaly* to *Brunduſium* with the Legions. There you did not kill me. A mighty Favour indeed! For I confeſs it was in your Power. There was not a Man who attended you, who did not think that you ought to ſpare me; for ſo ſtrong is the Paſſion for our Country, that even to your Legions I appeared a ſacred Perſon, becauſe they remembered that by me their Country

[i] Our Author very wiſely, and at the ſame Time very artfully takes Notice on every Occaſion, that while he is ſpeaking, he ſpeaks with the Sword at his Throat.

was preserved. But admitting you gave me a Thing which you did not take away, and that I now possess Life, because you did not rob me of it; is it possible for me to look upon my Preservation as a Favour, since such has been by Provocation from you since that, I am obliged to speak what you now hear?

You came to *Brundusium* in the very Bosom, and the Arms of your little Actress. How! Do I lie[k]? How wretched it is to be unable to deny what it is shameful to confess! If you was not ashamed before our municipal Cities, was you as insensible before your Veteran Army? For was there a Soldier, who did not see her at *Brundusium?* Who did not know that she came so many Days Journey to wish you Joy? Was there a Man who did not grieve that he should be so late in knowing what a worthless Fellow he served?

You made a second Tour of *Italy*, attended by the same Actress. Cruel and miserable was the quartering of your Soldiers upon the Towns; and scandalous was the Plunder of Gold

[k] It is hard to translate the little Interjections that *Cicero* throws in through the Whole of this Oration; and indeed it is almost impossible for an *English* Reader to read it (without consulting the Original) with any Pleasure.

Gold and Silver, but eſpecially Wine in the City; and beſides all this, *Cæſar* knowing nothing of the Matter while he was at *Alexandria*, *Anthony*, by the Favour of his Friends, was appointed General of the Horſe. Then he thought he had a Right to live with *Hippia* uncontrouled, and to deliver the Tributary Horſes[1] to *Sergius* the Player. He then choſe the Houſe of *Marcus Piſo*, and not the Houſe which he now ſo unworthily fills. Why ſhould I diſcloſe his Decrees, his Rapaciouſneſs, the Legacies which he unjuſtly beſtowed, and thoſe which he violently forced? He was pinched by want; to what Hand to turn himſelf he knew not; he had not as yet come to the large Eſtate, which was left him by *Lucius Rubrius*, and that left him by *Lucius Turſelius*; he had not yet all of a ſudden ſtarted up the Heir of *Pompey*, and a great many others who were abſent. As yet he was obliged to act in the Manner of Robbers, who live from Hand to Mouth on what they plunder.

BUT let me no longer talk of his Actions as a common Robber, let me rather paſs on

[1] It is very hard to determine upon what Account theſe Horſes were furniſhed; it is moſt probable, that they were a Kind of Perquiſite to the General of the Horſe, furniſhed by the Public for his Equipage.

to the more ſcandalous Circumſtances of his Levity[m]. At the Marriage of *Hippia*, ſuch a Load of Wine did you pour down that Throat into theſe Sides, and ſo thoroughly did you ſoak all that Prize-fighting Perſon of yours, that you was in a Neceſſity of diſgorging it next Day in Sight of the People of *Rome*. A Circumſtance deteſtable, not only in ſeeing, but in hearing? Had you done this in the Time of Supper, amidſt your extravagant Debauch of Drinking, who would not have thought it ſcandalous? But in a full Aſſembly of the *Roman* People, veſted with a public Character, the General of the Horſe, in whom it muſt have been ſcandalous even to belch, vomited, and filled his own Boſom, and all the Tribunal with indigeſted Morſels, ſmelling rank of Wine; but this he acknowledges to be one of his Blots. Let us now proceed to his Beauties.

Cæſar went to *Alexandria*, happy indeed in his own Eyes, but in mine, if Rebellion againſt his Country can make a Man unhappy, he

[m] Nothing gave the *Romans* a worſe Idea both of a Man's Head and his Heart, than Inconſtancy and Levity: Hence it is that the Word *Levitas* is taken in a general bad Senſe, as well for the Want of Morals as of Senſe.

he muſt have been wretched [n]. At a public Auction, before the Temple of JUPITER *the Stayer*, the Goods of *Pompey*, (How wretched am I! my Tears indeed are ſpent, but my Grief is lively) the Goods, I ſay, of the great *Pompey*, were put up by the doleful Voice of a public Cryer. In this ſingle Inſtance did this City groan, forgetful of her Slavery; and though every Man's Soul was enthralled, being all over-awed by Fear, yet the Groans of the People of *Rome* found a free Paſſage. While all were wondering, who would be ſo impious, ſo frantic, ſo much an Enemy to Gods and Men, as to dare to bid at this deteſtable Sale! None was found beſides *Anthony*. This was the more remarkable, as there ſtood around the Auctioneer, Men who boggled at nothing elſe. There was found but one Man who durſt venture to do what the moſt preſumptuous Man alive had avoided and dreaded.

DID then ſuch Stupidity, or rather ſuch Frenzy, ſeize you, as to be ignorant, that while you, deſcended of ſuch a Family, ſtood

[n] The Reader will no doubt, of himſelf, obſerve what a vaſt Difference our Author makes betwixt a living and a dead *Cæſar*: Who could imagine that this is the ſame Perſon with him to whom the Orations for *Marcellus* and *Ligarius* were addreſſed?

as a Bidder in that Place, and a Bidder too for the Goods of *Pompey*, you was the Object of the Curſes, the Deteſtation of the *Roman People*, and the preſent and future Reſentment of both Gods and Men? But with what Inſolence did this voracious Miſcreant ſeize upon the Goods of that Patriot, whoſe Courage rendered the *Romans* terrible, and whoſe Juſtice endeared them to foreign Nations!

HAVING, therefore, all of a ſudden immerſed himſelf in the Riches of this great Man, like the Character in the Play, there was but a little Time betwixt his Want and Wealth. But, as a Poet, I don't know who he is, expreſſes it, *What ſlightly comes, ſlightly goes*: It is incredible, it is prodigious, how much Wealth he ſquandered in a few, I will not ſay Months but Days. Large was the Quantity of Wine, large the Services of maſſy Plate, not coſtly Apparel, and of fine Furniture, nobly fitted up for various Places, ſuch as befitted not Luxury indeed, but Plenty; yet in a few Days they were all diſſipated. Was *Charibdis* herſelf ſo voracious? What do I talk of *Charibdis! Charibdis*, if ever there was a *Charibdis*, was but a ſingle Monſter. By Heavens it ſeemed impoſſible for the Ocean itſelf

ſelf ſo quickly to ſwallow down ſo much Wealth, ſo widely ſeparated, and ſituated in ſo very various Places! Nothing remained ſhut or ſealed up; nothing was even marked by Writing; whole Cellars of Wine were laviſhed upon the greateſt Miſcreants; ſome Things became the Plunder of Actors, ſome of Actreſſes; his Houſe was crammed with Gameſters and Drunkards; the Debauch went round for whole Days in different Places; many likewiſe were his Play-Debts, for even *Anthony* was not always lucky. There you might have ſeen the purple Quilts of *Pompey* bedecking the Beds of Slaves in their Bed-Rooms. Ceaſe then to wonder that all this Wealth was ſo ſuddenly diſſipated; for ſuch Profuſion muſt have quickly conſumed not only the Fortune of one Man, however, great as that was, but Cities and Kingdoms.

EVEN his Houſes and Gardens were ſwallowed up. Frontleſs Impudence! for you to preſume to enter that Houſe; to croſs that moſt awful Threſhold; to preſent that ominous Countenance before Houſhold Gods of that Family! Did you not bluſh to dwell ſo long in a Houſe which none could behold, and none could paſs by for a long time without

ſhedding

ſhedding Tears? A Houſe in which, however ſenſeleſs you may be, it was impoſſible that ought ſhould give you Pleaſure.

Did you think you was entering into your own Houſe, when you beheld the naval Spoils which adorned its Porch*? By no Means; for, ſenſeleſs and regardleſs as you are, yet ſtill you know yourſelf, your Abilities, and your Friends. Nor do I indeed believe that it was poſſible for you not to be diſtracted both aſleep and awake; let you be ever ſo violent and frantic, when the Form of that matchleſs Hero preſented to your Imagination, you muſt, if aſleep, have awakened in Horror, and often, if awake, have been ſeized with Frenzy.

For my Part, indeed, I compaſſionate its very Walls and Roofs: For what did that Houſe ever behold but what was modeſt, but what diſcovered the greateſt Purity of Conduct, the greateſt Sanctity of Manners? For *Pompey*, Fathers Conſcript, you well know, was a Man equally to be admired in his private,

* The *Romans*, it would ſeem, had a great Pride, in ornamenting their Porches, and the Avenues to their Houſes. *Pompey*, having been very ſucceſsful in the War againſt the Pyrates, had his ornamented with Naval Spoils.

vate, as he was eminent in his public Capacity. Nor was his Conduct abroad more glorious than his Oeconomy at home was amiable. Yet under his roofs, his Bed-chambers are converted into Brothels, and his Dining-rooms into Drinking-booths. *Anthony* now denies all this. Give over, give over your Enquiries. He is now commenced an Oeconomist; he has divorced his Actress with all the Foramlity of Law; he has taken from her his Keys; he has turned her out of Doors. Would you wish for a more creditable sober Citizen, through the whole Course of whose Life the most commendable Action was his divorcing an Actress.

How often does he, in a swaggering Fit, talk of his being both *Consul and Anthony*; or, in other Words, both *Consul and a very scandalous Fellow*; both *Consul and a very great Villain*; for what else can you mean by the Word *Anthony*? For if the Name could have implied any Dignity, no doubt of it, your Grandfather would have sometimes stiled himself both *Consul and Anthony*. Yet he never did: My Colleague, your Uncle, would have done the same, unless you are the only Person of your Name. But I will pass over these Faults,

Faults, which are not peculiar to that Character in which you have harraſſed your Country; let me return to the Scene in which you was diſtinguiſhed; I mean the Civil War; a War, begun, contrived, and undertaken by your Means.

[p] UNEQUAL you was to this War [q], as well on account of your Cowardice as your Luſt: You had taſted, or rather ſwallowed down the Blood of your Countrymen: In the Battle of *Pharſalia* you led the *Van:* You had murdered *Lucius Domitius* [r], a Man of the greateſt Quality and Eminence; after cruelly harraſſing, you had butchered many who had eſcaped from the Battle, whom *Cæſar*, as he did to ſome others, would perhaps have pardoned: After ſo many and ſo glorious Actions, why did you not follow *Cæſar* into *Africa*; eſpecially as ſo much of the War was yet unfiniſhed? What paſſed then? In what Favour was you

[p] This Paſſage is very perplext in the Original. It ſeems to relate to *Anthony*'s not having Courage to oppoſe *Cæſar*, when he aſked him for the Money he owed him.

[q] The *Alexandrian* War being finiſhed, which was undertaken by *Cæſar*, after the Victory at *Pharſalia*, he undertook a freſh War againſt *Scipio* and *Cato* in *Africa*, in which War *Anthony* did not follow *Cæſar*.

[r] *Lucius Domitius Ænobarbus* was a Man juſtly famed on Account of his glorious Actions, and before the breaking out of the Civil War was ordered to ſucceed *Cæſar* in *Gaul*.

you with *Cæsar* upon his return from *Africa*? In what Rank? As General, you had been his Quæstor; as Dictator, his General of the Horse; you had been the Leader of the War, the Adviser of his Cruelty, the Partner in the Plunder, and as you yourself owned, the Heir of his Will. But you was asked for the Money which you owed [s] for the House, for the Gardens, and for the Goods.

At first you answered with downright Fierceness: And that I may not seem always to put you in the wrong, I own that what you said was almost just and equitable. "*Cæsar* ask me for Money! Why more than I "ask him!" He has conquered without me? That he could not do. It was I who furnished him with the Pretext for the Civil War, who passed ruinous Laws, who took up Arms against the Consuls and Generals of the *Roman* People, against the Gods, the Religion, and the Property of *Rome*, and against my Country herself. Did he conquer for himself alone?

[s] Before *Cæsar*'s Death, *Anthony* was by no Means so great a Favourite with him, as he had been during the Civil Wars. *Cæsar*'s insisting for immediate Payment of the Money which he was to give for *Pompey*'s Estate, was some Proof of this. But after all, there is little Ground to imagine that *Cæsar*'s real Design was to have ruined *Anthony*; perhaps it was only to have a Check upon his Extravagance, and thus render him more useful to his own Designs,

alone? No, if the Guilt was in common, why ſhould not the Booty be in common too? You demanded but what was reaſonable, but what did that ſignify, while he had more Power?

THEREFORE turning a deaf Ear to all you ſaid, he turned his Soldiers looſe both upon yourſelf and your Bail; and when that famous Inventory was produced by you, all of a ſudden, what Diverſion did it afford? That the Rent-Roll ſhould be ſo large, the Eſtates ſo various and ſo many, and yet that there ſhould not be a ſingle Article, except a Part of *Miſenas*, which the Seller had a Right to call his own. But miſerable was the Appearance which that Sale made; a few of *Pompey*'s Cloaths, and thoſe all ſullied; ſome of his Silver Plate all battered together, ſome of his Slaves all in Rags and Naſtineſs, ſo that we were grieved that any thing of his ſhould remain for us to ſee.

THE Heirs of *Lucius Rubrius*, however, by a Decree from *Cæſar*, put a Stop to this Sale. The Knave was now trapped; to what Side he ſhould turn him he did not know. At that very Juncture therefore he ſent an Aſſaſſin

to

to *Cæsar*'s Houſe[t]; who was ſaid to have been caught with a Dagger in his Hand, of which *Cæſar* complained with bitter Invectives againſt you in the Senate. *Cæſar* went to *Spain*, having on account of your Poverty, indulged you in a few Days for making up your Payment. You did not even then follow him. What! ſo good a Gladiator, yet ſo early received your Diſcharge!

[u] CAN any one then be afraid of a Man, who is ſo very backward in what immediately concerned himſelf, that is in craving his own Fortune? Yet at laſt to *Spain* he did go, but he ſays it was with Danger that he went. But how did *Dolabella* make out his March? *Anthony*, you either ought never to have embraced that Party, or if you did embrace it, to have defended it to the laſt. Thrice did *Cæſar* fight with his Countrymen in *Theſſaly*, *Africa*, and *Spain*.

Dolabella was preſent in all theſe Battles; and in *Spain* he received a Wound. In my own

[t] This is an Anecdote very probably of *Cicero*'s own. It might perhaps have a Foundation on ſome Report ſpread about that Time; but we can have no Reaſon to believe it true.

[u] This alludes to *Pompey*'s Children then in *Spain*, and whom it highly concerned *Anthony*, who had bought their Father's Eſtate, to have deſtroyed.

own Judgment, indeed I condemn him; but though I condemn the Principles on which he acted, his Constancy is commendable. But who are you? The Children of *Cneius Pompeius* first demanded to be restored to their Country. It is allowed, that to oppose this was a Cause in common to you with others. But they demanded the Restitution of their Gods, the Altars, the Property of their Family; they demanded a Restitution of their paternal Estate which you had unjustly seized. As the lawful Claimants to all these demanded them with the Sword in their Hands, though where there is no Right there can be no Justification, yet still was it very justifiable for the Intruder upon *Pompey*'s Estate to fight against *Pompey*'s Heirs.

WHILE at *Narbonne* you was vomiting amidst your riotous Entertainments, was not *Dolabella* fighting for you in *Spain*? But how did you return from *Narbonne*? Yet does *Anthony* demand why I so suddenly returned. Lately, Fathers Conscript, I laid before you the Reason of my Return. I was willing, had it been in my Power, to have done some Service to my Country before the first of *January*. But as you asked me how I found my way home;

home; I anſwer in the firſt Place, by Day, and not by Night. In the next Place, I was dreſſed in a Gown and Shoes, without either wooden Pattins or a ſhort Cloak *. So you look upon me with an angry Eye, indeed! Sure you would be glad to be Friends with me, if you knew how much I am aſhamed of that Infamy which gives you no Concern. Of all the Indecencies among Mankind, never did I ſee any Thing more ſcandalous. That you, who looked upon yourſelf as General of the Horſe, who deſigned next Year to ſollicit, or rather to demand the Conſulſhip, ſhould through all the Corporations and Colonies of *Gaul*, in which we uſed to ſollicit for the Conſulſhip, during the Times when it was ſollicited, and not demanded, that you ſhould run in Wooden Pattins and a ſhort Cloak.

BUT obſerve the Levity of the Fellow: Having come to the *red Rocks* about the tenth Hour of the Day, he ſlunk into a tippling Booth, where he concealed himſelf, and drank hard

* Our Author is here very ſevere upon the Manner in which *Anthony* entered *Rome*, on leaving *Gaul*. The Reader is to obſerve, that the Dreſs alluded to here, was ſuch as the *Romans* thought highly becoming any Man of Quality or Fortune. The reſt of the Deſcription of *Anthony*'s Journey back to *Rome*, is full of very fine Humour, and repreſents him in a very ludicrous Light.

till Night. Then he drove in his Chaiſe to the City as faſt as he could, and came to his Houſe all muffled up. Says the Porter, who are you? A Letter-Carrier from *Marcus*, anſwers the other. He is immediately introduced to the Lady, on whoſe Account he came; and he gives her a Letter, which ſhe reads with Tears. It was indeed lovingly wrote, and contained in Subſtance, "That from thence-
"forward he would have nothing to do with
"the Actreſs: That he had tranſplanted all
"his Thoughts from the one, and placed it
"with the other." At this ſhe wept again, and more plentifully. Then the good-natured Man could not bear it: He unmuffled his Head, and jumped about her Neck. Infamous Fellow! (for do you deſerve a more gentle Epithet?) was it that a Woman might unexpectedly, by your ſuddenly diſcovering yourſelf, ſee a Male-Proſtitute, was it for this that you filled the City with nocturnal Terrors, and for many Days ſtruck a Dread through all *Italy*? One Object of your Paſſion was at your Houſe, but another, and a more ſcandalous one, was abroad, which was, leſt *Lucius Plancus*[x] ſhould diſtreſs your Bail. But when, by the

[x] This *Lucius Plancus* was Brother to *Munacius Plancus*, a Friend of *Cicero's*, and to whom a good many of his Epiſtles are

the Tribune of the People, you was brought into the Assembly, when you answered that *your own Affairs* had brought you thither, you became even the Jest of the Populace [y].

But enough of Trifles; let us now come to Affairs of greater Importance. When *Cæsar* returned from *Spain*, you was by far the most forward of all others in meeting him: You both went and returned with Dispatch, that he might know, though you was not valiant, you was at least active. Again, some way or other you came into his good Graces; but this was the Characteristic of *Cæsar* [z], that

are addressed. *Lucius* here spoken of, was Tribune of the People when *Anthony* owed all this Sum of Money to the Public and to *Cæsar*, and threatened us he would distress his Estate, in order to pay off his Debts.

[y] There is, in the Original, a *double Entendre*, which made the People a little merry.

[z] *Cicero* has here hit upon the true Character of *Cæsar*, and almost of every Man who changes the State of a free People into Slavery. It was by first breaking the private Virtues of the *Romans*, that he only could pave his Way to those fundamental Alterations in the Constitution; such as the lengthning the Time of his Command, and suffering him to stand a Candidate for a public Office in his Absence. This Maxim he stuck close to even after his Ends were compassed, as appears from his Familiarity with *Anthony*, and several other bold lewd Fellows. *Plutarch* tells us a Story of *Dyonysius the Elder*, applicable enough to this Conduct of *Cæsar*. Some Persons reproaching him, for promoting a profligate Fellow, who was abhorred by the Citizens, to Honour; he replied, I want to have some one in the City more detested by the Citizens than myself; or he imitated *Philip* who had advised, that the Friendship of the most powerful Men of all the Towns, as well those who were virtuous, as those who

when he knew a Man to be deſperately in Debt and Want, and at the ſame time an enterprizing Miſcreant, him he gladly received into his Boſom-Friendſhip.

Having theſe eminent Recommendations in your own Perſon, he ordered that you ſhould be returned Conſul even along with himſelf. It was not amiſs that *Dolabella*, then prompted to ſtand for it, was perſuaded and bubbled. But how treacherouſly you have both behaved to *Dolabella* [a] is a ſecret to Nobody. *Cæſar* prompted him to declare himſelf a Candidate, while he appropriated and transferred to himſelf what was thus promiſed and accepted of; and you clubbed your Intereſt with *Cæſar* in this Piece of Treachery. The firſt of *January* comes: We are forced into the Senate-Houſe: *Dolabella* then inveighed more freely [b] and more bitterly againſt this

who were wicked, ſhould be ſought after, that the one might be uſed, and the other abuſed.

[a] *Cæſar* had exhorted *Publius Cornelius Dolabella* to ſeek the Conſulate, and had promiſed him his Aſſiſtance in that Affair; but having changed Sentiments, he deprived *Dolabella* of the Conſulſhip promiſed him, and took it to himſelf, contrary to his Promiſe paſſed. Thus *Dolabella* was puſhed on by *Cæſar*'s Exhortations, ſoothed by his Promiſes, and at laſt affronted by an open Repulſe.

[b] When *Dolabella* ſaw that he was deprived of the Conſulate, and that *Cæſar* had taken it to himſelf, taking it as an Affront, and not daring at the ſame Time to complain openly of *Cæſar*, he

this Fellow than I do now. But when he grew in a Paſſion, good Gods! What did he not ſay?

THEN *Cæſar* firſt of all told us, that before he ſhould ſet out, he would order that *Dolabella* ſhould be Conſul: Yet they deny that a Man, who always talked and acted in this Manner, was a King. But when *Cæſar* had made this Declaration, this good Augur told us, that he was clothed with that holy Character he was able by his Auſpices either to ſtop the Elections, or to render them void; and he made the moſt ſolemn Aſſeverations that he would exert this Power. Here you have one Proof of his incredible Stupidity.

FOR how! had you not have been Augur and yet been Conſul, was it more difficult to effectuate what you ſaid you could do by your ſacerdotal Authority alone? Take Care that it is not more eaſy; for we have only the Right of declaring veſted in us; the Right of In-

he ſpoke bitterly againſt *Anthony*, and upbraided him with being perfidious, that through him *Cæſar* might be reached. But *Anthony* inſtantly flew into a Paſſion, and ſpoke ſo opprobriouſly to *Dolabella*, that the Conſcript Fathers were angry with him, and *Cæſar* himſelf bluſhed ſo much for the Impudence of his Colleague, that he huſhed the Debate, and in order to ſatisfy *Dolabella*, promiſed to put him in the Conſulate, and in his own Place, before he ſhould go to the *Parthian* War.

ſpection is veſted in the Conſuls, and even the other Magiſtrates. Well, I admit this to be but a Slip; for how can we expect Exactneſs in a Fellow always drunk? But remark his Impudence. He ſaid a great many Months before in the Senate-Houſe, that he would either put a Negative upon *Dolabella*'s Election by the Auſpices, or that he would do what he actually did. But could any Man foreſee what Defect there was to be in the Auſpices, unleſs he had determined before-hand to interrupt the Election by obſerving them while the *Comitia* were holding? But this is never allowed of at the *Comitia* by our Laws, and if any Augur has obſerved them, they ought to be declared, not while the *Comitia* are holding, but before they are aſſembled. But his Ignorance and Impudence go hand in hand; he neither knows not what becomes an Augur, nor acts what conſiſts with Decency. You may remember his Conduct as Conſul from that Day to the Ides of *March*: Was ever Beadle more fawning, more ſubmiſſive? He could do nothing of himſelf; he requeſted every Thing; and thruſting his Head into *Cæſar*'s Litter, he petitioned his Colleague for the Gratuities which he himſelf expoſed to Sale,

THE

The Day comes for *Dolabella*'s Election [c]; the preferring Lots are drawn. He remains quiet: They are declared, still he says nothing; the first Class of the prerogative Tribe is called, their Vote is reported: And then, as usual, the second Class is summoned to vote: All this was done sooner than I have spoken it. When Business was over, the worthy Augur (who would not think him another *Lelius?*) called

[c] *Cæsar* had promised that before he went to the *Parthian* War, he would take Care that *Dolabella* should be created Consul in his Stead. When therefore the Day of the *Comitia* was approaching, he convened the People, and amongst all the Centuries into which they were distributed, one was to fall to him by Lot, whose Vote was to be asked. *Anthony* was satisfied, nor did he oppose that Way of going to Work by Lots. Having asked, received, and counted the Suffrages, *Dolabella* is returned, as having the Balance on his Side. *Anthony* in the mean Time was silent, and did not by a single Word insinuate, that these *Comitia* were corrupted. After the Prerogative Century, the first Class is called in to give its Suffrage, and in the usual Form the Votes are asked, and so the rest of the Classes. After the Constitution of the five and thirty Tribes, into which the Classes and their Centuries were divided; in the first Place the Tribes cast Lots, which should be the Prerogative Tribe, and then the Centuries of the Tribe for being the Prerogative Century. All the other Tribes and Centuries had the Appellation of *Jure vocatæ*, because they were called out according to their proper Places.

The Prerogative Century being chose by Lot, the chief Magistrate, sitting in a Tent in the Middle of the *Campus Martius*, ordered that Century to come out and give their Voices: Upon which they presently separated from the rest of the Multitude, and came into an inclosed Apartment, which they called *Sepia*, or *Ovilia*, passing over the *Pontes*, or narrow Boards which they laid there for that Occasion, on which Account *de ponte dejici* is to be denied the Privilege of Voting; and Persons thus dealt with, were called *Depontani*. But for a full and accurate Account of this Matter, see *Hook*'s *Roman History*.

called out, ADJOURN. Matchleſs Impudence! What had you ſeen? What had you perceived? What had you heard? You neither then, nor to this Day pretend that you was obſerving the Heavens. This Bar therefore interpoſed, which ſo far back as the firſt of *January* you had ſeen and foretold. Therefore I truſt in Heaven that you have belyed the Auſpices rather to your own than your Country's Confuſion. Under the Pretence of Religion you embarraſſed the *Roman* People. You as an Augur proteſted againſt the Election of an Augur, and as a Conſul againſt that of a Conſul. I'll go no farther, leſt I ſhould ſeem to ſhake the Acts of *Dolabella*; which ſome time or other muſt neceſſarily be laid before our College.

BUT ſee the Arrogance and Inſolence of this Fellow [d]! As long as you pleaſed, *Dolabella* was unduly elected Conſul; and as ſoon as you changed your Mind he is created with regular Auſpices. But if, when an Augur declares in the Words you declared in, they go for nothing, confeſs that when you called out ADJOURN, you was drunk: For if there is any Validity in theſe Words, I require you as

[d] *Anthony* arrogated ſo much to himſelf, that he wanted the *Auſpices* to depend intirely on his Will.

as a Brother-Augur here to make it appear.

But lest in my Speech I should skip over one most beautiful Incident of the many that have happened in the Course of *Mark Anthony*'s Life, let me proceed to the *Lupercal* Games. He is no Hypocrite, Fathers Conscript. It is plain, that he is now touched, he sweats, he grows pale: Let him do any thing but vomit, as he did in the *Minutian* Portico. I should be glad to know what Apology can be made for so scandalous a Behaviour, that I may see what Return he has had for the large Wages he paid to his Rhetoric-Master, and for the *Leontine* Field. Your Colleague sat in the Rostra, cloathed in a purple Robe [e], upon a golden Throne, with a Crown on his Head. You went up to him, you approached his Throne; though you was a *Lupercal*, yet still ought you to have remembered that you was at the same time a Consul: You produced a royal Diadem: The *Forum* set up a general Groan. From whence came that Diadem? You did not take up one that was thrown away: But you brought from home

[e] This was the Robe wore by Generals when they triumphed, according to *Plutarch*; it was likewise wore by Kings, according to *Dio*.

home the meditated, the concerted Treaſon. Every time you put it on his Head, the People ſent up a Groan of Anguiſh: But when he rejected it, a Shout of Applauſe. You therefore, Traitor, alone [f], after eſtabliſhing Tyranny, deſired to have the Man who was you Colleague, to be your Sovereign, and at the ſame Time you made the Experiment how far the Patience and Forbearance of the *Roman* People could extend.

You then affected to move his Compaſſion: You threw yourſelf as a Suppliant at his Feet: For what Favour? That you might be a Slave. This could be a Favour to you alone, who, from your Childhood, have lived ſo as to bear any thing, ſo as to render you a ſupple Slave: But ſure you had no ſuch Commiſſion from us and the People of *Rome*. Beautiful was your Eloquence, when naked you harangued the People. Could any thing be more diſgraceful, more infamous, more meriting the ſevereſt Penalties than this? Do you expect that I am to gore you with my Stings? If you have the ſmalleſt Particle of Senſation about you, this Speech muſt wound, muſt harrow up your Soul.

[f] He here concludes the Matter with a grievous Exclamation, becauſe *Anthony* alone was found daring enough for that Attempt.

Soul. Tender, as I am, of detracting from the Glory of the greatest of Mankind, yet let me speak it in the Anguish of Spirit; What can be more shameful, than that the Man who bestowed a Royal Diadem should live, whilst all the World confesses, that the Man who rejected it, was deservedly put to Death? He even ordered this Inscription to be entered into the Calendar at the Time of the *Lupercals*, 'That *Mark Anthony* the Consul, at the 'Command of the People, offered to *Caius* '*Cæsar* perpetual Dictator, Royalty; but that '*Cæsar* refused it.' Now indeed I am not all surprised that you disturb the public Tranquility; that you not only hate the City, but the Sun. That you pass your Life with these most abandoned Ruffians, not only intemperately, but without any manner of Thought; for in Time of Peace where can you have a Footing? How can you be sheltered by Laws and Regulations, who did your best by introducing Sovereign Authority, to abolish them? Was *Lucius Tarquinius* banished? Was *Spurius Cassius*, *Melius*, *Marcus Manlius* put to Death for this, that many Ages after, contrary to all Law [g], a King should be set up at *Rome* by *Marcus*

[g] *Livy*, lib. 2. has these Words, *Omnium primum avidum novæ libertatis populum, ne post modum flecti precibus, aut donis regiis posset,*

Marcus Antonius? But to return to the Auſpices.

GIVE me Leave to aſk you how you would have behaved in the Buſineſs which was to have come before *Cæſar* on the Ides of *March*. I hear indeed, that you came prepared, becauſe you imagined that I was to have ſpoken upon the Auſpices, which, though fictitious [h], there was a Neceſſity of obeying. The Guardian Genius of *Rome* freed you from the Danger of that Day: But do you imagine, that the Death of *Cæſar* has prevented your being tried upon the Nature of theſe Auſpices? But I have touched upon a Juncture prior to thoſe Facts with which my Speech ſet out.

HOW you fled, how you trembled on that glorious Day! Into what a Fit of Deſpair did you fall through the Conſciouſneſs of your Guilt, while out of the General Rout you privately retired

poſſet, jure jurando adegit neminem Romæ paſſuros regnare. And theſe Things they ſwore, ſtanding over ſlain Victims, not only for themſelves, but for their Poſterity, that neither Sollicitations, nor any Royal Gifts, ſhould ever prevail with them to admit regal Government again into *Rome*.

[h] It would appear as if *Cicero* had an Intention to arraign *Anthony* for this before the Senate. From this Paſſage it ſeems probable, that *Cicero* knew not that *Cæſar* was to be killed on that Day.

retired to your own Houſe, being favoured by thoſe who meant that you ſhould be ſafe, could you have been but found. O my vainly unerring prophetic Spirit! I told our brave Deliverers in the *Capitol*, when they deſired me to go and exhort you to protect the State, that while you was under the Influence of Fear, you would promiſe every thing; but, that Influence removed, that you would return to your own Nature. Therefore, while the other Conſulars[i] were going to, and returning from you, I was ſtill fixed in my Opinion; I did not ſee you all that and the following Day, as not believing that any Coalition could be formed by any Ties, betwixt the beſt of Patriots and moſt inveterate of Rebels. Three Days after I came to the Temple of *Tellus*[k], even againſt my Will, ſince the Avenues to it were blocked up by Soldiers under Arms. What a Day, *Mark Anthony*, was that for you!

[i] Commentators have made very botching Work here, The Original is, *irent*, *redirent*, which ſignifies no more than that they altered their Way of Thinking of *Anthony*, ſometimes to one Way, ſometimes to another; but, ſays *Cicero*, *ego in ſententia manſi*, " I ſtill kept in the ſame Way of Thinking."

[k] The Day on which the Senate met in the Temple of *Tellus*, is very often mentioned by *Cicero* with great Pleaſure; but I cannot underſtand why, ſince they met ſo amicably; all the Avenues and Entries were blocked up with armed Men. One ſhould have thought that the Friends of the Republick would have taken the Alarm at this, and ſuſpected that *Anthony* did not mean them fair.

you! Though all of a ſudden you have commenced my Foe, yet do you move my Pity, in that you have thus become your own.

IMMORTAL Gods! how good, how great a Man you might have been, could you have retained a juſt Senſe of what paſſed on that Day! We might have had a Peace that was ſealed by a Hoſtage, a noble Youth, the Grandſon of *Marcus Bambalio*. Though Fear, for a while, made you a worthy Citizen, yet the Reſtraint was but of a ſhort Continuance. That Audaciousneſs which is your inſeparable Attendant when you are not influenced by Fear, rendered you a Miſcreant. And even at that Time, while you ſtood faireſt in their Opinion, though I ſtill diſſented, like a Traitor as you was, you was Chief Mourner at the Funeral of the Tyrant, if a Funeral it can be called: Thine was his plauſible Panegyric [1]; thine the Pity that was expreſſed, and thine the Exhortation that was delivered. You, you, I ſay, kindled thoſe Brands, thoſe with which his Body was half conſumed, and thoſe which burnt down the Houſe

[1] This is the ſame Harangue which *Shakeſpeare* has ſo beautifully imitated. See the Notes upon the firſt *Philippic*.

House of *Lucius Belienus* [m]. It was you who let loose upon us those desperate Ruffians, for the most part Slaves, whose Attacks we were forced to repell by Violence; yet as if your Foulness had been wiped off, the following Days you passed some noble Decrees of the Senate in the *Capitol*, that no Bill for a Favour should be affixed on Account of any Man after the Ides of *March*. You yourself mentioned the Exiles: You know what you talked about Immunities: But to crown all, you for ever abolished out of the Government the Office of Dictator. By this last Action it appeared, that you had so entire an Aversion for Kingly Government, that you was resolved to take away all Apprehension of it, upon the Account of the last Dictator.

To others the State of Affairs seemed to be in Tranquility; but far different were my Thoughts: For while you sat at the Helm, I dreaded a general Wreck. Was I mistaken in him? Or could he longer be unlike himself? Bills were stuck up all over the *Capitol* in your Sight; Immunities passed not only to single

[m] This was a Senator, whose House the People, instigated by *Anthony*'s Speeches, set on Fire, and had certainly proceeded farther, had they not been quelled by *Dolabella*.

ſingle Perſons, but to whole States. The Privileges of *Rome* were granted not only to Particulars, but to whole Provinces. Therefore, Fathers Conſcript, if theſe Acts ſhall remain in Force, which could have no Force were our Conſtitution inviolate, you may bid adieu to all your Provinces. Not only your Revenues, but the whole Syſtem of *Roman* Power muſt ſink by this domeſtic Venality.

WHERE is the 5,000,000 of Money, which was entered in the Books, kept in the Temple of *Ops*? Fatal indeed were his Treaſures. But provided they were not returned to their right Owners, they were ſufficient to ſupply the Exigencies of State. But by what Means could you, who on the Ides of *March* was in Debt for above thirty thouſand Pounds, pay it off clear before the firſt of *April* [n]? Innumerable indeed were the Favours which by your Connivance were brought by different Hands; but one notable Decree was ſtuck up in the *Capitol* relating to *Dejotarus* [o], the firm Friend

[n] Some Copies have here the following Words. *Quid ego de Commentariis infinitis, quid de innumerabilibus Chirographis Loquar?* But they are juſtly repeated as ſpurious by the beſt Commentators.

[o] *Dejotarus*, King of *Gallogræcia*, ſtiled by the Senate, the Friend of the People of *Rome*, and King of *Armenia the Leſſer*, was

Friend of the *Roman* People: A Meaſure which one, in the middle of their deepeſt Concern, could not help laughing at. For was ever one Man more the Enemy of another, than *Cæſar* was to *Dejotarus*? As he was of this Order, of the *Roman* Knights, of the Inhabitants of *Marſeilles*; and of all whoſe Paſſion was for the Glory of the *Roman* Empire. *Dejotarus* therefore became the Favourite of a Man when dead, from whom when alive he neither, either preſent or abſent, received the leaſt Kindneſs, or the leaſt Juſtice. While *Cæſar* was on Earth, he proſecuted *Dejotarus*, who entertained him at his Court; he fleeced him, he ſqueezed Money from him, he placed one of his *Greek* Attendants over his Tetrarchy; he deprived him of *Armenia*, which had been granted

 him

was along with *Pompey* in the Battle of *Pharſalia*: But *Pompey* being overcome by *Cæſar*, he returned into his own Kingdom; he appeaſed *Cæſar* by ſending him the Horſes, and the Money he demanded of him; whom he alſo received into one of his Forts, when going forth againſt *Pharmaces*. He was accuſed by his own Subjects as if he intended to kill *Cæſar* when ſtaying with him. He was defended by *Cicero*. But he was deprived of one Part of *Gallogræcia* by *Cæſar*, and *Armenia* given him by the Senate. But *Cæſar* being killed, whatever he had been deprived of was reſtored to him. But *Anthony*, the King's Ambaſſadors diſſuading, promiſed that if *Dejotarus* would give him a certain Sum, he would produce an Edict, by Means of which, whatever had been taken from him by *Cæſar*, ſhould be reſtored to him, as if that had been found in his Pocket-Book.

him by the Senate; all this when alive he robbed him of, when dead he reſtored.

BUT in what Expreſſions? Sometimes he ſays, *He thinks it reaſonable, and ſometimes not unreaſonable:* A rare Gingle of Words! but *Cæſar* never ſaid that any Thing even appeared reaſonable to him, that we ſolicited for *Dejotarus*, for whoſe Intereſt I always appeared in his Abſence. A Note under his own Hand, for the Sum of above ſeventy-eight thouſand Pounds, was without my Knowledge, or the Knowledge of any of his other Friends by the Deputies of *Dejotarus*, Men of Honour indeed, but daſtardly and unexperienced, was made in his Seraglio, which was and ſtill is a Mart of Venality for many wicked Purpoſes. My Advice is, that you ſhould conſider well how you are to diſpoſe of this Note; for that Prince, by his own Bravery and by his own Addreſs, without having Recourſe to any of *Cæſar*'s Journals, as ſoon as he heard of his Death, recovered his Eſtate. As he was a wiſe Man, he knew well that whatever Tyrants plundered from the lawful Poſſeſſors, the former Poſſeſſors, upon the Death of the Tyrant, have a Right to recover it. None of your Lawyers therefore, not even that Fellow who

who is your sole Agent, and who advised you to this Step, pretend that you have a Title, by virtue of this Note, to any Thing that was recovered before it was granted; for he did not buy it of you, because he was in Possession of his Property before that Bargain was made. *Dejotarus* acted as a Man, but we like despicable Sycophants, who ratify the Acts of the Tyrant we detest.

WHY then need I to mention the endless Journals, and the numberless Notes of Hand, which Forgers usually sell like Prize-fighting Bills? Hence it is, that such Heaps of Coin are piled up at his House, that it is not told, but weighed out. But how blind is Avarice! A Bill was lately stuck up, by which the most wealthy Cities of *Crete* were freed from their Taxes; and it is enacted, That that Island should never be a Province after the Expiration of the Proconsulate of *Marcus Brutus*. Art thou in thy Senses? Oughtest thou not to be confined[p]? Can *Crete* be exempted after that Term, when *Brutus* had nothing to do with

[p] This is very insulting Language; but at the same Time it was a very gross Imposition, which *Anthony* wanted to palm upon the Senses of Mankind, by pretending that *Cæsar* had made an Act freeing *Crete* from paying Tribute, after the Expiration of the Proconsulate of *Brutus*, when *Cæsar* could not know that it was to fall to *Brutus*'s Share.

Crete while *Cæſar* was alive? But leſt ye ſhould think there is nothing in this, ye have loſt the Province of *Crete* by the Venality of this Decree. Never did any Man buy any Thing that *Anthony* is not ready to ſell.

DID *Cæſar* too paſs the Law relating to Exiles, which you ſtuck up? I inſult no Man upon his Misfortune: Yet I complain, in the firſt place, that they whoſe Caſe *Cæſar* adjudged to be different, have been put upon a ſcandalous Footing as to their Return from Baniſhment. In the next Place, I can ſee no Reaſon why you ſhould not extend this Indulgence to all; for not above three or four are excepted. Why ſhould not they, who are equally Partners in Calamity, be equally the Objects of your Compaſſion? Why ſhould you treat theſe as if each of them was your Uncle, whom you refuſed to recommend, when you recommended others, whom however you prompted to ſtand for the Cenſorſhip, and for that Purpoſe prepared a Petition, which at once raiſed the Laughter and Indignation of Mankind?

BUT why did you not hold that *Comitia*? Was it becauſe a Tribune of the People inform-
ed

ed you, that he had heard Thunder [q] on his left Hand, though Heaven never interests herself in what concerns you? But in what concerns your Relations, you are scrupulously religious. How! did you not desert him when he put in to be a Septemvir [r]? But he intruded. What was you afraid of? I suppose, least you could not have denied him without exposing yourself. With all Manner of Abuse you affronted the Man, whom, had you had the least Sense of your Duty, you ought to have looked upon as a second Father. His Daughter, your Cousin, you drove away, having first looked out, and bargained for another Match. That was not enough, you scandalously defamed a Woman of the strictest Virtue. Could you go farther? Yes, you was not even satisfied with that: In a full House of the Senate, where your Uncle was present on the first of *January*, you had the Impudence to say, That the Ground of your Difference with *Dolabella*, was, because you had discovered that he had debauched your Cousin and

[q] The *Romans* took great Notice of the Quarter from whence Thunder proceeded, and its coming from an unfavourable Quarter was enough to defeat the most important Resolutions.

[r] Seven Commissioners called the *Septemviri*, were appointed for taking Care of the Feasts appointed in Honour of the Gods. Others think that *Cicero* here means one of the seven Commissioners appointed after *Cæsar*'s Death for dividing the *Campanian* and the *Leontine* Lands.

Wife. Who can ſay on this Occaſion which was moſt predominant, your Imprudence in the Senate, your Villainy againſt *Dolabella*, your Indecency in the Hearing of your Father, or your cruel Language againſt an unfortunate Lady?

But let us return to the Notes of Hand. Where then were your Proofs? For *Cæſar*'s Acts were, for the Sake of Peace, ratified by the Senate, at leaſt all that *Cæſar* enacted, not all that *Anthony* ſaid he had enacted. From whence are they iſſued? Upon what Authority are they produced? If falſe, why are they valid? If genuine, why are they ſold? But it was the Senſe of the Senate, that from the firſt of *June* the Conſuls ſhould, with Aſſiſtants, take Cognizance of the Acts of *Cæſar*. But who were theſe Aſſiſtants? Whom did you ever ſummon? What firſt of *June* did you expect? That on which having made a Circuit over all the Colonies of the Veterans, you returned to *Rome* guarded with an armed Force. How glorious was that Progreſs during all the Months of *April* and *May*! Even when you attempted to introduce your *Capuan* Settlement, we know what a Retreat you

made

made from thence, or rather what a Stay you had almoſt made.

You threaten *Capua*; I wiſh you would proceed ſo far, as that the *almoſt* I juſt now mentioned may be out of the Queſtion. But how grand was that Proceſſion of yours! Need I to mention your ſumptuous Entertainments, or your inceſſant hard Drinking? But that was your Loſs, the other was our's. When the Territory of *Campania* was exempted from Taxes, that it might be divided among the Soldiers, we thought it a groſs Violation of the Conſtitution. But you divided it amongſt your Gameſters and Debauchees. Would you believe it, Fathers Conſcript, that Actors and Actreſſes were ſettled upon the *Campanian* Territories? After that, why ſhould I complain of the Territory of *Leontium*? Yet both theſe Eſtates brought in a large and plentiful Revenue to the public Treaſury of the *Roman* People. Three thouſand Acres to a Phyſician, as if he could have made you ſound; and two thouſand to a Rhetoric Maſter, as if he could have made you eloquent. But to return to your Journey, and to the Country of *Italy*.

You brought a Colony to ſettle at *Caſilinum* [a], where *Cæſar* had ſettled one before. You conſulted me indeed by Letters about the Affair of *Capua* (had you done the ſame with regard to *Caſilinum*, I had returned you the ſame Anſwer) Whether you lawfully could bring a new Colony to a Place where a Colony had been already ſettled. I denied, while a Colony which was ſettled by regular Auſpices was unimpaired, that any new Colony could be brought in; but I admitted, that new Planters might be added to the former. But, you inſolently diſregarding and violating all the Laws of Auſpices, brought a Colony to *Caſilinum*, where another had been a few Years before ſettled, that you might rear a Banner, and drive round a Plough, whoſe Share almoſt rubbed upon the Gate of *Capua*, that you might impair the Territory of a very flouriſhing Colony.

After this Violation of what was ſacred, you flew to the *Caſilinian* Eſtate of *M. Varro*, a Man of the greateſt Sanctity and Integrity. By what Right? With what Front? The ſame you will ſay, as thoſe with which you diſ-poſſeſſed

[a] This is a Town in *Campania*.

possessed the Heirs of *L. Rubrius*, and *Lucius Turselius*, of their Estate, and got Possession of a great many more. If you bought it at a Sale, let the Sale be legal, let the Bills be legal, I mean *Cæsar*'s Bills, not your's; the Bills by which you are a Debtor, not those by which your Debt was paid. But who can pretend that the *Casilinian* Estate of *Varro* was sold? Who ever saw the Conditions of Sale? Who ever heard the Voice of an Auctioneer? You say you sent one to *Alexandria* to purchase it of *Cæsar*; because it would seem that it was too long to wait till *Cæsar* should come to *Rome*.

But whoever heard, though there was no Man in whom the Public took greater Concern, that any Part of *Varro*'s Estate was sequestred? Yet should it be proved, that *Cæsar* himself wrote to you, that you should refund it; what can the World say bad enough of such Impudence? Call off but for a little those Arms which are in our View; I will let you know the Difference betwixt *Cæsar*'s Authority for ordering a Sale, and your audacious Impudence. For not only shall it be in the Power of *Varro* himself as a Proprietor, but of any

any Friend, Neighbour, Gueſt, or Steward that he has, to drive you out of that Eſtate.

BUT for how many Days did you ſhamefully revel in that *Villa?* From the third Hour there was but one continued Round of Drinking, Gaming, and Vomitting; the very Gates were to be pitied: *What a Change of Maſters was there!* But how can he be called their Maſter? Yer how unlike is he to the Perſon whom he diſpoſſeſſed! For *Marcus Varro* meant that this Seat ſhould be a Retreat for Study, and not a Haunt for Lewdneſs. In that Retirement, before that Time, how delightful were the Converſations, the Reaſonings, the Writings upon the Conſtitution of the *Roman* People, the Monuments of our Fathers, and upon the Speculation and Practice of Philoſophy! But during your Intruſion (for I will not call it Poſſeſſion) the Walls reſounded with the Noiſe of Drunkards; the Pavements were deluged; the Walls were ſtained with Wine; Boys of liberal Birth and Education were confounded with mercenary Catamites, and Matrons with common Whores, People came from *Caſilinum*, *Aquinum*, *Interamna*, to pay you their Compliments; no body had Acceſs. There you was in the right; for

for in a ſcandalous Fellow, the Luſtre of Badges of Dignity is tarniſhed.

In his return to *Rome*, when he came to *Aquinum*, which is a populous Town, great Numbers came out to meet him; but he was carried in a cloſe Sedan through the Streets as if he had been dead. The Inhabitants of *Aquinum* acted fooliſhly, if you will; but what could they do? They lived on the Road. But how can thoſe of *Anagni* be excuſed who lived off the Road, yet came down, and paid him all the Compliments due to a real Conſul. Who can believe it? Yet by all Accounts he never returned one Salute, though he had in his Retinue two Inhabitants of *Anagni*, *Muſtelia*, and *Laco*; the firſt an excellent Fencer, the other an excellent Drinker. Why ſhould I recount the Threatenings and Abuſes he threw out againſt the *Sidicinians*? He oppreſſed the Inhabitants of *Puteoli* for having put themſelves under the Patronage of the *Bruti* and of *Caſſius*; from a ſtrong Principle, from Affection, from Friendſhip and Love, not from Dread and Terror, as they were forced to follow you and *Baſilius*, whom no body would chooſe as Clients, much leſs as Patrons.

In

In the mean time, during your Abſence, what a glorious Day happened to your Colleague[t], when in the *Forum* he demoliſhed the Burial Place which you uſed to worſhip! Upon your hearing this News, we are told by thoſe who were in your Train, that you was quite ſtruck with Conſternation. What happened afterwards I know not; I ſuppoſe Fear, and the Terror of Arms then took Place. You diſpoſſeſſed your Colleague of the Heaven of his Glory; you rendered him indeed not ſo bad as *Anthony*, but ſurely far unlike to *Dolabella*. But how did you return to *Rome*? What a Conſternation you ſtruck in the whole City!

We remembered *Cinna* too powerful; *Sylla* afterwards domineering: We had juſt ſeen an End of *Cæſar*'s Reign. Theſe perhaps had Swords, but their Swords were ſheathed, and but few in Number. But, how like a March of *Barbarians* was that? Battalions of Soldiers[u], with their Swords in their Hands, attended them, and we ſaw Bucklers piled up in Litters

[t] It is eaſy to perceive, that *Cicero* really had a Kindneſs for *Dolabella*, who was *Anthony*'s Colleague; for here he imputes all his Miſmanagements only to *Anthony*'s ill Example and Influence.

[u] As if they had been deſigned and ready for Action.

Litters carried along. But, Fathers Conſcript, ſo frequent were theſe Objects, that our Senſes grew quite callous on ſeeing them. On the firſt of *June*, when by Adjournment we attempted to meet in the Senate, ſtruck with ſudden Fear, each of us fled.

But he who neither wanted nor deſired any Senate, and who was rather glad at our Departure, immediately ſet about his ſtrange and wonderful Operations. He who while he could gain by it had ſtood up for the Validity of *Cæſar*'s Notes, diſannulled *Cæſar*'s Laws, though ſome of them excellent in themſelves, that he might overthrow the Conſtitution. He prorogued the Number of Years, during which a Province could be held; and the ſame Man who ought to have been a Champion for *Cæſar*'s Acts, repealed them all, whether of a public or private Nature. In public Concerns nothing is more authentic than a Law: In private nothing more binding than a Will. Some Laws he diſannulled without any Promulgation, others he ſtuck up, that he might abrogate thoſe already promulged. He diſannulled a Will; a Deed that, amongſt the loweſt Rank of Citizens, is always valid. The Statues and Pictures, which, together with his Gardens,

Gardens, *Cæſar* had bequeathed as a Legacy to the *Roman* People; theſe he carried off, partly to *Pompey*'s Gardens, partly to *Scipio*'s *Villa*.

Are you then jealous of *Cæſar*'s Memory? Do you love him even in Death? What greater Honour could he attain to while alive, than to have a Shrine, an Image, a Pavilion, and a Prieſt? Therefore, as *Jove*, as *Mars*, as *Romulus* have their Prieſts, ſo is *Mark Anthony* Prieſt to the deified *Cæſar*. Why do you ſtop here? Why are you not conſecrated? Name your Day: Look out for a proper Perſon to perform the Ceremony: We are Colleagues, no body will withſtand it. Deteſtable Wretch! Whether conſidered as the Prieſt of a Tyrant, or of a breathleſs Body. I then demand of you, whether you know what a Day this is? Are you ignorant that Yeſterday was the fourth Day of the *Roman* Games in the *Circus*? That you yourſelf propoſed a Law to the People, that a fifth Day ſhould be reſerved for *Cæſar*? Why then are we not in our proper Robes [w]? Why do we now ſuffer

[w] Commentators have very different Opinions with regard to this Paſſage. *Cicero* here reproaches *Anthony*, becauſe they were not in their Robes upon the Occaſion of a Feſtival devoted to the

fer an Honour to *Cæsar*, decreed by your Law, to be neglected? Do you, who have suffered that a Day should be profaned by the Addition of Thanksgivings, refuse him Shrines? Either abolish your Superstition in every Respect, or preserve it entirely.

You may perhaps demand of me whether I approve of a Shrine, a PAVILION, and a Priest? No, I am against them all. But you, who insist upon ratifying the Acts of *Cæsar*, how can you account for ratifying some, and neglecting others? Unless by owning that you made every thing square with your Interest, not with his Dignity. What other Answer can you make? I am impatient to have a Specimen of your Oratorical Faculties. I know that your Grandfather [x] was a Man of great Eloquence; but he never was so perspicuous a Speaker as you;

the Memory of *Cæsar*. This has occasioned some to imagine, that the Senators were always *Pretextati*, that is in their Robes of Ceremony: Others think, that *Cicero* here speaks only in Quality of *Augur*, who likewise had a Right to the *Pretexta*. Others are of Opinion, with great Probability, that *Anthony*'s Zeal had carried him so far as to get a Decree passed, that the Senators should be present at the Games celebrated in his Honour in their Robes.

[x] *Cicero* throws out here a good deal of Wit; I am not sure if it is of the most pure Kind. The Pun he makes use of is better understood in the Original, than it can be in the Translation: *Disertissimum cognovi avum tuum. At te etiam apertiorum in dicendo ille nunquam nudus est concionatus tuum hominis simplicis Pectus videmus.*

you; for he never harangued while he was naked. Your *plain Honesty* bared your very Bosom to us. What! no Answer to this? Won't you so much as mouthe at one? Is there nothing in all this long Oration which you hope you can answer? But what is past I omit.

THIS very instant Day, in the single Moment of Time I am now speaking, account for it if you can, who the Senate is environed with a Body of Soldiers under Arms? Why are your Guards here present with Swords in their Hands? Why are not the Doors of the Temple of *Concord* thrown open? Why do you bring into the *Forum* the *Ityræans*, a Race the most savage of all Mankind, with their Quivers and their Darts? He answers me, that he does it to guard himself. Are not a thousand Deaths then preferable to your not being able to live in your own Country without a Guard of armed Soldiers? But feeble and weak, believe me, is that Guard; the Affections, the Love of your Fellow-Citizens[y], and not your Arms, must be your Defence. These

[y] We see that it has been a very old Maxim, that a Tyrant never was safe when surrounded by Guards: It is upon the Affections of the People alone that a sure Sway can be founded.

Theſe the *Roman* People will pluck out of your Hands, and I hope we ſhall live to ſee it. But however you may diſpoſe of us, believe me, when you follow ſuch Counſellors, your Reign will be but ſhort. For too long has thy generous Spouſe [z] (I mention her, I hope, with Decency) owed the third Debt ſhe has to pay to the People of *Rome*. The *Romans* have ſtill able Steerſmen to place at the Helm of their Government. Through whatever Quarters of the World they are diſperſed, with them remains the Safety of this State, or rather the State itſelf, which, though juſt avenged of her Wrongs, has not yet recovered her Luſtre. True it is, our Country has Youths of the greateſt Quality and Virtues, determined to defend her. However Conveniency may make it expedient for them to retire, yet the Diſtreſſes of their Country can recall them. Harmonious is the Name of Peace, and *ſalutary* her Qualities; but wide is the difference between Peace and Servitude. Peace is the Tranquility of Freedom; Slavery, the moſt deteſtable of Evils, is to be averted, not by Force only,

[z] *Fulvia*, who was *Anthony*'s Wife, had had three Huſbands, *Clodius*, *Curio*, and *Anthony*. The firſt was killed by *Milo*; the ſecond, being ſent by *Cæſar* againſt *Juba*, King of *Mauritania*, was defeated and killed; and *Cicero* here prognoſticates the Death of her third Huſband, who was *Anthony*.

but even by Death. But though our brave Deliverers have withdrawn themſelves from our Eyes, yet have they left a glorious Precedent. They have done what no Man ever did before; *Brutus*, in the Field of Battle, fought *Tarquin*, who was a King, while Monarchy was agreeable to the Conſtitution of *Rome*. *Spurius Caſſius*, *Spurius Melius*, *Marcus Manlius*, were put to Death for incurring but a Suſpicion of affecting Loyalty. But our Deliverers have the Merit of being the firſt whoſe Swords reached not the Affector, but the Poſſeſſor of Regal Power; an Action which, as it was glorious, nay divine in itſelf, ſo it is worthy our Imitation, ſince the Glory of its Authors is ſuch, as that Heaven itſelf ſeems too narrow to contain it. For though the Conſciouſneſs of performing an amiable Action is a ſufficient Reward; yet in my Opinion Immortality ought to appear no deſpicable Prize to a Mortal.

CALL to Mind therefore, *Marcus Antonius*, that glorious Day when you aboliſhed the Dictatorſhip; ſet in View the Tranſports of the Senate and the People of *Rome*; oppoſe to theſe Objects the Bags hoarded up by Thee and Thine; then wilt thou be ſenſible of the Difference

Difference betwixt Praiſe and Profit. But in vain: For as ſome People, benumbed and diſeaſed, loſe all Taſte for the moſt ſavoury Food, thus the Luſtful, the Covetous, the Guilty, never can taſte the exalted Reliſh of true Glory. But if Glory has no Charms to reclaim you to your Duty, has Fear nothing to deter you from your miſcreant Purpoſes? You diſregard all judiciary Proceedings; if this ariſes from a Conſciouſneſs of Innocence, I commend it; if from the Inſolence of Power, little are you ſenſible how much the Man has to dread, who entertains ſuch a Diſregard. But if you are above dreading any thing from brave Men and worthy Citizens, whom by Means of your Arms you ſet at Defiance, as to any Attempt upon your Perſon; yet believe me, your own Creatures will not long endure you. What a Life is it to be Day and Night in Alarms from your own People, unleſs they are under greater Obligations to you, than any of *Cæſar*'s Deſtroyers were to him? But are you in any reſpect to be compared with him [a]? He had Capacity, Senſe, Memory, Learning,

 Foreſight,

[a] We have here a very fine Encomium upon *Cæſar*, whom *Cicero* deſcribes as poſſeſſing the greateſt Qualifications. We are told by *Pliny*, that he was capable at the ſame Time, to write and to read, to dictate and to give Audiences: That he could dictate to four Clerks all at once; and if he had no other Buſineſs on his Hands, to ſeven. We have many other Inſtances of his great Capacity and Quickneſs, both from his Cotemporaries and other Authors.

Foresight, Reflection, and Spirit. His warlike Atchievements, though ruinous to his Country, were glorious to himself. Through inexpressible Toil, through numberless Dangers, he laid a Scheme [b] for a long Possession of Power: What he projected he perfected: With Presents, with Shews, with Largesses, with Entertainments, he soothed the heedless Vulgar; by his Liberality he obliged his Friends, and by a Semblance of Clemency, his Enemies. In short, partly with Fear, and partly by Patience, he made the Habit of Slavery tolerable to a free State.

The Lust of Power, I own, was indeed in common to you both, though in no other respect can you admit of a Comparison with him. But from all the Misfortunes inflicted by him upon our Country this Advantage accrued, that the People of *Rome* have now learned how far any Man is to be believed; they have learned whom to trust, and whom to avoid. This gives you no Concern [b], nor do you dream that it is enough for the bravest of Men to have now learned how amiable in itself,

[b] It is very probable, that if the Conspirators against *Cæsar* had not cut him off in the Manner they did, he would have enjoyed a long and a happy Reign. Perhaps, as Things fell out afterwards, it had been happy for the *Romans*, if he had lived till he had seen the great Designs he had formed, both civil and military, put in Execution. By what we learn in this Oration, and in the preceding one, they must have been very advantageous for the Constitution of *Rome*.

itself, how agreeable in the Consequences, and how glorious in its Report it is, to kill a Tyrant. If they could not bear with a *Cæsar*, will they endure an *Antonius*?

Eagerly, believe me, will the World henceforword run into such an Enterprize; nor will they ever long wait for an Opportunity. Cast a considering Eye, *Marcus Antonius*, at last upon your Country. Reflect not on those with whom you live, but on those from whom you are descended: However you may stand with me, yet reconcile yourself to your Country. But of this you are the best Judge; one Thing for my own Part, I will here openly declare. In my Youth I defended my Country; in my old Age I will not abandon her. The Swords of *Catiline* I despised [c], never shall I dread yours. With Pleasure should I expose my Person, if by my Blood the Liberties of *Rome* could be immediately recovered, and the People of *Rome* could be delivered from that painful Load they have been so long in Labour of. For if almost

[c] Perhaps this Part of our Author's Speech cost him dearer than all the rest. He had great Authority and Weight in the Senate, and with the People: And however *Anthony* might despise his Invective and Railing, yet it is not to be supposed that he could be easy while such a Man as *Cicero*, who here so openly threatens him, lived. It was therefore no Wonder, if the first Preliminary of his Agreement with *Anthony* and *Lepidus* was, that *Cicero* should be given up to his Sword.

[d] This is a very artful Insinuation at the End of a Speech; it awakes

almost twenty Years ago in this very Temple[e]: I declared that no Death could be untimely to me, when Consular; much more truly can I declare the same now, that I am an aged Man. To me, Fathers Conscript, Death is even desirable, now that I have performed all the Duties which my Station and Character[f] required. Two Things only I have now to wish for[g]: The first (than which the Gods themselves can bestow nothing on me more grateful is, that I may leave *Rome* in the Enjoyment of her Liberty: The other, that the Reward of every Man be proportioned to what he has deserved of his Country.

awakes in the Mind an Idea of the Character of *Catiline*, which is applicable to *Anthony*, and the Deliverer of *Rome*, which is applied to *Cæsar*.

[e] See the fourth Oration against *Catiline*.

[f] These are the Questorship, the Ædileship, the Prætorship, the Consulship, the Proconsulship of *Cilicia*, the Augurship, two Thanksgivings decreed in Honour of him, the Name of General bestowed on him, the Renown of being the first Orator of the Age, and the Honour of a Triumph, unless his Return from *Cilicia* had happened amidst the Commotions of the Civil War.

[g] He closes his Oration with two wishes: That at his Death he may leave the Republic free from the Tyranny of *Anthony*, and that the good Citizens may flourish and be happy; but that the Seditious, and those who are guilty of Oppression, might receive a Punishment proportioned to the Enormity of their Crimes. *Demosthenes* concludes his Oration concerning the Crown in the same Manner with Wishes. His Words are, Μὴ, ϑὴτ' ὦ παντες θεὸς. Immortal Gods wink not at these Things, but in the first Place give these People a sounder Mind; but if they are incurable, utterly destroy them, both by Sea and Land, and speedily delivering us from the Terrors we labour under, secure our Peace and Happiness.

The End of the SECOND VOLUME.